ELBERT HUBBARD IN VAUDEVILLE

ON MY WAY

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SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a

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"ON MY WAY"

AFOOT and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing;
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

As sang Walt, so sing I. Here will we walk and talk together — very plainly, very frankly of life and its lessons. Nothing that is human shall be alien to us. Out under the blue sky, fanned by the lazy breeze, interrupted only by the chirrup of birds in the hedge-rows, we will talk as friend to friend. Nor shall the gibing call of guineahens us disturb.

A Little Journey to the Yellowstone

IF the dear friends will please stand back a little, I will explain the whole matter. It was about like this: Jumbo was getting so fat, and Terese was getting so lean, that I saw that something must be done. As for myself, I am the Impeccable One. I am always well, always happy, always at work

Nevertheless, I had reached a point where nothing seemed to taste like that which mother used to make. ¶ We held a consultation of war, and decided we would abandon our proposed European trip for sufficient reasons.

And then the Infant Prodigy said, "Yellowstone Park!"

I had been everywhere else in the United States—Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Coney Island, Grand Canyon—but Fate had made me miss the Yellowstone. But now was the opportunity, and Jumbo-Mumbo mumbled, "The Route of the Great Big Baked Potato!"

And Terese echoed, "And the Roman Emperor Titus, who took Jerusalem and discovered the Murphy Maximus."

And the Infant Prodigy, who is strong on facts, and is at that age where she sets every one straight, supplying accurate data, said, "But the potato is an American product!"

"I thought it was Irish," I ventured.

"No," she said; "it saved Ireland from starvation. That is all. But the best potatoes in the world are raised in America. The great potato districts are in Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and parts of Minnesota, where the lumber has been cleared and the stumps burned out. And as a potato district next comes the irrigated land in Montana, Idaho, Colorado and Utah."

Before such a broadside of potato-salad I abdicated. And so it was the Route of the Great Big Baked Potato! On the route

of the Northern Pacific Railway potatoes were produced that weighed a pound. The biggest potatoes we raise in New York are about this size. Then it was discovered that water applied to land in the right proportion and in the right way and in the right place would produce potatoes that weighed two pounds. And the Emperor Titus, Dining-Car Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, began serving great big baked potatoes, each one on a platter. This platter is eight inches long. Sometimes the potatoes will be nine inches long and four inches in diameter.

Bringing in one of these potatoes and placing it before a hungry man makes him look, and then he laughs, and everybody else in the vicinity looks and laughs too! And then Titus conceived the idea of never serving a big baked potato that weighed less than two pounds. It is several times as much as any one can eat, but the idea of bounteous service, of generosity, is bound to make an appeal ❧ ❧

And behold Titus capitalized the idea, and the world knows the Northern Pacific Railway as " The Route of the Great Big Baked Potato."

His Majesty, the Emp Spud, was once requested, in a letter, by an enthusiastic patron, to send him a bushel of those great big potatoes in order that he might use them for seed, and the Emp wrote back a brief, businesslike letter thus:

" I would be glad indeed to send you a bushel of the great big Northern Pacific potatoes, but the fact is we never cut a potato for anybody."

Following this he sent the man a bushel of the big potatoes with his compliments.

" It does n't take many of these potatoes to make a dozen," said an astonished Milesian. This great big baked potato, the spud superbus, set a standard.

The motto of James J. Hill is:

" Trust in the Lord and haul no empties." Titus has simply

appropriated the slogan of the empire-builder, and he too makes it a rule to " haul no empties."

His business is to feed the people, and that he performs this service in a kingly manner is beyond dispute.

The Northern Pacific Railway follows the route taken by Lewis and Clark in Eighteen Hundred Five.

It is the first proposed railway across the continent, although it was the second transcontinental line to be built.

The original intent was that it should be owned by the Government, because it was the belief that no railroad across the continent could be operated at a profit.

The first proposition to build this railroad came up in Congress in Eighteen Hundred Forty-three.

This railroad follows the line of least resistance. Its grades are low, its curves gentle, and the entire route is through a habitable country

There is no desert, and practically no mountain ranges to challenge the way.

Let the truth be told, for the benefit of all feminists, that it was a woman, Sacajawea, with her babe upon her back, who led the way for Lewis and Clark, and Lewis and Clark led the way for the Northern Pacific.

The Northern Pacific Railway has passed through its stage of infancy and youth, and has now reached maturity.

Like every aspiring, growing youth, it had its troubles in its day, but it has passed out of them, and is now out on the broad tableland of success.

No one man looms large in the making of the Northern Pacific Railway. Behind it is a long line of presidents and general managers of quiet, earnest, dignified quality.

The Northern Pacific Railway represents character.

It stands for manhood, courtesy, strength, intelligent human service

We have been told that corporations have no souls. This in a statement that " listens " good, but that will not bear analysis. Anything without a soul is dead and disintegrating. The Northern Pacific is very much alive; it is a going, growing railroad.

The Northern Pacific Railway is a friendly railroad. It co-operates with its patrons along the line. It has no enemies—certainly none that it recognizes as such.

It is in touch with the little red schoolhouse, the high school, the business college, the university, the farm, the factory, the bank, the elevator, the department store.

It takes a hearty interest in the welfare and success of its patrons. It has passed out of the pioneer stage. It has the ripe experience of forty years of successful operation.

Along its line are many beautiful, prosperous towns and cities. And as these have prospered, so has prospered the Northern Pacific

It is a noble property, superbly managed. It is a credit to all America; to its employees; and to its patrons To live along the line of the Northern Pacific is a thing of which to be proud.

¶ When you ride over the Northern Pacific Railway you are a distinguished guest. At least you feel distinguished. A trained corps of servants meets you at every turn. They are out of sight until wanted, and when needed they are at your elbow.

The difficulties of reaching Yellowstone Park are of a de luxe kind. There is a special Pullman car leaving Chicago at ten o'clock every night over the Northwestern Railway, running through the Yellowstone over the Northern Pacific from Saint Paul. Also, the Burlington Route offers a similar luxurious accommodation.

You leave Chicago and awake within sight of the Mississippi River in the morning. At ten-thirty you are in Saint Paul. There is half an hour to spare here. You walk up and down the platform and behold the most luxurious train that you have ever seen—artistic, solid, substantial, complete.

We moved slowly out of the beautiful and prosperous city of Saint Paul. We move with a dignity that becomes our royal station, for this empire of the Northwest is ours if we want to go in partnership with it, and the Emperor Titus is at the head of the commissary.

The train fills up comfortably at Minneapolis.

We pass out into the great wheat country. Then we reach a belt of timber land, interspersed with lovely little lakes, stretching for a hundred miles.

To this district I came in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty, a traveling man, parting my hair in the middle, wearing spring-bottom pants, pointed shoes, a warm vest and a fetching smile, embellished with side-whiskers.

Here were the lumber camps. Practically no wheat was raised north of Minneapolis. When the lumber was cut off, we said that would be an end of this country. But how wrong were our prophecies!

We pass through the timber belt, and see vast acres devoted to wheat and oats, just wheat and oats and nothing else.

Shocks of wheat as far as you can see! Then you take a field-glass, and five and ten miles away you still see the shocks, like soldiers in a vast army. We see men running reapers. Others are operating threshing-machines. As night came on we could see straw stacks burning in every direction. Straw which would be worth ten dollars a ton in New York, we saw being fed to the flames.

Freight-trains of a hundred cars were carrying foodstuffs to the East—cattle, hogs, sheep, wheat.

Then there were express-trains loaded with potatoes, vegetables, melons, fruits. Going Westward were similar long lines of freight-trains with cars loaded with manufactured goods of a thousand shapes and kinds.

" Trust in the people and haul no empties."

The railroad that hauls loaded trains both ways, prospers.

We slept soundly, sweetly and securely. If there were any grades or curves on the road we were not aware of them. We were moving—not at any terrific rate of speed, but surely, steadily, right on the schedule, Westward ☙ There is only one night on the road between Saint Paul and the Yellowstone. It is just as easy to go to New York City from East Aurora.

We awakened in Montana and looked out on fair fields of alfalfa on every side. Upon the hillsides we could see the white-faced cattle, the Herefords, hardy, strong, healthy cattle that winter easily, are great foragers, and make the rancher's bank-balance appear in five figures in black.

We had passed out of the wheat country into the cattle country and the land of irrigation.

Miles City, named after General James A. Miles, is the chief horse-market of the United States. Just now horses seem to be in demand as never before.

The law of compensation never rests, and while all Europe is aflame with the red torch of death, America prospers as never before. Europe will look to America for the next decade for foodstuffs, for manufactured goods, for building materials in ten thousand forms and shapes. No American had anything to do with bringing about this fearful scourge of war, which has put back European civilization a hundred years.

Nevertheless, this is America's opportunity. At Miles City we saw five thousand horses, more than I ever saw at any one time before, and the prices, I was told, for the best animals, were high —this in spite of Henry Ford, with his minimum wage of five dollars a day.

We passed through the ranch where Roosevelt got his first taste of the wild and woolly. Here we saw a sign on the village tavern reading thus: "The Rough Riders' Hotel." And another sign nearby, on a little print-shop, ran thus: "The Weekly Bull Moose—One Dollar a Year."

From Miles City to Billings you pass through the horse and cattle country, with smiling fields of alfalfa on one side and vast acres of pasture on the other. Always and forever you see the white-faced cattle and the droves of horses.

Then you reach Billings, a city that has a bigger banking facility in proportion to its population than any other city in the world. What makes it? Oh, just three things—wool, horses, cattle.

The banks of Billings bulge, and the deposits in the banks of the various prosperous little cities of Montana are the property of the people of this vicinity. It is not money sent here from the East. It is money mined out of the mountains, plowed out of these productive, irrigated farms, and comes from the sale of horses, cattle and sheep that roam over a thousand hills and feed in the luxurious bottom lands, where the grass grows lush and lusty.

Number one reaches Livingston at two-thirty, and here your car is switched off and attached to a train for Gardiner, fifty-four miles away ❧ ❧

On this train is an observation-car with just a canopy top, open on all sides. It is a flat car with a college education. You can remain in your Pullman or ride on this observation-car, as suits your own sweet will.

We stuck to the observation-car and voted it an innovation that well might be put on every train in the United States when we do away with the steam-locomotive and put on the electric motor, which Edison says is bound to come.

The thrills that come from close proximity to changing Nature are yours from Livingston to Gardiner. There are the distant white-capped mountains, the foothills, the dashing mountain-streams, the little irrigated farms, the vast stretches of mesa, and suddenly you see a great triumphal arch like unto the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

And as you gaze at this arch, Great-Big-Baked-Potato Titus quietly informs you that this arch is placed there in honor of the

Roman Emperor Titus, who raised potatoes, but never a disturbance. This was the first intimation that the Emperor of the Northern Pacific Dining-Car Service was with you. He had come all the way through, but had kept himself out of sight, fading into the landscape, just as William Jennings Bryan plays second fiddle in the Administration Orchestra, a thing which we all prophesied he would never be able to do.

But here was the Emp at our elbows, and perhaps this explained the flowers along the way, the dainty dishes and a thousand little courtesies, even to an invitation to ride with the engineer.

When you get off the train at Gardiner the thrills await. The whole thing is staged with the skill of a Damrosch, co-operating with Maurice Beck, Luther Burbank, John Burroughs and Teddy da Roose

The first thing you see at Gardiner is the most exquisite, peculiar and unique railroad-station you ever saw in your life. It is built of logs, with overhanging eaves, after the manner of the Swiss. Slab benches are along the platform. A swinging slab with the name of the station is over the door. Roycroft copper trimmings are in evidence. Great hand-wrought iron hinges and doorlatches are to be seen. You enter the station and there are Navajo rugs. Instinctively you take off your hat. You think you are in a private parlor, or are getting a little glimpse of Frank Miller, his tavern, where the " din " is taken out of dinner and the rest is put in restaurant. This station has lavatories, a ladies' parlor, writing-rooms, a reading-corner, and is built and managed in a manner that all railroad-stations will reveal in the year Two Thousand and One

Instead of being a place for bugs and bacteria, it is a place for ladies and gentlemen, business people, working people, people with one intent, and that right.

Thus your first glimpse of the Park is this railroad-station, where art and science have used the materials at hand, and we find

geologic strata blending with the trees, subdued and adapted by human genius.

" Who is the man that built that station? " I demanded of Titus, for I have lived long enough to know that things never just happen

" That station," said the Emp solemnly, " was built by Robert C. Reamer, who is the architect for the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company. Please apologize for your ignorance in not knowing who Robert C. Reamer is." And I apologized.

And as we walked out on the platform to get a better look at this model station, thrill Number Two was thrown on the cosmic screen. Six white horses attached to a great yellow stagecoach came swinging in on a rapid trot.

The driver wore a twenty-five-dollar Stetson. A linen duster covered him from collar to heels. Double rows of big yellow buttons were on the duster. This was the only mark of livery. The hat was tilted at that self-confident angle which men of ability assume. The man wore gloves and handled his reins with an easy grace. His shoes were russet and matched the yellow buttons and the yellow of the stage The harness of the horses was bespangled with silver ornaments and there was a multiplicity of ivory rings. The horses were as proud as the driver.

" Why was n't the stage waiting? " asked Terese. Bless your soul! A band has to be marched in order for you to get the effect. Literature always casts a purple shadow. The first note in a piece of music written by Wagner carries with it a premonition, a suggestion of what is coming.

That stage was waiting up the side of the hill for the passengers to get their composure and their grips.

You were not kept long enough to be impatient. You can not enjoy an avalanche of thrills. Send them along gently, please, good Spirit of the Universe, lest we die of joy and be suffocated with delight. There is a way of doing things. Tempo is the most

important thing in music, as well as in dramatic art ☙ The men who manage Yellowstone Park are artists in catering to the public. When you enter Yellowstone Park your stage swings through the great triumphal arch.

The Infant Prodigy and I sat by the driver, who had evidently just read Emerson on Self-Reliance. As we passed through the arch, this driver, who was evidently a Roman emperor in disguise—bronzed, brown, strong, happy in the grace of his six white horses and of his great coach loaded with thirty-six people, all saying "Ah!" and "Oh!"—this driver took all of his reins and his whip in his left hand, the horses still moving at a rapid trot, and with his right hand pointed out to us a herd of antelope feeding in the alfalfa. Then he reached into his pocket and took out a yellow silk handkerchief with which he brushed an imaginary fleck of dust from off his white coat.

The antelopes raised their heads as we passed by and looked at us out of their wondering eyes and then moved off twenty feet through the alfalfa, turning and watching us disappear at a turn in the road ☙ ☙

We approached the banks of the Gardiner River, a rippling, noisy, dashing stream, that goes tumbling over the rocks.

Above we saw a great winding roadway, the rocks on one side rising a hundred or two hundred feet in abrupt incline. To the left was the dancing, hurrying, scurrying stream.

The driver flicked the right leader's ear with the whip, and the horse seemingly understood that it was all a part of the play. These strong horses carried their loads evenly, steadily, at an easy trot, on up the hill.

Thrill Number Three was an eagle's nest perched on a needle. Titus, the Emp, explained that he built the needle, put the eagles on it and had them build a nest at the beginning of the season. Thus did he anticipate a gibe and a jeer from the jinksome Jumbo ☙ ☙

In the Yellowstone Park the word "needle" always means an upright geological formation, worn by the water of a hundred centuries and more, rising abruptly from the mountainside, lifting itself to a hundred, two hundred or three hundred feet, like a great church-spire.

Right on top of this needle we could see the eagle's nest, and as we wound around the hill, going up and up and up, we again saw the eagle's nest, and this time we were right on a level with the top of the needle and could see the little eagles and could hear them cry for a fish-supper, for this was Friday.

Down below near the swirling stream we saw the mother eagle soaring, and then we saw her dart suddenly and dash into the waters and rise aloft triumphantly, bearing in her claws a fish. Above the needle she soared and then dropped gently down, and we saw the little American eagles scrambling unbecomingly for fish. And all the time the mother held the fish tightly in her claws, allowing the little ones to seize upon such parts only as they could tear off, not running the risk of allowing the law of gravitation to have its way either with the fish or with the baby eagles—mother-love manifest even in birds of prey!

The Emp explained to us that this eagle was trained to dive for a fish whenever a six-horse yellow coach appeared in sight.

At a turn in the road we saw a vegetable garden of perhaps ten acres, enclosed by the high, natural, rocky walls of the mountain at the North and West. The garden was open at the East and South, getting the first warm rays of the sun.

A ditch had been built from half a mile up the river and there was a perpetual flow of water through the garden, controlled by a turning of the wrist. The coach slowed up long enough for us to see that this garden was the handiwork of a little company of Chinese. Across the gulch Reamer had built an artistic wooden bridge, after the Chinese fashion. He had also built a house for the Chinese, with ample living-rooms and places to store their imple-

ments. This garden is an object-lesson in what skilful labor can do when it co-operates with water, sunshine, soil and Chinks.

The Yellowstone Park Hotel Company have seven hotels scattered throughout the Park, with facilities to feed three thousand people a day, and this wonderful garden practically takes care of the vegetable wants of this unique chain of hotels. Five miles from Gardiner is the Mammoth Hotel, and here we get our first glimpse of the gushing geysers. After the ride by rail this little journey of five miles in the open stage is most refreshing ❧ ❧

The main hotel might have been at Gardiner, but some good psychologist said, No. To take people directly from the train to the hotel across the way is to lose a great opportunity. People getting off the train into the stage and riding up this marvelous highway are in a mood to appreciate sights, scenes and supper.

On a plateau, shut in on all sides by towering mountains, overlooking the Gardiner River, with the steam from the hot springs seen from your windows, a half-mile away, we experienced a sense of satisfaction unexpected. Here is a hotel, complete, roomy, satisfying in every appointment.

Quick-moving porters meet the stage and help the passengers alight, and take care of their luggage, and in half a minute you are ushered to your rooms. The telephone connecting Gardiner and the hotel has made everything easy for the clerk and the guest. You find yourself registered before you arrive, with rooms assigned, just as pleasant as if you had personally made the selection. Here is hot water in unending plenty. Titus tells you it comes from the geysers. We are a little suspicious of Titus by this time, but in any event modern plumbing is ours.

The rooms are high, light, well ventilated, beautiful, and the baths are most luxurious and refreshing. You have just an hour to bathe, change your clothing, cultivate your toothbrush and look out upon the wonderful panorama of mountain, valley,

gorge and meadow, with your field-glasses bringing up close a herd of buffalo five miles away, when the rubber-tired porter quietly tells you that dinner is ready.

The only thing I found on the bill of fare to complain of was the fact that it advertised " halibut." We ordered halibut on a fluke, and the waiter girl brought in a platter of rainbow trout, cooked to a luscious brown, gently sprinkled with watercress. These fish had been caught an hour before, just over the mesa, in the sparkling cold waters of the river.

The Emp said that if we would stay over the next day he would issue us a special permit to fish in the brook. This was so alluring that we accepted the proposition and the permit was duly issued. We discovered a little later, however, that this permit is like the " driftwood contract " which we used to hear about. The fact is any one may fish in the Park who wishes to, provided the fish are not to be carried away or sold. And so we remained over a second day at the Mammoth Hotel.

One reason we remained was because Terese was anxious to investigate the secret of the well-lubricated organization which we saw manifest and symbolized first in that six-horse team, next in the faultless housekeeping of the hotel and the very satisfying service ∞ The big man in the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company and the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company, which for business purposes is practically one, is Henry W. Child. With the aid of Detective Burns, we located this modest gentleman. Mr. Child is somewhere between twenty and fifty years of age. He looks like a boy, but talks like a man. He is a miner, an engineer, a railroad official, a hotelman, an organizer, a farmer, a stock-raiser, and he could be at the head of the U. S. Army, or could wisely act as Postmaster-General.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote of Benjamin Franklin: " I knew Doctor Franklin for a space of forty years, seeing him under every possible exigency, political, commercial and social. I never heard

him speak more than ten minutes at a time, and then straight to the point, and about the matter in hand and nothing else." ¶ This is H. W. Child. When he talks he says something. He is not in opposition to the geysers in the matter of gush.

I noticed the stages were booked to start at 7:45 a.m., and I discovered that the first stage pulled out at 7:45 to the second, and the other stages followed at five-minute intervals until every passenger had embarked and the last stage had disappeared around the turn of the road.

These stages start on schedule and they arrive the same way. Before the stages start, every vehicle is oiled, examined and inspected exactly as railroad-trains are.

Every harness on every horse is looked over for flaws and faults. No sick horse or lame horse is allowed to go. Drivers are all spick, span, sober, safe, efficient men. They are horse engineers and gazabo guides in one.

That first day we laid out a program for ourselves by riding horseback up the " formation."

Here at Mammoth Hot Springs we found acres of geyser formation, and saw the bubbling water come boiling out of the earth ❧ Then we rode on up the mesa, following a winding trail off the main road ❧ ❧

At one point a deer crossed our trail. We dismounted, cameras in hand, and approached the quarry. Then we walked on, leading our horses down the trail to a point where we were told buffalo would be found, and we found them all right and used up quantities of good film.

Two miles more, through the meadow where the wild grass grew, by occasional gushing springs, through the cottonwoods, and past the pines, we came to the shelving shore of the River.

Here the waters seemed to stop for a space as if to rest before plunging on their journey to the sea.

Titus told us that the penalty for catching more than twenty

fish was imprisonment for life. None of us exceeded the speed-limit, although every one was rewarded. To catch mountain-trout is an event. These fish run from a pound to four pounds in weight—" about the size of a Great Big Baked Potato," explained the Roman Emp, intent on doing a bit of quiet advertising.

We made a little bed of green rushes in a basket, packed in the fish, and made our way back to the hotel, arriving tired and hungry in time for lunch.

The sun had come out warm, and then hot. The thermometer at two o'clock marked eighty in the shade, which is only decently warm

There was a quiet snooze after luncheon, and then we had to make a further tour a couple of miles away where we were told we could see elk. We found the place where the elk were supposed to be, but only tracks were visible. No elk were in sight. However, we had the walk and the climb, and as we traced our way back the sun was setting behind the mountains.

Half a mile from the hotel, Terese made a noise like a militant suffragette, and twenty-five yards away we saw a black bear cub sitting up on its hind legs, paws in the air, looking at us. We all knew enough about bears to know that cubs do not go out alone and investigate their environment according to the Montessori method

We backed away and the cub went up a slender tree hand over hand, foot over foot, and the way he put his legs and arms around that tall pine-tree exhausted our sincere admiration. Up, up, up he went, disappearing into a tuft of foliage. And as we looked, suddenly we saw another bear cub going up after him. Cubs are trained by their muddereens to climb slender trees, trees that will carry the weight of a big bear. Safety first! Such a sight in the vicinity of an Eastern buffet would have made us realize our condition, and we knew perfectly well there in the Yellowstone that we had seen two cubs exactly alike. We also knew better than

to chase them. But we stood and looked and watched, and we saw the two cubs away up in that tree swinging and swaying as if they were trying to break it off. Then we sat down on a big flat rock and waited for the cubs to come down, and as we sat and waited we heard two grunts from a big black charred log that we had seen over in the bushes only a few yards away. It did not take us very long to discover that what we thought was a charred log was the mother of the athletic boy scouts.

Down came the cubs on signal from the mother bear. They did not come down hand over hand. There was nothing underhanded about their descent. They simply let Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation get in its fine work. They slid down the tree and brought the branches with them and struck the earth with a resounding whack, and the two cubs and the mother bear disappeared, swallowed by the deep, dark, protecting pines.

Toward dark a cold wind came blowing down from the mountains, and we shifted from linen coats to sweaters. A crackling blaze in the big fireplace at the hotel looked very attractive.

We dined sumptuously on brook-trout and delicious vegetables supplied by the industrious Chinese.

A good many of the tourists I noticed simply stayed over night at each hotel, making the entire tour of the Park in five days ❧ ❧

I would recommend, however, that every one who can possibly spare the time, stay at least two nights at each of the five principal hotels ❧ ❧

There is much to see of interest to the botanist, geologist and zoologist everywhere. These hotels are located with intent to be at a place where items of interest abound.

The warm sunshine in the middle of the day and the cool nights make sleep especially refreshing, and where one exercises all day in the open and sleeps at night, digestion follows on good appetite and health on both.

Once inside of the Park you begin to refer, when you speak of it at all, as " the great outside world."

Inside the Park you see no newspapers, talk no business, discuss no vexing problems.

At every hotel there are telephone service and telegraph facilities. You register at the Mammoth Hotel and from there telephone-operators always know where you are, but if you are wise you will just tell the operator to forget it, and lose yourself in the valleys, the woods and the mountains, and abandon yourself to Nature as you can nowhere else in America.

After one busy day and two restful nights at Mammoth we started away at 8:30 a. m.—half an hour after the regular stages.

We had an old-fashioned stagecoach all to ourselves. We could have gone on the regular stages, but Colonel Child thought possibly we would want to loiter along the way at our own sweet will, and certainly he was right.

The Yellowstone Park Transportation Company owns a thousand horses, with two hundred fifty rigs, running from buckboards to stages that will carry thirty-six people. Anything you want, from saddle-horses to six-horse stages, is yours. The four-horse rig suited us all right. ¶ Our driver was Earl Bowman, evidently born in a sheep-wagon, an out-of-door man by prenatal tendency. He had carried mail horseback, on foot, on skis, on snowshoes, through this district at a time when tourists were a rarity.

And so we started away, bidding a fond farewell to the Mammoth Hotel. We felt that even if we had not gone beyond we would have been well repaid for the visit.

But before we started, Terese made a great discovery, and it was this: that the secret of the exquisite housekeeping, the dainty service, the thoughtful attention given to every guest at the Mammoth Hotel, was on account of the genius of Mrs. H. W. Child. As soon as we saw her we realized her high intelligence, her noble ideals, her far-reaching insight into human needs, and we

knew beyond cavil that the genius of Colonel Harry W. Child is largely in his wife's name. The gray mare is the better horse. Let it go at that!

And on that beautiful sunshiny morning, as Earl Bowman held his reins lightly over the backs of the bays, when Terese asked, " What is the finest thing we have seen since we came to the Park? " we all answered in chorus, " Mrs. Child! "

Next, was the eagle's nest, with the three little eagles being fed on trout by the mother eagle, the very eagle that might have been in the mind of the psalmist when he spoke of the eagle that beareth her young upon her wings.

The third thing we voted on was the herd of antelope feeding in the friendly alfalfa. Next, were the great lumbering buffalo. Then came the cub bears, black as night, obeying the mother when she grunted twice as a signal to " beat it."

Our argument was interrupted by Earl, who called our attention to a beaver-dam. There was a little stream running through a meadow that was perhaps a hundred yards wide, and the beavers had dammed up this stream until it was a lake. We saw where they had cut the trees, where they were making their homes out of the mud and rushes and twigs. We stopped and looked, and presently a boss beaver, perhaps the business agent, gave the word and a dozen beavers were out flopping with their tails and fetching mud and sticks. We imagined we heard one yell, " More mort! " Others were cutting trees, sawing them up into convenient lengths ❧ ❧

At the sound of our wagon the beavers took a lay-off, but they soon got used to our presence and they were at it hard.

Titus told us that every beaver had a union-card and that the beavers worked in three shifts of eight hours each.

Five miles out we overtook a woman whom we had met the night before at the hotel. She was trudging along alone. She was a Swiss naturalist, age seventy-five, comparing the flora and fauna of

Yellowstone Park with that of her own Swiss mountains. This woman had written several books on natural history, and there she was camping in the mountains with a younger woman, who was companion, servant and secretary in one.

The dear old Swiss lady, whose name I could not pronounce, had walked seven miles down the mountain-trail in order to show Mrs. Child a specimen of a new and wonderful plant with a peculiar blue flower which she said had never been classified. She wanted to show Mrs. Child the specimen, so if it were really a new discovery the two women could then divide the honor fifty-fifty and make the shade of Linnæus jealous — only this earnest Swiss woman did not introduce any levity or persiflage into the discovery. She was concentrated, focused, intent, almost as fine as Mrs. Child herself. The old lady had started away with her pack on her back, at seven o'clock, and when we overtook her she only consented to ride with us just a little way in order not to be discourteous

We stopped at Norris for lunch. Here is a little hotel operated by the Child chain of taverns. The woman in charge at Norris is Mrs. Cook, a housekeeper plus, who introduces personality into her work, and makes every guest feel that he is somebody—all this after the manner of the dining-car service on the Northern Pacific

At Norris there are hundreds of geysers, and from here on for fifty miles the steam of these wonderful natural phenomena is never out of sight. At every mountain-gorge as far as you can see are the geysers. There may be thousands of these that have never been located or mapped. Some of these geysers are perpetual. There is a constant bubbling of the water. The heat is away above the boiling-point and we found no difficulty in boiling four-minute eggs

The geysers bring up specimens of the strata in solution.

According to the Bunsen theory the water is boiled by a solid

mass of lava or perpetual fire which is in the heart of the mountains, perhaps five thousand or ten thousand feet below the surface ❧ ❧

These geysers are situated at an altitude of from six thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea.

Yellowstone Lake, a wonderful body of water twenty miles across, is seven thousand, seven hundred forty-one feet above sea-level. The waters of this lake, according to Bunsen, are distributed by underground passages throughout a great area ❧ The water coming in contact with the molten mass of lava is changed into steam. This steam collects in apertures and crevices until it explodes, and this explosion bursts through the surface and gives us the " spout."

The difference in periods of the flow and the extent of the explosion varies, of course, according to the amount of water and steam and the depth of the crevice. All of these things (pressure, depth, extent of water and steam) are incalculable. This is a mystery attached to the wonderful flow of the geysers. Science can never fully solve the semi-miracles which one sees here in the Yellowstone Park. In only two other places in the round world are hot-spring geysers known to the same extent as here. These are in New Zealand and in Iceland.

All matter can be reduced to three forms — gaseous, liquid or solid. The heat and the water of these geysers are transforming the rock, bringing it up to the surface in gaseous and liquid form and arranging it in the form of strata. Thus do we here see a world in the making.

There are mounds with bubbling centers of hot water, the entire surface for long distances being the result of solution and sedimentation ❧ ❧

There once was a time, Winchell, the great geologist, says, when the entire surface of the earth was covered with an eruption of geysers. Millions of centuries must have passed before encrusta-

tion and vegetation came about. Geologic time is largely problematic, but we can safely say that these geysers were here in the spot we call Yellowstone Park, practically as we see them now, when Rameses the Second ruled in Egypt, and civilization was centered on the Nile.

Here the geysers gushed periodically, and if there was a human ear to hear, then could have been heard the hiss of the steam and the loud explosion when the mud and silt was thrown high in the air, exactly as it is today, tirelessly, without fail.

"Old Faithful" every hour has sent his tons upon tons of hot water a hundred and fifty feet into the air, night and day, Winter and Summer, since Pericles built the city of Athens, four hundred fifty years before Christ.

Rome arose, reached her zenith, went into decline and died the death, and all the time the geysers in the Yellowstone gushed.

¶ That night of a thousand years, called the Dark Ages, followed, but the geysers were indifferent. They had work of their own to do. Geologic time can be approximated by the height of the needles, crowned with their eagles' nests, and by the depth of the sedimentation surrounding Old Faithful and the thousand other geysers

These geysers are shifting their location from time to time. Thousands of geyser-craters are seen which are extinct. You can go into them and see how they died away a little at a time until sedimentation has covered over the aperture and the explosion of steam has broken out in another place.

Any one intent on studying geology at first hand can not afford to miss the Yellowstone Park. Weeks and months can be spent here. I found several parties who had come to the Park at the opening of the season, say June fifteenth, and who were going to remain until the snows began to fall.

We met one man clothed in khaki and his right mind, who does business at storied Twenty-three Broad Street.

This man had come into the Park with his family in June. He made his headquarters at Old Faithful Inn. He had two guides hired for the season, with saddle-horses, a surrey and a stage all his own, for be it known that anything you want in the way of horseflesh and guides and rigs are yours if you intimate your desires to Papa Child.

This banker did not look like a Wall Street man. He had taken on the color of the guides and looked like a piece of the landscape. "What 's going on in the outside world?" he asked, and we gave him a few pieces of information, slightly embellished, concerning important happenings that had occurred weeks before.

Then one afternoon we met a Brother Bill who had hired a driver with two horses and a buckboard. The fat man carried with him a steamer-trunk and had come into the Yellowstone for a month's rest and recreation. We speculated as to the cause of the gent's asceticism. Was it marital difficulty or financial strain? ❧ ❧

Of course we did not interrogate the gent. He assured us that being alone he was in good company and he looked as if he was getting acquainted with himself. He had hired a guide who was deaf and dumb. We wished him much joy in his buckboard, and in his strictly buck method of enjoying life.

This brings me up to a most interesting sight. We had heard about the great number of elk that are in the Yellowstone Park and had heard also accounts of the deep snows that occurred last Winter and the starving elk. We had been in the Park nearly a week before we saw an elk. Tracks had been plentiful, but Brother Bill Himself was scarce.

We left the hotel at five o'clock one morning. The air was cold and crisp. A touch of frost was seen on the little lakes as we passed. We could see the sunshine gilding the tall tops of the pines on the mountainside, an hour before Old Sol was visible. In order to keep warm, we were walking.

A whistle from Earl Bowman attracted our attention, and he pointed with his whip down the valley to the left. There were ten elk quietly feeding. The cameras were quickly unlimbered and we spread out in battle formation toward our prey.

We approached within a hundred yards of the elk and then we did not cause them any panic. There were a buck, three does and six fawns—the fawns about half-grown. Evidently each doe had twins

Titus, who is himself an Elk, explained to us that the elks are polygamists. This is a somewhat embarrassing fact in natural history, but I give it because truth is my stronghold. I was somewhat shocked at the information given by Titus about the habits of the elk, but I suppose I will recover in time.

So there they were—those ten beautiful elk! We approached closer. The Boss Bill gave a little snort of his own and his family ran on ahead of him. He followed behind, turning now and then to look at us. He did not show any desire to fight—neither was he afraid. He was simply willing to get along without our company.

¶ We got several fine snaps of the Exalted Ruler, including two very good pictures of the Ladies Auxiliary and the Junior Order.

¶ After that up near Mount Washburn we saw a herd of several hundred elk, and if we had wished we could have picked up a wagonload of horns cast off by Brother Bill in order that he might grow a new pair that was better.

Last year there was a splendid growth of grass in the valleys throughout Yellowstone Park, so there is little danger of feed being scarce this year, no matter how deep the snow. In the Summer the elks divide up into families, groups and occasionally pairs, but in the Winter they all get together in two great herds, one called the South herd, the other the North.

Colonel Brett, who is in military charge of the Park, told me that a close count of the North herd revealed about thirty-five thousand animals, and the South herd about seventeen thousand.

¶ The many accounts a year ago of the starvation of the elk in Yellowstone were greatly exaggerated. These accounts all came from an enterprising photographer, who made his way into the Park on snowshoes and took a good many pictures. These pictures show the elk deep in the snow, many of them digging for grass. The depth of the snow, the vast white stretches, and the multiplicity of the elk naturally lead one who does not know the habits of this beautiful animal to imagine that they are going to be starved to death.

The fact is that the elk is a wonderfully wise animal. He knows how to take care of himself. Also he knows how to work for other elk. In numbers the elks find safety, and they will dig down, paw up the snow and find sustenance for one another. If worse comes to worst they can always feed on the cottonwoods, willows and aspens, which grow plentifully.

The natural food of the elk, of course, is grass, but there is very little danger of starvation, and the elk is proof against cold weather ☙ These valleys, where the grass grows from a foot to three feet high, are all surrounded by dense masses of woods, where the pine, hemlock and spruce grow tall and thick. In these mazes of trees the elks find protection and they trample down the snow under the trees and get the most complete protection from the weather, no matter how severe.

The elk, however, multiply rapidly. No shooting is allowed in the Park, but the elk discover that there are haystacks and fine mounds of alfalfa in the district all around the park and the animals make excursions outside, it being found much pleasanter to munch on a haystack than to dig up the grass for themselves. Last Winter hundreds of elk came down out of the Park to Gardiner and the valley beyond, and were killed by the farmers, and this helped give rise to the talk about starvation of the animals.

¶ Our driver, Earl Bowman, told us that he was once driving a six-horse team loaded with baled alfalfa up into the mountains.

His vehicle was a sled. He was followed by a herd of several hundred elk and he dropped off a few bales of the hay just to see the animals scramble for it.

It is feared that the ranchmen at various points around the Park have been in the habit of feeding the elk, thus coaxing them out of the Park and shooting them under the pretense that the animals were marauders.

How to deal with this vast number of elk that are in the Park is a question that will have to be taken up by naturalists and disposed of on a scientific basis some day. If left unmolested the elk are bound to increase in Malthusian manner until they overrun the country round about and are killed off, or they can be lured out of the Park in the Winter by feeding them and new herds formed in different parts of the country.

As we saw them in the Park they were wonderfully sleek, healthy, happy and beautiful animals. The raising of elk as a business is well worth serious consideration.

As for the bear Colonel Brett informed us that he could not make any estimate on the number that there are, for the reason that bears play the game alone. You do not get them together so as to count them, but in the dusty roads we saw their tracks, and around the springs the marks of their coming and going are plentiful.

At every hotel there is a place called " the bear dump." Here the garbage from the hotel is carried usually at a certain time, say at five or six o'clock in the evening.

The bear dump used to be up close behind the hotel, but now in most places it has been removed fully half a mile away, this on account of the fact that a bear has no recognition of the rights of property. He is an attorney by nature. He levies on anything he wants and finds excuse for carrying it off. *Meum* and *tuum* are not in his lexicon.

One of the boys at the Fountain Inn was delegated to carry the garbage away in barrels on a two-wheeled cart every afternoon.

This boy found that by scattering garbage along the road the bears would come out to meet him.

He would also occasionally stop and make friends with them by throwing them morsels out of the barrels. Bears have temperament. No two are alike in disposition. Some are friendly—others are suspicious. Some are selfish, grasping, unreasonable and of a Bill Kaiser disposition. This boy allowed some of the bears to climb up on the cart and help themselves out of the barrel. One day he allowed the wrong bear to climb up. The bear just reached for him once. It was the boy's fault of course and he passed in his resignation to the Hotel Company on being requested to do so. The next man who drove that cart carried a blacksnake whip; and one day when a couple of young grizzlies insisted on climbing up on the cart, he just stung them with his whip, jumped off the cart and chased them a quarter of a mile, giving each bear, according to the Delaware custom, forty lashes, with a few extra for good measure. After that, the bears evidently passed the word along, " Whip behind! " Strict orders are given never to feed bears at any place except the bear dump.

At the Thumb Hotel we saw one bear known as Joe, who has become a part of the family. He sleeps under the hotel, and is fed out of the kitchen exactly as we feed a Newfoundland dog. The proprietor had had to put up a screen door, not to keep out the flies, but to keep out Mistah Beah.

One day Joe found the door ajar, and came into the kitchen, generally sacked the place and helped himself to everything in sight. When one of the girls came in, she seized a broom and went for Joe. Joe not being able to get out of the door went out of the window, taking the sash with him. There is only one thing that Joe is afraid of and that is a cat with kittens. Old Tabby over at the Thumb Hotel makes Joe get up and hike. He weighs about six hundred pounds, and is in sore need of a little training by Billy Muldoon.

All visitors in the Park are warned never to feed bears out of the hand, and to keep at least twenty-five yards away, for a bear, no matter how friendly, is apt to be careless. He is ambidextrous and has hands for feet. Also, he is in much need of manicuring. The Government does not allow any one to kill bears unless in " self-defense." The term self-defense, however, is an elastic one and exactly what justice is when a bear is involved the supreme court has not yet determined. But the rule of reason applies. There are bad bears as well as bad men. A bad bear is one given to the burglar habit.

Grizzlies have a sense of honor and keep their distance. They will feed at the dumping-ground, but they never come up around the hotel and look over the register.

Occasionally there is a black bear that will locate the commissary. He will claw the door to pieces, rip off shutters and take his own wherever he finds it. In cases of this kind the soldiers are notified and they await Mr. Bear at a convenient shooting distance. A bad bear is shot first and tried afterward. This is the way they court-martial him.

The other way to get rid of a bad bear is to put some meat in an iron cage, attach a rope to a trapdoor and wait until Mr. Bear goes for the meat and then drop the door. All you have to do after that is to put on an express tag and ship the bear to Chicago, New York, or East Aurora, wherever he is needed for zoological purposes

I am told that several hundred bears are shipped out of the Park every year in this way.

We stood about a hundred feet from the bear dump at the Old Faithful Inn, and watched six full-grown black bears and two cubs investigating the pure-food labels on the tin cans. A bear will take a tin can in his paws, stand up and pour the contents down his gobble.

These bears were perfectly oblivious to our presence, not realizing

for a moment that there were distinguished people in the party. All at once every bear lifted up his head, sniffed, stood perfectly silent—and then beat it for cover. The two little bears went to the trees as if a summons-server was after them.

We could not imagine what the trouble was, when all at once out of the thicket emerged three grizzlies. The grizzlies are the boss of the dump. They are a little slow in getting around, but when they arrive the black bears find it convenient to keep previous engagements. A bear will always get out of the way for a man, unless the man happens to be between a she-bear and her cubs. Then the man may get into difficulty, but with reasonable care there is no more danger in Yellowstone Park from the bears than from horses.

There is no place in the United States where bears can be seen in their native heath as in the Yellowstone. Here there are black bears, cinnamon bears, silvertips. In fact, if one wants to study zoology in America he is obliged to go to the Yellowstone. We saw bears, buffalo, beavers, antelope, deer, elk, mountain-sheep, vast flocks of wild ducks, wild geese, unafraid. These geese honk-honked at us as we passed by.

Then there were cranes and numerous pelicans, concerning which poets write poetry.

Rabbits, grouse and squirrels of a great number of varieties are plentiful. We saw great numbers of marmots, which Earl, our driver, insisted on calling "sausage." When we asked him for the reason, he explained to us that they were " ground hogs."

And we promptly threw him into the lake. Naturally, the Emp fastened on me the title of " Old Faithful," because I spouted at regular intervals. Later my name was changed to " Old Silvertip," because I loosened up a little for the boys who rendered us special services.

Earl was an artist with the frying-pan. As for fishing you will find fish anywhere you want to spit on your bait and cast a fly. We

carried always a goodly slab of bacon, a bag of cornmeal and a few cans of coffee. This outfit, with fresh trout, could always keep starvation at bay. When worse came to worst there was a first-class hotel a few miles away.

We entered the Park tired, wan and worn.

We came out of it buoyant in mind, tanned like sailors, rested, refreshed, ready for any task. Jumbo had lost twenty-three pounds; Terese had gained twelve.

The Infant Prodigy had held her own, but mentally was ballasted with facts and figures enough for theses wherewith to secure a B. A. and a coveted Ph. D. and an A. M.

We had laughed, romped, eaten, slept, walked, talked, climbed and waded for ten glorious days.

At Gardiner we could pick out those just going into the Park from those coming out. The former were pale and weary, the latter bronzed, rejuvenated, refreshed.

Of the hotels in the Park, every one who enjoys them ever after reaches for his superlative adjectives when they are mentioned. These hotels are satisfying and complete. The baths were always a delight after our rides and walks, and the table service was as fine as you can get at the Biltmore in New York.

And the prices? Bless your soul, both the hotel rates and the stage tariffs are fixed by the Government. You know beforehand what you will have to pay, and the charges are very reasonable.

¶ As for the trip itself, it is as easy or as strenuous as you care to make it. When Jumbo and the Emp insisted on walking from the Lake to the Canyon Hotel, seventeen miles, they got on their knees and kissed each milepost after the tenth.

We met a bride and groom from Chicago, whom I happened to know, who had hired a surrey from Brother Child, and insisted on white horses. And Brother Child, remembering the days of his youth, accommodated them, and also supplied a driver with red hair

If an invalid can sit up and take nourishment on a Pullman he need not fear a trip through Yellowstone Park. You can travel little or much, following your own sweet will.

Many people think of the Yellowstone Park as a region of forbidding rocks, wild, weird and dangerous. The fact is, it is mostly a wooded section for miles and miles. The roadway leads through tall, somber pines and aisles of evergreen. Then you will come to a great open meadow, smooth as a floor, that looks as if it might have been tilled and planted with grass-seed by the hand of man. In these open meadows the deer, antelope and elk graze undisturbed. Passing through the meadow you will again strike the wooded country.

Beautiful camping-grounds are found every few miles. A good camping-ground simply means a place where water is easy of access for your horses and folks and where there is plenty of grass for your animals.

We saw numerous campers who had come in their wagons for hundreds of miles from North, South, East and West to get a little taste of this life of the olden time.

In the Park no automobiles are allowed. This is wise and well, because it preserves for us a day that is gone—the day of the stagecoach. Here we learn by comparison, and our imagination is quickened so that we can see the way our forefathers lived, traveled, worked, enjoyed. We also see the dangers our ancestors endured—without the danger.

We do not seek to destroy the wild animals, and hence they have become practically without fear. You can approach a drove of antelope or elk as closely as you can get to a herd of cattle and with no more risk.

Wolves, coyotes and mountain-lions are killed on sight, for the reason that they are a menace to the other animals and might also be a danger to man.

This Park was taken over by Act of Congress in the year Eighteen

Hundred Seventy-two. It has been visited by every President since that time, except Cleveland and President Wilson. It is a playground for the people. It is OUR property. There is something delightfully democratic about it.

The soldiers are out of sight, and their authority is seldom in evidence. We met Colonel Brett, and found him a delightful, intelligent gentleman. In build he is slight. He is agile, able, and a most useful public servant, and his spirit animates the men under him. The chief use of the soldiers here is to be on the lookout for forest fires. On one occasion when we met the Colonel he had been out fighting a fire with his own hands and had succeeded in subduing it. No fire of any extent has occurred here in ten years, thanks to the vigilance of the soldiers and rangers.

We also had the pleasure of traveling aways with the Honorable Mark Daniels, who is United States Superintendent of all Federal parks and reserves in the United States. Mr. Daniels was born in Michigan, but now calls San Francisico his home. He is a young man, scarcely turned thirty, college-bred, scientific in his bent, devoted to his tasks, proud, and justly so, of his work.

Congress is not as liberal in appropriations for park purposes as it should be ❧ ❧

Nevertheless, we found all of the chief roads throughout the Park sprinkled daily. Dangerous curves are being taken care of in a way to avoid possible accidents.

The bridges are in good repair, and we noticed that all wooden culverts and bridges are being replaced with steel and concrete. ¶ The last bridges built are the best, showing the progress in engineering science.

The United States engineers in the Yellowstone Park are doing a good work, with a minimum of expense to the Government. I would like to see a Bureau or Department of Public-Park Service. Each park now is in charge of a Superintendent, but it is run separate and apart from any general park system. The military

charge of parks rose out of the fact that there were forts there. They have never been abandoned. While the military authorities in Yellowstone Park are doing good service yet probably it is only a question of a little time before the soldiers will be replaced by forest-rangers. Soldiers at thirteen dollars a month can not be expected to be the vigilant, intelligent, all-round caretakers that a Government ranger would be.

The ranger is paid a hundred dollars a month, and is worth the money. His services cover nights, days and Sundays. He not only knows forestry and the habits of birds, animals and fish, but he knows humanity, and is an adept in domestic science if need be. He is a horseman, a humanitarian, an engineer. He is the ideal boy scout, lifted to the *n*th power.

Mark Daniels is doing a splendid good work, and he will do a better work when Congress becomes alive to what the Federal Park possibilities are.

The Yellowstone Park is under the immediate supervision of the Department of the Interior.

This Department, as we all know, is at present in charge of the Honorable Franklin K. Lane.

Secretary Lane is personally alive to the interests of all of the people ☙ ☙

I was going to say that he is the best all-round man in the President's Cabinet, but it would hardly do to say this, for fear of starting something.

Lane is a lawyer, but happily he does not work at the business all of the time. The people of this country owe Franklin K. Lane a great debt of gratitude for the splendid service he is rendering in the Department of the Interior.

This Department deals more directly with the people than any other, save the Post-Office alone. The Department of the Interior comes in touch with the homesteaders, and this of course means the farmers, the stock-raisers, the ranchmen, the foresters.

¶ It is the business of the Department of the Interior to intelligently preserve, conserve, protect and wisely and kindly encourage ❧ ❧

The records upon which turn the property-rights of many million homes are too important to be lightly considered.

Then come these great playgrounds, which are the property of all the people, and in their care and preservation is reposed the happiness of a vast number of our citizens.

To Secretary Lane, and the able little army of men who work directly under him, we owe a great debt of gratitude.

See America First

IN mousing in the dictionary the other day I came across the word " Yokel."

And the definition of the word was this: " A person who lives in one place, who is satisfied with his condition and surroundings, who regards his own locality as the center of the universe."

I fear me that this definition covers a large number of very good people who reside in the cultured East. The average New York or Boston man, when he travels, goes to Europe.

And even yet we occasionally see the Broadway actor who refers loftily to the " provinces."

Emerson's wonderful Law of Compensation never rests. Of course Emerson did not invent the law. He just discovered it. There is something in the very nature of things that provides that for every loss there is a certain recompense.

Out of the turmoil and strife and struggle and tragedy across the sea comes to us a goodly grain of gain.

Hereafter this country will be more self-reliant than it has ever been. We are not going to look to Europe quite so much for our culture, our music, our art and articles of " virtu " as we have heretofore

Culture is going to run less to the acre in Europe, but America is going to have big yields of commonsense.

This war has sobered us. It is going to cause us to think wisely and act well to a degree heretofore unknown.

And one of the benefits is this: We are going to appreciate America—our own America—as we never have before. We are going to study our resources, visit our States, cities and towns, get acquainted with our enterprises, and join hands for a common good. See America first! Certainly. Know what a wonderful country this is; realize its resources; enjoy its scenery!

This coming year more Americans are going to travel than ever before. People of the East are going to the Pacific Coast.

People who heretofore have taken the European trip are now looking to the West, studying transcontinental time-tables.

And when you go West, see Colorado, visit the City of Denver—one of the most interesting and picturesque cities in the whole wide world ❧ ❧

In Denver you can say with the prophet of old, " I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength."

Here are the snow-capped mountains; to the east is a plain, level as a floor, fertile as a garden, rich in possibilities beyond the dreams of avarice.

You can take an automobile from Denver and in an hour you are in the Rocky Mountains. But for me the plains are just as full of awe and wonder as are the " Rockies."

But you can not see the plains and enjoy them to their full extent from the windows of a Pullman Palace-Car.

You have to get out and tread the soil and feel that you are part of all you see.

The mineral wealth of the Rockies has not yet been tapped.

Very few people in the East have ever seen silver or gold mines. They have only seen certificates. I am sorry to say it, but I do not believe that one Easterner out of ten knows what a smelter is, what it smelts or how. The Rocky Mountains have a different flora and fauna from that to which we are used in the Eastern States; and also you bump into a different sort of specimen of the genus *homo*.

Doff your Dunlap to Denver! Denver is the distributing-point for an empire, and is really one of the world capitals.

My advice to my Eastern neighbor is, when you go to California, just stop off for a few days and make Denver your headquarters. Rest up, get the cobwebs out of your brain, live in a land that is a mile above sea-level, where the air is surcharged with ozone,

where the mountains are full of inspiration, and the plains, stretching away to the horizon, inspire a sense of awe and bring about in your soul a sublimity that makes you think thoughts that are beyond speech.

Know the generosity, the kindliness, the courtesy, of the people of this State, where everything grows big and splendid and noble, where the sky is a lustrous blue and the mountains challenge the clouds, and the great, fertile plains reach out and shake hands with the horizon.

In Colorado there is no illiteracy. There are no slums. There is no poverty, unless it is imported.

The second generation born in Colorado is strong, able, heroic, self-reliant, self-sufficient, possessing due deference for the feelings and opinions of others.

Many happy weeks have I spent in Colorado.

Health here abounds. Every good thing is yours for the asking, and the high cost of living has no terrors, being a mere vaudeville pleasantry

See America first—sure!

Some Things I Saw

I HAVE been out on a lecture-tour under the kindly care and guidance of the Ad-Men.

I began the oratorical trouble at Chicago; journeyed up to Minneapolis; then on to Fargo, one of the richest and finest little cosmopolitan cities in the world.

From Fargo it is a day's run to Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, like Fargo, deserves a chapter, or, better still, a whole edition

The man who tells the story of Winnipeg truthfully will probably be put in the Ananias Club, or at least on the waiting-list. I think, however, some day I will chance it.

From Winnipeg to Moose Jaw in this land of magnificent distances is a little jaunt of, say, five hundred miles.

From Moose Jaw to Medicine Hat is two hundred fifty miles more

From Medicine Hat to Spokane is five hundred miles.

Spokane was keyed by Kirt Cutter, a modern Leonardo, with the help of Davenport, Muffinmaker plus, playing the part of patron. Davenport is Lorenzo the Magnificent to every good and beautiful thing.

Seattle is still leveling her hills, also leveling her social inequalities with the aid of the women.

Portland, Oregon, is experiencing a new birth. Sam Hill is building roads unequaled by those constructed on order of the late Julius Cæsar; and State Superintendent of Education Alderman is inaugurating school-gardens and commonsense pedagogy everywhere

My old friend, C. E. S. Wood, peaceful anarchist, poet, painter, lover of first editions, attorney and businessman, is holding his gentle sway

When a legal light turns anarchist, and yet upholds the law, the millennium surely approaches.

Governor West rides horseback across the State on little jaunts of two hundred miles and more, stopping with the farmers along the route, few of them knowing that they are entertaining a gubernatorial angel.

One agrarian hesitated a little about taking the stranger in overnight. It was growing late. Angry storm-clouds scurried across the face of the Western sky. Savory smells of frying bacon came from the shack. The traveler in half-desperation said, " I am the Governor of Oregon."

" Stop right there," the man replied. " I 'm somewhat of a liar myself, and any man who can invent a story like that should be rewarded. Sure, stranger, light! There 's a plate on for you in the kitchen. Turn your horse in the corral, and the virtuous haymow is yourn."

Then there is my old college chum, Bill Hanley, sweetly smiling in spite of the fact that he has to pay taxes on two hundred thousand acres of land.

When you call on Bill and tie your horse at the front gate, you have to walk thirty-seven miles to his house, which is in the middle of his ranch.

Bill was born in Oregon. Few men of fifty-six have had that felicity. William dotes on Omar Khayyam, and if you don't look sharp he will pull his Rubaiyat on you, every time. Bill is also strong for Woman Suffrage, babies and orchids, and once a year, when he shears his sheep and sells his wool, he comes up to Portland with a bedtick full of mazuma.

At San Francisco you put your horse in the shed at the Saint Francis, the Fairmount, or the Palace. I go to the Saint Francis, because the Saint Francis is the monument which Bill Faville of East Aurora has erected to himself as a token of his own genius as an architect.

The Saint Francis is to be increased in size. The vacant lot is there; the plans are made; the materials are on the way. Ask Woods Himself!

The modern Sons of Saint Francis are a hustling, happy, healthy bunch of boys. They admit the fact that they are on earth, and for the next two years San Francisco will be the Mecca of all good Ad-Men, and we will all be Shriners.

From San Francisco to Los Angeles is, say, five hundred miles. You go by rail or boat, and find yourself in the playground of the American people.

Of course, while you are in Southern California you will visit Venice, the Coney Island of the Pacific, Hollywood, Point Lookout and Mount Lowe. You will also spend a few days at beautiful Riverside, the second richest town in the United States per capita, and the center of the orange-belt.

At Riverside the Ad-Club is made up of Colonel Frank Miller, who holds the office of President by divine right for life. Not only is he President, Secretary and Treasurer, but he is the entire membership roster in himself.

Frank Miller is the modernized avatar of Father Junipero Serra. What Charles F. Lummis and Rodman Wanamaker have done to perpetuate the fast-fading traditions of the North American Indian, Frank Miller of Riverside has done for the California Missions

These California Missions represent a distinct chapter or epoch in American History. There was a line of these missions, one every forty miles, from San Diego to San Francisco, where the traveler was made welcome.

They were a sanctuary for the hunted, the oppressed, the needy, and the resting-place for the well-to-do and prosperous.

They held vast estates with countless cattle, fields far-reaching, wide and magnificent.

They had a distinct appreciation of music, poetry, art. They

lived their day, a scant hundred years, and then slowly died the death, leaving behind them ruins noble and pathetic to attest the excellence of these men turned to dust, and buried in forgotten graves. They died because men, male men, never perpetuate anything. Where men leave women out of the equation, civilization withers, pines and slowly takes her flight to a more congenial clime ❧ ❧

In the Mission Inn at Riverside, Frank Miller has resurrected for our benefit much of the spirit of that far-off time. Here you listen to the matin-bells and the songs at vespertide. You see the cope and cowl of those who called men to prayer. You see the cloistered walls, the trailing vines, the luxuriant flowers, the pictures, paintings, altar-cloths, windows, all reproduced; and this in a hotel where the tired traveler is welcome just as he was in the Mission that stood on this identical spot in years agone. A new word should be invented to describe Frank Miller's Mission Inn.

The place is not a Hotel; it is not an Inn. It is far more, something beyond. It is a lesson in history which keeps alive the poetry, the pathos, and the traditions of a band of men of high intent filled with a holy ambition.

The music-room at the Inn is a reproduction, conventionalized, of the interior of one of these peculiar old churches. The balcony, the niches, the alcoves, the exquisite Saint Cecilia windows, the brocaded panels, and the rare old paintings and unique carvings form a picture long to be remembered.

I noticed that visitors on entering this room involuntarily removed their hats, and spoke, if at all, in subdued whispers.

The atmosphere of the place is peculiar, and symbols dignity, worth and reverence.

The servants move silently, surely, intelligently, about their duties, seemingly amice-attired and stoled with the sacred tippet.

To believe in yourself and have faith in your mission is just as

necessary in a hotelkeeper as in one of those holy fathers of old. In the music-room at Frank Miller's is a cathedral organ, one of the best in America.

The day I was last there, happily for me, the organ was being played by my old friend, John J. McClellan, of Salt Lake. McClellan is organist at the Tabernacle, but he does not call himself "Professor." Yet if any man has the spirit of Old Sebastian Bach, it is this man McClellan. He is a wizard of the keys

I once stopped over three days in Salt Lake, just to attend one of McClellan's recitals. I thought I had heard organ-playing before, but the exquisite modulations, the tones and tints of sweet sounds that this man produces can not be described. They must be heard —and more, they must be felt. McClellan does not play with his hands and feet; he plays with his heart and head, and the keys respond to love's caress. Only high intelligence, sympathy and superb imagination can produce great music.

What Paderewski is to the piano, McClellan is to the pipe-organ. McClellan has several assistants, among others Edward P. Kimball and Tracy Y. Cannon, who play nearly as well as their leader. These Mormons produce every sort and kind of crop, including musical geniuses.

From Riverside to Salt Lake City is an easy ride of seven hundred miles

Folks in Salt Lake travel. They seem to have the money, and they have the leisure.

The Mormon boys are sent round the world in pairs, not alone to expound their faith, but to find out what the world is doing, and saying. Much travel has made the Mormon people cosmopolitan, and through meeting all nations they have sloughed provincialism. They are not villagers.

McClellan and his gifted assistant, Giles, whom I met at Riverside, have taken their turn as globe-trotters, studying music as

they strolled. Germany, France, Italy, have been their playgrounds ❧ ❧

In Salt Lake these young men have given more than three thousand recitals, to audiences varying from two thousand to ten thousand people.

There is a distinct artistic atmosphere at Salt Lake. The Mormons make great use of instrumental music. Their Choral societies deserve to rank as a pattern for all America.

There seems to be a general idea among the yaps and yokels of the effete and dreamy East that the Mormons are a morose, fanatical, and awfully serious people. Forget it—they play games, laugh, sing, dance, and swim in the surf. Also they work, and the best work is always done by those who have the ability to laugh and play ❧ ❧

True, they are sincere, but they are not so very serious. After Brigham Young started a sawmill he used the first lumber turned out for a dancing-platform.

Then he built a beautiful theater, long before the days of the railroad. This theater was so in advance of the times that even today, in the year Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, it is a most serviceable, commodious, safe and beautiful auditorium. I have had the pleasure of speaking in it several times. It is a sort of landmark, and although Salt Lake has several theaters more modern, the old " Brigham Young Theater " ranks well.

These people love the traditions, and while they are doing up-to-date things, yet they reverence the old.

I have been coming to Salt Lake for the past twenty years; and to a degree I have seen the new Salt Lake City evolve.

Fifteen years ago there was not a single paved street in the city. Now there are more than fifty miles of pavement. There is one street that is paved for five miles and more, and it is a street a hundred feet wide.

Salt Lake is laid out on a big, broad and generous plan. You

realize it on first landing at the station, where the railroads seem to have plenty of room for tracks and trucks.

Along many of the streets you will find water running cold and sparkling, dashing from the mountain-side.

Salt Lake City has features that set it apart as peculiar and unique from any other American City: the width of the streets, the cleanliness, the order, the splendid homes, the shops, stores, banks—and best of all, a hotel that has no equal between Chicago and San Francisco.

There are a few apartment-houses, built on strictly modern plans; but one wonders why flats should ever be built here, where land is so cheap that even the poorest man in Salt Lake can own a farm if he wants to. I sort of imagine that there is a growing disfavor toward the flat in these Western cities, where land is to be had in such abundance, and distance is annihilated by the automobile and the trolley-car.

Not only are babies objectionable in flats, but the actual fact is they are more or less impossible. People who live in flats are like animals in captivity—they do not reproduce. Man is a land animal. He belongs on the ground, and he is only safe, sane, sensible, well and happy when half of his time is spent close to Mother Earth.

Children do not thrive in flats. No man ever went to war in defense of a boarding-house. If people who live in flats fight with anybody, it is with the landlord or among one another.

In one sense Salt Lake was always a city of homes, but the homes being erected now are of a distinct American type, representing the bungalow style of architecture, modernized, extended, conventionalized.

There is one company in Salt Lake that has erected something like four hundred houses, without in any instance absolutely duplicating the architecture.

If you want to get a good index of the family, don't judge by the

front veranda—judge by the back yard. There is a Back-Yard Association in Salt Lake that has offered prizes for back yards, and interested the children, especially, in laying out flower-gardens and miniature farms.

Gardening here is taught in the public schools, for agriculture in Utah is a fine art.

The Agricultural College at Logan has given an impetus to scientific agriculture that is distinctly observable all through the Central Rocky Mountain District.

In this newly built residence district, I saw that fully one-half of the houses were equipped with sleeping-porches, and that sleeping out of doors was the rule and not the exception. And do you know what this means? It means that you increase your efficiency twenty-five per cent, or more.

The average temperature in the Winter is around fifty degrees, and seldom falls much below the freezing-point. In Summer the temperature is seldom above seventy-five in the middle of the day. There is not another city in the United States where the snow-capped mountains are always in sight, and where you can go mountain-climbing, see Alpine scenery, revel in the snow, and in an hour by trolley-car reach the sea and enjoy a salt-water plunge ❧ ❧

Salt Lake City has a population of a hundred thousand people, and is rapidly growing. Fifteen years ago there were marks, more or less, of the boom town, but now the pioneer aspect has entirely disappeared ❧ ❧

There are twenty-six graded schools, all built of brick or stone, mostly two stories, with wide and extending playgrounds. And among those recently built there are also school-gardens and supervised playgrounds attached.

Salt Lake can give the world lessons in pedagogy. Well has it been said that the finest crop here is the children. The Kindergarten has always been a feature.

The business of the first Mormon settlers was agriculture, and the traditions still survive, for Salt Lake has never lost touch with the men who sow and reap, and all those who go forth to their labors until the evening.

Here labor is respectable. Here old age is reverenced. Here children are welcomed as gifts of God. The injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is accepted literally; also, the same applies to the words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Among the many businessmen I met in Salt Lake City, scarcely one of them but is interested directly in farming.

The Mormons have made money faster than any other people have ever made money in history. From the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty to the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty, the increase in wealth was at the rate of eleven hundred dollars per person, including women and children. This is a record unequaled by any other people wherever statistics have been kept.

And the money was made out of agriculture. Brigham Young said to his people: "If you mine, some of you will get rich. But most of you will die poor. If you feed the miners, all of you will get rich."

The golden spike, joining the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads, was driven in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine. The Mormons took a big and important part in building this railroad. Many of them were engineers, foremen and contractors, but their principal work was to feed the men who built the railroad

Three hundred years before Christ, Aristotle said, "The land that will produce beautiful flowers, luscious fruits and nourishing vegetables is bound to produce a happy, intelligent and prosperous people."

And Thomas Jefferson said, "They who till the soil are the chosen people of God."

Then comes Alfred Russel Wallace and avers that the first factor in the education of man was his domestication of animals. As man domesticated animals, so did he domesticate himself. In educating the brute he achieved his own education.

Beyond this, when he takes an active, hearty, scientific interest in agriculture he is still further evolved; for the animal and vegetable kingdoms are complementary parts of each other.

Man evolved from the savage into the nomadic stage, then into the agricultural, and next comes the commercial stage.

The nomad does not plow and sow and reap, because he moves with his flocks and herds.

When he begins to till the soil, he remains in one place and has to become a partner of Nature. For the first time then he owns a home. There is no such thing as civilization when men forsake the soil. When men crowd into the cities and desert the land, degeneration and dissolution are hammering at the gates.

Manufacturing, distribution, banking, advertising and all of the manifold occupations of men must go forward, hand in hand, with tilling the soil. Also, men do not successfully till the soil without the aid of women. They may fight, but they will not farm unless women and children help.

The new High School now being built in Salt Lake City covers a tract of ten acres, and agriculture, including horticulture, will be duly taught and emphasized.

At Salt Lake City the civilizations seemed to meet and mingle. At the Union Station, this morning, I saw Indians, Japanese, Chinese, Germans, French, English, Scotch, Irish and Scandinavians ❧ ❧

Here all religious denominations are represented. On Brigham Street—a most noble thoroughfare—is a Catholic Church, built on land donated by Brigham Young. Brigham Young also donated land to the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Lutheran denominations, all of which gladly accepted the

bequests, and they hold the property free of taxation. I gave a lecture here in the Methodist Church, and I noticed that the Methodist brethren were on very good terms with the Mormons and spoke very highly of them. Business blends.

The Mormons certainly have the great primitive virtues for which, so far, civilization has never found a substitute. Industry and economy are their watchwords.

As a people, they prize good health and living close to the soil—their hospitals are mostly for aliens. Nature is kind to them. They are well, happy, strong, efficient, and above all they are truthful people. Mormons are honest. They pay their bills. They keep their promises. Their basic faith, in fact, is that of the so-called primitive Christians as represented, say, by the Quakers, Shakers, Dunkers, Zoharites, Mennonites and Lutherans.

Drunkenness, poverty, crime, insanity, are unknown among them, save in those rare and exceptional instances where the individual falls from grace and takes on the refinements of so-called civilization as found in our cities.

I discovered that, although there is a small army of Mormon elders traveling over the earth all the time, yet these elders come back loyal in their faith, unpolluted, and true to the traditions of their fathers.

In the course of my visits to Utah, I have spoken at the College in Provo, at the Brigham Young Theater in Salt Lake, at the Normal School, in Barrett Hall, in a church auditorium, at the University and also in the Tabernacle.

The Mormons have no paid priesthood. They maintain a free platform, and anybody who has anything to say can get a hearing in Salt Lake.

President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Brackett Reed, and others of very pronounced political opinions and fixed religious views have spoken in this Tabernacle.

Here is a building built without the sound of a hammer, erected

before the day of the railroad. It seats eight thousand people. Its acoustic properties are so perfect that you can literally hear a pin drop from one end of the building to another.

In this building there is a pipe-organ which, when erected forty years ago, was the best of its kind in America, and I believe it pretty nearly holds the rank yet. Here free concerts by musicians of rare skill are given to the people throughout the year.

Just across the street from the Temple has been erected a new Hotel, The Utah, which literally throws the Temple and the Tabernacle into the shade.

I know the hotels of America and Europe as well as the next, and I know of nothing that is finer, more elaborate, more complete, or that is so highly artistic, without being garish and fussy, than The Utah Hotel here in Salt Lake. It cost two million dollars without the land.

The building occupies a site that is exceptionally fine. From the roof one can get a view overlooking the entire city. The building is so completely fireproof that no insurance is carried. There are no buildings in the same block or in the immediate vicinity that endanger it as a fire hazard, and the exceptional width of the streets makes it doubly safe.

The service is as fine as can be found in any of the best hotels in New York, San Francisco or the capitals of Europe. And yet the prices are moderate.

Salt Lake City has one great advantage over most cities in the matter of economical living. For a hundred miles North and the same distance South, with a width of fifty miles or more, the land is one great garden-spot. Vegetables, fruits, and flowers here are found in a profusion not to be found anywhere else in the world. For this, let us thank the genius of Brigham Young, who was a civil engineer and the first man in America to put irrigation on a scientific basis. To this one thing does Utah owe her wealth—labor and water intelligently applied to land.

All dining-cars on the Oregon Short Line, the Union Pacific, the Los Angeles-Salt Lake Route, and the Denver and Rio Grande stop here to restock their larders. At all seasons of the year you will find on the depot-platforms great boxes and baskets of celery, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, beets, onions, cauliflower and spinach. And in the season, blackberries, currants, strawberries, plums, peaches, apples, pears, are also seen in great abundance and great variety.

The Utah Hotel has more than five hundred rooms, all with connecting baths. It was prophesied at first that this hotel could only be run at a loss. But the prophets, this time, were mistaken, for the hotel is running full, and there is in process of construction an addition which provides one hundred twenty-five extra rooms. People on the way through to or from San Francisco, Portland or Los Angeles stop off here for a day of rest and to get a big mouthful of fresh air, and a smell of the Salt Sea

The mountains invite the climber. The plains are a lure to the one who wants to take a more moderate exercise. The automobiling is superb, and over at Saltair the bathing-beaches beckon

The Utah Hotel has greatly increased the number of visitors, as well as lengthened their stay. And the railroads, getting the lay of the wind, gladly and graciously issue stop-overs to suit, on all tickets.

Ten miles away, connected by trolley-car and steam-roads, is the town of Garfield, where is located the largest copper smelter in the world. The ore is brought directly from the mountains, but instead of tunneling into a mountain, these hardy engineers simply fall on the hillside with their dynamite and steam-shovels, and transport the mountain to the smelter.

There was a time when the Mormons did very little mining. Now they are at it in a big way, with every improved device that

science supplies. Mining and Metallurgy are taught in their colleges, and classes are sent out prospecting, for these people are pragmatists and practical to the limit.

Faith and good engineering can certainly remove mountains. The ore they mine at Bingham shows only four per cent copper, but with modern machinery this means millions of good money, a deal of which finds its way into Salt Lake City banks.

Salt Lake City is a great banking and distributing center. It serves a territory six hundred miles square. It is an inland empire, and as yet this empire is practically undeveloped.

The things that influence civilization are not its warriors, preachers or reformers—progress comes through the struggle for bread and the effort to make a home.

We are changed through our activities, and when you give a man a pleasurable job, put upon him responsibility, set him to work, he then, for the first time, gives bonds for his good behavior and evolves the virtues that make for length of days.

The only men who build institutions are the men who are true to their women, true to their children, true and loyal and reverential toward old age.

All creeds, held simply as intellectual beliefs, have small effect on the man, save as he works his belief up into his daily toil.

He who would understand the Mormon people and get a true glimpse into the reason and cause of the growth of Utah must study history in the light of economics. Once know the chain of facts in the lives of the Mormons, and the rest is easy.

All are workers. Indeed, Mormondom to me is a matter of economics ❧ ❧

It is all cause and result, sequence and consequence, supply and demand ❧ ❧

In this success there is no myth, miracle or mystery. Metaphysics can be eliminated.

These people have prospered simply because they have moved

in line with Nature; and no individual can grow strong save as he lays hold on the forces of Nature.

" We are strong only as we lay hold on the eternal," says Ralph Waldo Emerson. And the eternal to us, in the year Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, is made up of the natural laws that surround us, some of which we know, feel, understand and formulate. And as the life of the nation is mirrored in the life and evolution of the individual, so the history of these Mormon people reveals the evolution and growth of the State of Utah.

And the growth and evolution of Utah, in degree, stripped of its non-essentials, mirrors the growth of America.

The population of the world today is sixteen hundred million.

The population of the United States is one hundred million.

The wealth of the United States is one hundred fifty billion dollars ❧ ❧

The wealth of the world is four hundred fifty billion dollars. It will thus be seen that while we have only one-sixteenth of the population, we own one-third of the wealth. This wealth has practically been evolved in two hundred years; and one-third of it has been amassed during the last sixty years.

In England, nine men out of ten die penniless, and sixty per cent of all those who live to be seventy years of age are paupers and are buried at the expense of charity.

Among the Mormon people, no adult member of the church has died penniless, and pauperism is absolutely unknown. The vital things in the Mormon religion are not faith and belief—they are industry and economy. The Mormon religion is a thing to live, not to talk about.

Most great migrations have had a cause based in religious belief. The Children of Israel, making their exodus from Egypt, were distinctly a religious people.

The Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Quakers, the Shakers, the Mennonites, all came to this country from across

the sea, in order that they might enjoy religious freedom. The Mormons sought the Far West for a like reason.

Misunderstood, consequently persecuted, religious fanaticism drove them afield.

Like the Israelites of old, they sought a Promised Land.

The band of Mormons that first entered the great Salt Lake Valley consisted of one hundred forty-three men, three women and three children, with ninety-seven horses and fifty head of cattle.

They made a severe, tortuous, dangerous march across the prairies, the plains, the desert, and through the defiles of the mountains ❧ ❧

Worn, weary, some of them sick, the great stretching valley looked to them like Paradise. Here they would rest. They arrived July Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven.

Fabled accounts of this valley had come to them. And their guide, Jim Bridger, famous as a scout, a trapper, an Indian fighter, and also as a disciple of Munchausen, had pictured to them the beauties of the locality.

And here it was, stretching, smiling, placid, beautiful beyond words, at their feet.

Brigham Young, their leader, a man of the sternest commonsense, caught the spirit of enthusiasm of his fellow-travelers, and proclaimed to them that this, indeed, was their Promised Land.

¶ They had brought along a few garden-seeds—lettuce, beets, onions—and one man had a dozen potatoes that he had carried all these thousand miles from Saint Joe, Missouri; another had a peck of oats; another a half-bushel of wheat.

Jim Bridger belonged to the Nomadic and Savage Stages. He had no faith in agriculture as a business. When he heard of those potatoes hidden away, he proposed that they should be forthwith boiled and distributed for food.

Several of the Mormons had brought ears of corn, and Jim

Bridger had offered them a dollar an ear for every ear they could raise on the desert.

But the very first morning after they had reached Salt Lake Valley these hardy pioneers, with faith plus that this was, indeed, the Promised Land, set to work and planted their potatoes, corn and garden-seeds.

They brought water in buckets and in their hats from the dashing mountain-stream.

As they planted, they also prayed, for there were very great doubts as to whether these seeds would spring into being and evolve and grow and blossom and ripen.

Seeing his men carrying water in buckets and utensils, Brigham Young set to work to dig a ditch gently diverging from the mountain-stream. It was a simple proposition and the most natural in the world. In two days this ditch was watering twenty acres

And that ditch was the first attempt at irrigation on the North American continent.

These people set to work at once building log houses. They would travel no farther, roam no more; here they would rest; this would be their home. Their prayers were answered, as the prayers of labor always are.

In three days the seeds began to burst up through the soil. In a week the potatoes had sprouted, and the corn, oats and wheat were reaching out towards the sunshine.

And these exiles laughed aloud and wept in joy and sang the songs of Zion. God was surely on their side.

Adam Smith says that all wealth comes from labor applied to land

In a desert country, water must be applied to land. Also, we add another factor, to wit, intelligence.

So the Mormons applied labor, water, intelligence, high hope, and faith to the land, and it blossomed a harvest.

In ten days after their arrival, Brigham Young sent back a dozen volunteers to the East, with the glad tidings that the Promised Land had been located; that God had answered their prayers, as the seeds were sprouting and the harvest was sure to follow.

And so these men retraveled all that weary thousand miles. It took them three months. They were young and strong and hardy. It had taken six months to make the journey to the West, but now they went back in half the time.

In six months more the second band arrived, made up largely of women and children and wives and sweethearts—families of the men who had gone on before.

They had only a few ox-carts, and the journey was made mostly on foot. Many of the women pulled carts behind them, and others carried bags of seeds, household utensils, and farming-tools.

These people had no money. What was the good of money when there was nothing to buy? Any wealth that they might possibly secure could not be annexed; it must be gotten out of the soil. Luckily, game was abundant, and there were skilful hunters in the party ❧ ❧

Religious faith buoyed them up.

Jim Bridger recalled his offer of a dollar an ear for corn, and swore he had never made it. The Mormons raised several bushels of corn the first year, for the season was lengthened in answer to prayer, or for some other reason, and the frost did not nip the ripening grains.

The wheat, oats, corn and potatoes they raised were not used this first year, but zealously, jealously, every kernel of corn and wheat was saved, as well as every potato.

The next spring these were planted. Careful records were kept of all these experiments. And behold, this second year these people raised a thousand bushels of corn, a thousand bushels of wheat, hundreds of bushels of potatoes, and great crops of melons, beans, peas and other garden-vegetables.

The principle had been proven. Water applied to land was making the desert blossom like the rose. The waste places were being made green. The fruit-trees were growing and flourishing, and the promise of harvest was on every side.

They were rich! Because any one is rich who has shelter, abundant food and fuel, and opportunity to work.

Think of carrying poultry all these thousand miles, and of the hens, when they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, laying eggs—priceless eggs!

Then every egg was saved and hatched. Here again prayer was answered, for we are told that every egg, without fail, hatched. Certainly, we will not dispute the statement, for in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine—two years after the Mormons reached Salt Lake— when there was a great rush of gold-seekers to California, the Argonauts all stopped at Salt Lake to rest and refresh themselves. Here they found fruits and vegetables in abundance; also, butter and eggs—but butter was a dollar a pound and eggs a dollar a dozen. Strawberries were fifty cents a quart. The gold of the miners was exchanged for these farm products

Prices were maintained, and in Utah, for twenty years, butter was a dollar a pound and eggs a dollar a dozen, with no fluctuation in price, no competition, no endeavor to bull the market, and no desire on the part of the bears to depress it.

Then it was, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, that Brigham Young said to his people, " If you mine and search for gold a few of you will die rich, but most of you will die poor; but if you feed the miners, all of you will get rich."

The business of the Mormons was to feed the miners. The Mormons were the advance-guard of civilization. The miners came West after the first Mormons had settled, and they found civilization already established.

Every few months there were new acquisitions to this colony in

the Promised Land. Up and down the Valley, the farmers settled. Men, women and children, and especially women—homeless women, friendless, discontented women, abused women, forsaken women—found here a sanctuary, a place to rest, a place to work, a place to worship God in sincerity and in truth.

A religious concept has always been supreme in every community that has succeeded. For the lack of it, communities without number have failed. It is the Something that binds people together and holds human hearts in leash. Brigham Young was not only a prophet, but was also a businessman, a civil engineer, an economist, and best of all, was ballasted with great commonsense. " Latter-Day Saints," they called themselves. And in the light of the latest definition they were saints, for a saint is a man who works

It is the belief now, among all thinking men, that Moses, when he led the Children of Israel out of captivity, was not a religious fanatic, but a pragmatist, and a pragmatist is simply an opportunist. Moses did the thing he could do. He managed his people in the only way he could manage them. He did for them what was best; and the Mosaic Code is a sanitary code. It is a code for the Here and Now. It is a mode of living, and it is the sensible mode.

The Judaic Religion was a commonsense religion. It has passed through periods of fanaticism, but again, at this writing, for the most part, it has emerged out into the clear sunlight of reason. Rational Judaism is universal religion, and its cornerstone is commonsense. And the same can be said of the Mormon faith. The Mormons of today are, as a people, a highly intelligent, capable, sensible, happy and efficient folk.

The supernatural is the natural not yet understood.

They believed that Brigham Young was inspired by God, just as we are all inspired when we do what is right, proper and best, and forsee the future from the experiences of the past.

" We are bathed," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, " in an ocean of intelligence." ❧ ❧

When our heads get into a certain stratum intellectually, we know and understand. Truth is in the air, and wise is the man who can drink it in and appropriate it.

Polygamy came into being with the Mormons simply as a matter of expediency ❧ ❧

Unattached women always form a dangerous element.

Read history and you will find that Nomads, entering on the Agricultural Stage, have always been polygamists.

Hard work and unending toil fill the lives of the pioneers. Sentiment is at low ebb. That is something which comes later. Children are in demand, and polygamous marriages, sanctified by religion, organize the sex emotion.

Abraham and Jacob on the plains were polygamists. Polygamy, under certain conditions the biologists recognize is eminently right and proper, because it is natural.

Plural wives are happy wives. Brigham Young did not depress and repress his women. Life was free, joyous, and filled with religious zeal and hard work; success crowned their efforts and the earth laughed a harvest.

Wealth followed, as it always does when men and women work together, work in joy, work intelligently, and are animated by a mutual desire and ambition. We must judge things by results. " By their fruits shall we know them."

With the second and third generation, the refining of sentiment and the advent of art, polygamy was gradually sloughed and monogamy becomes the rule—all this in response to natural law. At the last, people can not be governed by legislation. In order to succeed, legislation must be in line with the ebb and flow of the tides of the human heart.

Nothing more cruel, wicked, bitter and unreasonable was ever attempted than the enforcement of the Edmunds Law.

It was a New England idea, devised by the New England conscience for New England conditions, but transferred to a people living under totally different conditions from those which existed in New England. This, wise men now fully know, realize and understand ❧ ❧

The patience that the Mormon people have shown has been one of their chief claims to the respect of the world.

No one can visit Utah now and see the towns, cities, villages, farms, ranches, schools and colleges, some far remote from railroads, without being thoroughly impressed with the excellence and worth of the moral qualities of these people.

Visitors at Salt Lake who wish to get their information from other than bell-hops, hack-drivers and loquacious barbers, would do well to take the Interurban Line that runs every half-hour from Salt Lake City to Ogden. Here is a distance covering thirty-six miles through a tract of country that is an actual garden-spot. Go out ten miles, get off the car and walk five miles, stopping at the houses and visiting with people along the way. Or take an auto and go South forty miles to Provo, as I did. If you have time, visit the country schools, see the children, talk with the teachers, talk with the farmers at their work, with the women caring for the poultry and fruit, see the jolly boys and girls at their games or tasks, and you will be convinced that only honesty, truth and right intent animate these people. They average high.

The death-rate in Salt Lake City is eleven per thousand. This is less than any other city in the United States of an equal or a greater population. In the country districts it averages as low as eight per thousand.

In the days of polygamy no woman was tyrannized over by a man. There were no heartbroken women, no suicides, no outcasts, no insanity ❧ ❧

Unworthy men, who forgot the rights of other people and showed a disposition to tyrannize over their neighbors and families, never

found a footing. In fact, such men never had any inclination toward Mormonism. Strong drink and tobacco were always tabu, and are yet ❧ ❧

Mormon women, from the time they reached the Salt Lake Valley, were economically free. They were given an opportunity to work, and they worked in freedom and they worked in joy. These Mormon women had big families. They brought their children up to work and to be useful. They lived close to the soil. They moved in line with Nature. They had a firm hold on the few virtues for which civilization has never found a substitute. They were industrious, economical, temperate, honest. These virtues still abide. In Utah they are the rule, not the exception.

Victor Hugo once said, " Shakespeare needs no monument—he has his plays."

The Mormon people need no defense. Schools, colleges, parks, hotels, good roads, paved streets, happy homes, and great smiling stretches of fertile farms, well tilled, are tongues that tell their own story ❧ ❧

Utah has really not yet been discovered. Her resources have not yet been tapped. Less than ten per cent of her available tillable land is under the plow. And the extent of the wealth stored in her mountains is incomputable.

The Age of the Auto

"My lord, the carriage waits without."
"Without what, base varlet, without what?"
"Without horses, my lord—it is the automobile."

THAT the automobile is here seems to be a fact beyond cavil.

That it is here to stay may safely be assumed.

The questions then for us to consider are these:

1. Why is it here?
2. What is its effect upon society?
3. What is its effect upon the individual who owns one?

As to why the auto is here, let it first be recorded that man is a migratory animal. The protest of the child, "I want to go somewhere," is a part of the race instinct and is not to be silenced. Man can not down nor still this universal desire for motion, movement, action—"to go somewhere."

The auto is here in answer to prayer, for "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

Everything new in the world is the result of a want. If there had not been a desire for a horseless carriage, the inventors would not have imagined one, and then made the dream come true. The auto is a result of the Law of Demand and Supply, in motion

The desire to travel from place to place, rapidly and easily, is one of the signs of the times. It is a matter of human communication, a getting together of humanity—a big factor in human brotherhood

In point of importance, the production of things comes first. Second in importance comes their transportation. Man makes things, then he transports them. Also, he transports himself.

Robert Fulton sent the *Clermont* on her trial trip up the Hudson in Eighteen Hundred Seven.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*. This was in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen. And while an hon. gent. in the House of Commons was making a speech to the effect that no ship could carry enough fuel to feed her boilers on a transatlantic trip, the whistle of the *Savannah* was heard in the offing. She was answering his logic.

Later, the argument was put forth that the carrying of this awful mass of fire in the hold of a boat was flying in the face of Providence, and disaster was sure to come to every ship that incurred the risk. But the steamship had come to stay and still plows the waters. About Seventeen Hundred Ninety came the discovery that a wagon moving on a rail, instead of on the dirt, could carry double the load.

The discovery by Watt of the expansive quality of water when subjected to heat gave the cue for the locomotive, which John Ruskin prophesied would ruin England. He declared that people would quit work to go trapesing up and down the land in search of thrills ❧ ❧

And, personally, Ruskin moved to Coniston, a place where the " screech of the iron horse would never be heard."

But the railroad had come to stay.

Morse with his dot and dash came in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four as an added security—a necessity—in the running of trains in opposite directions on a single track.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Graham Bell, a canny Scot, gave us the telephone, in response to the universal desire for a quiet means of saying things to people out of sight.

It was only a *coup d'etat* that gave Broadway a horse-railroad and banished the 'bus.

Then came the cable-car, as an attempt to sidestep the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our hearts bled for the poor old street-car horse, galled, limping, panting, that we might fly through space at the rate of six miles an hour.

As a lover of the horse and a breeder of horses, I hail the automobile with glad acclaim. Horses never commanded so big a price as they do today: and all the time the demand is for a higher-grade horse. Thus does the farmer thrive.

The electric car arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it. We reach up in the air or dig down in the ground, and lo! we find it, for everything is everywhere.

Natural gas was discovered and piped for light, heat and fuel when it was needed, and thus are the lords of electricity kept civil ❧ ❧

In an attempt to render kerosene-oil non-explosive—so many servant-girls going to the Other Side by the Kerosene Route—gasolene was removed from illuminating oil by chemical process. Many good people preferred candles, and called kerosene a fad, and dangerous. Kerosene was worth twenty cents a gallon, and gasoline two cents. Gasoline was a glut on the market.

To utilize this dangerous by-product, the explosive engine was invented ❧ ❧

From a plaything of one to five horsepower, the gas-engine grew in power ❧ ❧

The horseless carriage is in one sense a scheme for utilizing a by-product; just as art is love's by-product.

And behold! Kerosene is now cheaper, and of better quality, than it has ever been in the history of commerce. Kerosene is now the by-product, and thus does the proletariat wax glad and the farmers rejoice. If gasoline ever soars as high here as it has in France, we will use denatured alcohol made from mangel-roots and turnips.

One great value of the auto to Society is that it relieves the streets of horses, and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness.

¶ Three years ago when the proprietor of a big hotel in New York asked the police to keep his curb clear of cab-horses he was denounced as finicky and fussy.

Now, no good hotel man will allow horses to stand in proximity to his hostelry. One thing, horses attract swarms of flies in Summer, and their presence creates on paved streets an unsanitary condition all the time. Horses belong on the soil, anyway. The horse's hoof is made for the dirt.

The auto adds to commerce the value of increased time, since it carries the man or the parcel to the desired place in less than half the time that horses can turn the same trick.

Next, the auto brings the outlying sections into proximity to the city, since twenty miles with an auto is equal to six with a horse. Thus will suburban property be brought into market and take on a value otherwise impossible.

The telephone and the auto are doing away with the loneliness of the farm, and as a consequence farmers' wives have quit going insane as a business.

The auto is here to stay, exactly as the steamship and railroad are here to stay. It can neither be laughed down nor argued down. When you see a man who tells you what is going to happen if this benzine-buggy craze does n't stop, he is one who is getting ready to buy a machine.

The subject of good roads is a vital one to the autoist; everywhere throughout the world the owners of autos are agitating the subject.

In New York and various other States of the Union, the money received from automobile licenses is being used for road-building purposes. The sum to be raised each year for good roads will exceed two million dollars.

The Romans of old built their famous roadways for but one purpose, and that was to transport an army quickly from one place to another. But, regardless of the motive, they taught the world a great lesson.

John Wesley says in his *Journal*, " I was beholden of the truth that farmers who live along a good road grow rich, while those

who are on a bad road are usually very poor." The farmers are not organized so as to build good roads. About all they have done is to patch bad ones. To make a good road requires science, skill, money and wise foresight. Good roads are built for the future, quite as much as for the fleeting present.

The auto owners are mostly men of affairs, and it can safely be said that all men of affairs are auto owners.

The type of man who used to have a carriage and coachman is not your typical autoist. The auto owner is a man with a fine scorn for ease and all soft luxury. His fad is motion.

He possesses initiative and is a good sportsman. Wherever he goes he does things, for beside being an auto owner he is a farmer and is fast becoming a lover of the country and a loving student of Nature ❧ ❧

Thus does the auto transform the man.

The various automobile clubs are banded together so they can bring their influence to bear on legislation. The farmer is not a lobbyist, and his interests have been neglected. But now that the farmer and auto owner are grasping hands, this matter of good roads will not be allowed to palter, falter nor rest.

The old-time Roman with his lust for conquest was the supreme type of road-builder. But now a broader, better, finer and stronger man is coming in on his high speed, and this is the autoist.

He has all the enthusiasm of the Roman, and ten times his resources ❧ ❧

The boys with the autos are our modern " Invincible Seventh Legion." ❧ ❧

The last question for us to consider is the effect of the auto on the owner and user.

I suppose it does not have to be shown that the auto is run out of doors. Thus it gives a play of fresh air that is not possible to him who lingers close to the steam heat.

Man is a movable air-plant. He thrives only when he is in the

open. Sun, wind, storm—all are things to which he must become inured. The auto takes you out of the crowded city, out of the fumes of noisome streets. It gives you an air-bath, and breathing more you think more, feel more, know more, live more.

To reside ten or twenty miles from business and take that trip night and morning would double the capacity of most men. The commuter in the smoker or " ladies' coach" absorbs a lot of bad air and silly conversation that have already been used.

The auto subdues conversation to things that should be said, and eliminates most of the vacuous mouthy nothings. That is, it gives you rest

As for the man who runs his own machine, there is demanded an exercise of eye and hand that develops judgment, skill, courage, and gives coolness to your cosmic engine under difficulties.

All these things must in a generation have a decided effect on the entire race. The North American Indian developed his noble body when he was obliged to hunt, and he lost his noble qualities, in great degree, when he was put on the Reservation and made to stay there with everything provided.

The man with an auto is no Reservation Indian.

He travels far and fast. He is pretty nearly a freewill agent. He sees, hears, grows, hikes, honks and becomes. His face is bronzed by the kiss of the wind and sun. His pulse is full and even. His appetite is prodigious.

The stimulant of ozone, and the sense of power coming from this thirty-horsepower or sixty-horsepower motor at his finger-tips, gives him all the bracer that his body craves.

No man who really loves the merry music of the cut-off takes to strong drink

The auto is a great move in behalf of temperance. The man who runs a machine prizes his brain and rejoices in sinewy hands, muscles of braided silk and nerves of steel. Booze is for the wobbly and weak—your autoist will have none of it.

Thus does the auto make for sanity, sound sleep, efficiency and length of days.

Within two years' time there has come about a very decided protest in public opinion against the auto scorcher.

The pace is now becoming reasonable and moderate. The nervous novelty is wearing off. To fly through the land, run over chickens, kill dogs, scare horses and put wagons in the ditch is getting to be decidedly bad form. One reason is that the driver—owner or hired chauffeur—is now a sober man. He neither overeats nor overdrinks. A lifted hand will stop any machine, anywhere—this is today the rule.

The natural goodness, decency and courtesy of strong and healthy men are being felt, for as we grow in health we evolve in consideration for the rights of others.

The licensing of chauffeurs is a good thing, and is having its effect on character.

The reckless driver is soon out of a job, and once out he is a marked man and out forever. You must keep your record clean.

As for the extravagance of the people who buy a machine when they are not able to afford a baby-buggy, a word is in order. That many autos have been bought by those who have no business with one, is true.

A new invention, like a new reform, is bound to lure a lot of the heedless and unthinking.

The world still has a full supply of the chuckleheaded.

But there is one big protest against the extravagance of the automobile to which we should hearken. It comes from Wall Street. Look you! The small traders in Wall Street are buying autos, and thus have ceased to gamble. The joy of the auto has replaced the joy of the Bucket-Shop.

The chances of being put into the financial ditch are replaced with the risks of the road.

Take your choice—of two evils choose the lesser!

From an editorial in the *Milliners' Review* I see that the milliners and dressmakers are suffering from this craze for the auto. One editorial says, " Many women who before were well gowned are now content with khaki and little, tight, homemade automobile bonnets—anything that will keep the dust out of the hair. And when the husband lets his wife make choice between beautiful party gowns or a new machine, she votes for the machine without a word."

In the *Jeweler's Weekly,* I find a similar voice to this effect, " The diamond trade is suffering from this extravagance in automobiles."

A Fifth Avenue tailor, recently interviewed, says, " The genuine, well-dressed gentleman is getting hard to find. Instead of clothes made to measure, everybody is buying a ready-to-wear suit at half price, saving the money for gasoline."

It will thus be plainly seen that there is going on an exchange of one extravagance for another, so the net loss is n't quite so bad as our pessimistic friends would have us think. We save on diamonds, picture-hats and party dresses, and this money goes into machines. Very well, let 'er go! The world is the gainer. It means tan, brawn, sound sleep and good digestion, against pale cheeks, weak eyes, and nerves that need a bracer.

Then, note you this: The man with an auto takes the whole family with him; whereas, the old-time sport with his fast horse had a one-man wagon and went alone. The wife along is a governor to the social engine. Sure!

Don't buy an auto if you don't see how to pay for it. Debt is a rope to your foot, cockle-burs in your hair, a fly in the cold-cream of your beauty-dope.

Keep within your financial speed limit, or Fate, like a country constable, will surely pinch you. There is lots of fun in walking, yet

But extravagant and wasteful people have always lived. When

Oliver Goldsmith dressed up the bailiffs and had them serve the feast, he was a fool as well as a poet. Look behind—also look in front—before you turn the corner into debt.

Any man who can afford an auto should have one. Moreover, he probably will.

Also, anybody who insists on being extravagant and buying things he can't afford, will, until Gehenna congeals. The extravagant man has found a way to waste time and money since Adam and Eve were shoplifters, and helped themselves to fruit and fig-leaves which they could ill afford.

But because there are extravagant people in the world is no reason, Terese, why we should have melancholia. Turn 'er over, and we 'll take a run out to old Aunt Mary's. Honk, honk!

Arkansas and Hot Springs

MY fellow-worker in the vineyard, Opie Read, has advertised Arkansas by the right oblique, in his amusing stories. O fie, Opie!

Opie has a wonderful imagination. Also, has that luminous literary light who wrote America's masterpiece, *Through Arkansas on a Mule.*

These two merry rogues in buckram have put the State in a bad light before many people who look to vaudeville for their facts. The truth is Arkansas has more points to recommend it than any other single State in the Union. In potential wealth, Arkansas is our all-around rich State. It produces everything that is produced anywhere in America. It has climate and, incidentally, at intervals it has weather. It has lovely scenery—mountains, prairies, noble rivers, sparkling streams, vast forests, and broad acres which, when tickled with a plow, laugh a harvest.

The people who livein Arkansas are a happy, generous, prosperous, intelligent class. They average well.

Of course, there are all kinds of folks in Arkansas, just as there are in Boston and New York City. But the idea of "Arkansas" wearing flowing lilacs, through which the Summer zephyrs blow; that they chew infinite tobacco, and expectorate with accuracy at long distance; that the women all wear linsey-woolsey, chew snuff, and that the children are addicted to hookworm, is a fallacy generated in the peanut mind of a man who has never been there. Arkansas is rich in mineral wealth. Gold, silver, zinc, tin, iron, aluminum, are found here in workable quantities. And strangest of all, Arkansas has a diamond-mine that threatens to put Kimberley, South Africa, to the bad.

And as for Hot Springs, they have no duplicate on the American Continent. The waters contain valuable medicinal qualities not to be found anywhere else.

And so then, a-bas la hookworm! Also, a-bas la Opie and his partner in literary crime, the budding Shakespeare who muleteered through Arkansas on his long-eared Pegasus!

Let the silence swallow them both!

I go to Hot Springs every year, not because I am an invalid, but because I do not intend to become one.

I go to Hot Springs to enjoy a climate that is neither North nor South; neither frigid nor torrid; a climate that does not enervate by its heat, nor depress by its cold.

You go down, say, from Chicago, on a most luxurious train, leaving the blizzard behind, and in a single day and a night you have breakfasted the next morning in Hot Springs—thanks to my old college chum, Ben Bush, who has breathed the breath of life into the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain System.

You are in a land of glorious sunshine, where the air everywhere is flavored with the healing odor of the pines, kissed by the soft winds of the South, where the mocking bird sings you a welcome, and the robins, the blackbirds and the brown thrush have preceded you.

These things come as a great and glad relief—a delightful change. At Hot Springs you relax. You leave your cares behind. Worry is placed on the slide.

You ride on horseback, you tramp the hills, you play ball, you meet merry and congenial people, and you abandon yourself for an hour or two every day to the wonderful baths.

Here the water comes hot out of Nature's laboratory, bubbling cheerily up right out of the heart of the earth.

No wonder that the Indians used to say that this is the dwelling-place of the Great Spirit.

And here they came for hundreds and thousands of years before the whites discovered the Ozarks, before a bath-house was built, before a building was erected.

They bathed in the waters of the bubbling pools, and they were

relieved of their disorders and diseases, and went away refreshed, rejuvenated, healed, breathing prayers of gratitude to the Great Spirit ☙ ☙

And then the white man came, and seeing the results obtained by the red brothers, he too utilized the healing waters.

And so Hot Springs, Arkansas, has been a place of pilgrimage for a hundred years and more. And now, the United States Government, recognizing the therapeutic value of the Springs, has taken them over, by the right of eminent domain, and they are owned and operated under Government direction.

De Soto and his army were the first white men to visit Hot Springs, of which we have any record. This was in the Winter of Fifteen Hundred Forty-one and Forty-two.

In Hot Springs Creek there are the remains of a dam, evidently built by white men, and it is believed that this was the work of De Soto. It was the first attempt to put the Hot Springs on a sanitary and hygienic basis.

De Soto, with his high intelligence, must have perceived that a large number of people bathing in a pool run certain risks, and so he increased the size of the pool, and got a swimming depth and more ☙ ☙

Visitors interested in the history of our red brothers, whose race is nearly run, will find in the vicinity of Hot Springs a great opportunity for scientific investigation and discovery. No place in the world contains such a profusion of relics in the form of flint chips, spear and arrow-heads, axes, hatchets, mortars and pestles, stone-grinding mills and strange implements, as can be found in this vicinity.

On a horseback ride ten miles back in the Ozarks, I called on an old settler, and found a great profusion of these picked-up implements some of which the white folks were using for practical purposes. I subsidized a tall, slender, slim, mountain boy, and he directed me to a territory where these things were supposed to be found. And

so we searched and dug and dug, and we were rewarded for our pains ☙ ☙

There is a legend that Hot Springs was neutral ground for all Indian tribes. Here even the enemies met, and were friends—for the time being, at least. No war was made upon the sick and unfortunate ☙ ☙

And the precedent still prevails, thanks to the Government of the United States of America.

Some years ago there was danger that visitors might fall a prey to predatory land-sharks, some of whom posed as doctors, lawyers, real-estate agents, and such. Niagara Falls had a similar experience, and there the hold-up man played his merry pranks upon the unsuspecting for many years. Thanks to the State of New York, Niagara Falls is now under the control of the Empire State, and you can go there without bidding your friends a fond adieu, and kissing your pocketbook good-by.

In fact, the whole world is growing better. We are getting things down to where mutuality and co-operation prevail. Man was made for mutual service. A few people have always known this, but now everybody knows it, save mental defectives.

Thomas Jefferson knew the great secret of mutuality and reciprocity ☙ ☙

It 's a little queer that we can't write history of the United States without quoting Thomas Jefferson. He is our one great Democrat, and happily, we are catching up with him.

Arkansas was part of the Louisiana Purchase.

Thomas Jefferson knew the value of the Hot Springs, and in Eighteen Hundred Four he sent an exploring party to the Springs to make a map of the surrounding country and report on the quality of the waters, and to find out if there was any one in possession ☙ ☙

The exploring party was headed by Hunter and Dunbar, officers in the United States Army.

These men spent several months in the vicinity and made a very valuable report on conditions at Hot Springs. They analyzed the water, surveyed the mountains, located a great many springs, some cold and some hot, and sent back several tons of geological specimens, which are now to be seen in the Smithsonian Museum. These men, it seems, were of a practical turn, for they discovered the " Arkansas Oilstone," which has since proven one of the best whetstones to be found in the world.

They found valuable crystals, a great variety of medicinal plants, and one item in their report reads thus: " The soil here is rocky and porous. There is a natural drainage, with no swamps or noxious exhalations. The water here is always running water, hence is pure. We find for ten miles in every direction from the Springs, and more, that conditions for health and well-being are most excellent." A visit will convince any one that the Indians had good reason for believing that the Hot Springs were the gift of the Great Spirit.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

He made the Louisiana Purchase.

He invented and gave us the Decimal System, so the dollar as well as the dime literally traces a pedigree to Thomas Jefferson. He founded our public-school system. He is the man who said, " That country is governed best that is governed least."

He also said, " The people who till the soil are the chosen people of God."

Thomas Jefferson invented the Mold-Board Plow—the plow that turns a furrow.

He was a planter of trees. He was an architect, and the Greek column effects to be found at various places of the South as well as of the North were all built on the initiative of Thomas Jefferson

And to Thomas Jefferson we must breathe a prayer of gratitude for Hot Springs, Arkansas. It was his desire that the Springs

should not be polluted; that this, as the Indians proclaimed, should be neutral ground—that it should belong to all of the people all of the time.

And it does.

On account of the Government report given out by Thomas Jefferson, a few people began to make pilgrimages this way. The people then bathed in pools that were dug out on the mountainside, or in the creek.

There were private pools—simply holes dug out in the ground with pick and shovel. The hot water from the Springs was allowed to run into this pool, and the man who dug the pool claimed it as his own, putting up a sign to this effect. Then he stood guard, and gave permission to other people to bathe in his pool on payment of a small sum of money.

There was a great deal of dispute about the relative value of the different pools.

Later, tents were built over the pools to protect the bathers.

Then somebody built a house over a pool.

Naturally the water flowed from one pool to another, and the pools that were way down in the valley below the Springs got the drainage from the others. This was a danger and a disadvantage, but the people kept coming. In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four the Governor of Arkansas built a house at Hot Springs, and claimed the whole property as his own. This man, H. M. Rector, was the first man to make an accurate scientific survey of the property ❧ ❧

Being in the need of funds, the Governor sold lots and rented property ❧ ❧

At that time there was no system of recording titles, and after the death of Governor Rector, squatter sovereignty prevailed. For many years there was a deal of litigation, accusation and strife as to the control of Hot Springs property.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, the population of Hot

Springs was twelve hundred, and the number of annual visitors was two or three thousand. The present population of Hot Springs is twenty-five thousand, and the number of visitors one hundred fifty thousand or more a year.

The Golden Rule in Prison

REACHED Ossining station at nine o'clock in the morning. At the station, a pleasant-faced young fellow, driving a team of horses attached to a carriage, lifted his hand when I came out of the gate.

I knew this was my man, sent down by the Warden to meet me. This young man was a member of the Golden Rule Brotherhood—an inmate of the prison.

I stepped into the carriage. We circled to the right, and soon turned in at the entrance to storied Sing Sing.

You enter the prison through the private residence of the Warden. The approach is not unpleasant. There is nothing that reminds you of the slogan, " Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

An officer in uniform unlocks the iron gate. You step into the office. Men in tidy dark gray suits, with clean linen, move quietly about their duties.

One of these men comes forward and greets me, a man of fifty whom I had known before in high places.

This man is " Mayor of the City of Sing Sing."

And the City of Sing Sing is simply the prison where there are seventeen hundred inmates. I shake hands all round and feel quite at home. The only officer of the State I have so far met was the man at the gate.

This prison is practically managed by the inmates, under the direction of the Warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, and his deputy, Charles Johnson, assisted by J. J. Malloy.

Above these men stands Charles S. Whitman, Governor of the State of New York. For without the endorsement and co-operation of Governor Whitman, the Golden Rule System in operation here would be but the idle dream of a theorist.

As it is, we behold a practical, economic system of feeding,

clothing, housing, and educating men who have transgressed the law and thereby forfeited their freedom.

If there is a criminal class, it is made up of strictly insane men, mentally irresponsible. Ten per cent of the men in all penitentiaries should be in an asylum for the insane.

Forty per cent are men physically unfit, crippled in mind and body—proper subjects for a hospital.

Fifty per cent are just men—even as you and I.

Some of them have an excess of energy, ambition, animation, desire. They are good men who have misused their faculties.

You and I have all the qualities that these men have. We have done most of the things that they have done, committed the same sins. Fortunately for us, we were not caught in the toils of the law

One out of twelve of these plain, average, every-day men in Sing Sing possesses initiative—that is, he has the power to supervise, teach and influence others. These men would make good captains, horsemen, engineers, supervisors, superintendents.

A few, perhaps a dozen out of the seventeen hundred, are extraordinary men. I could name three who have the ability to organize and successfully manage a big corporation.

One man in Sing Sing, especially, is exerting an influence for good that runs through the whole prison.

He was elected Mayor of Sing Sing, or, if you please, chairman of the Golden Rule Brotherhood.

Every man in the prison is constructively a member of this Brotherhood. None is ever cast out.

The few officers of the State that you see, are simply policemen. They carry clubs. No fire-arms are in sight. You see no more of these policemen around than you behold at Brooklyn Bridge or in any well-regulated theater or hall. The attendants are inmates. One attendant will look after a certain number of others. He has certain duties to perform, certain offices to fulfil.

In case of disorder he would call on a sergeant-at-arms—also a Golden Rule man—but I am told that disorder is a thing practically unknown.

The honor system is in vogue. The intent is to give every man all of the freedom that he can use. There are three things which we need not economize in. These are water, light and fresh air. The Hudson River flows by Sing Sing, so there is water.

The blue sky bends above, and so there is light in the day. The fresh air is everywhere, save where it is shut out. And yet practically until last July, water, light and air were given out grudgingly at Sing Sing.

The cell-house where the men are housed was built in Eighteen Hundred Five. It represents the architecture of that day; also, it mirrors the prevailing ideas then in vogue of man's duty to man. Every man who helped build that cell-house, which is a hell-house, is dead. But the abomination lives on.

I was locked in several of the cells on my request. These cells are seven feet high, seven feet long and three feet wide. They are illy ventilated; no light enters, save artificial light; they are full of vermin, and are vile-smelling. They are as much out of date as are the ideals of a hundred years ago.

The wooden-bucket system prevails, with all that this suggests. These cells are six tiers high. At times the lower tier is flooded with water, through the rise of the river.

In foggy weather all of the cells are apt to be damp, with a strong tendency towards tuberculosis, pneumonia, rheumatism for the inmates ☙ ☙

Nevertheless, in spite of these handicaps the physical health of the men at Sing Sing at the present time is remarkably good—this for psychological reasons.

Sing Sing has had eight Wardens in four years, and four Wardens in the last fourteen months.

We must admit that it is a grievous mistake to allow the manage-

ment of a prison to fall into the hands of a man who has been appointed to the position of Warden as a reward for political activities

The present Warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, is not a politician. He is a businessman first, and next a humanitarian.

He studied the prison system closely in his own home town of Auburn

He was instrumental there in introducing the Welfare League—a self-governing body of prison inmates.

About the same time a similar work was begun in Sing Sing under the name of " The Golden Rule Brotherhood."

These systems have worked together.

Delegations of inmates have been sent from Auburn to Sing Sing, and from Sing Sing to Auburn, and so the inmates of one prison know what the others are doing.

It 's simply the Golden Rule in action.

When a new prisoner comes in he is examined by inmates specially selected on account of their intelligence. They are earnest, sympathetic, kindly men, who decide what they think is best for the newcomer

Thomas Jefferson, when he inaugurated the University of Virginia, endeavored to put it under the honor system. He said the intent of all government is to reduce government to its lowest terms. " That country is governed best that is governed least." The more discipline is kept out of sight, the better for everybody concerned.

Warden Osborne says, " The best preparation for liberty is liberty."

Every good citizen in New York, man and woman, should uphold Governor Whitman in his desire to reform the prison system. Strong men succeed through utilizing the services of other men. The measure of a man is shown in his ability to select the right men and to trust them. Governor Whitman in selecting Thomas

M. Osborne as Warden of the largest prison in New York State—and the prison which is supposed to handle the most difficult class of prisoners—has done wisely and well.

Warden Osborne is working out an experiment great and far-reaching, excellent beyond words to express.

When you can get so-called criminals to adopt the Golden Rule as a working policy, you have made a big stride to the front. Some one asked George Bernard Shaw if he believed in the Golden Rule, and he said he did n't know, for it has never been tried. The old-time prison-keeper in the course of years got arteriosclerosis of the ego, and his heart became a petrifaction. He knew nothing but the law of force. Cruelty was his plaything; violence his indoor sport; the prisoner had no appeal.

Beatings, hanging up by the hands, the dark cell, bread and water—sometimes no water—were all at the whim and notion of these official beasts in human form. The keeper was accountable to no one. All this now has been changed. The officers in Sing Sing, I noticed, were young men, kindly, courteous, intelligent, in sympathy with the management.

They, themselves, were interested in carrying out the Golden Rule. And when you can get a prison-keeper to practise the Golden Rule, you have done far more than when you convert a prisoner, for in degree you have made the Golden Rule a State policy ❧ ❧

Warden Osborne gives his prisoners unlimited use of the United States mail. Until very recent times the inmates in Sing Sing were allowed to write but one letter a month.

After five years in prison, if there were no black marks against you, you were allowed to write one letter a week. Needless to say, a man in prison who is allowed to write only one letter a month has lost all of his friends inside of five years, and there is no one to write to. He is dead to the world.

If the intent of the old prison system had been to render a man

absolutely unfit for a useful life as a citizen, it could not have done better ❧ ❧

It stabbed the soul of the man, and he became a helpless walking apology for a man. Any prisoner in Sing Sing who trangresses the rules is tried by a court composed of his peers. Prisoners apprehend him, prisoners try him, prisoners find him guilty, if such is the case. He then has the privilege of appealing to a court of which the Warden is Chairman. But thus far every sentence of the court made up of inmates has been affirmed by the Warden, with but one exception ❧ ❧

The men in prison seem to have a better sense of justice on the whole than the men who are out. One thing, they have time to consider a case from every standpoint.

A single prisoner exalted to a position of power might be tyrannical, but a jury made up of prisoners is always lenient. These men realize that their happiness turns on making life tolerable for the Warden and his immediate assistants; that is, if they make life difficult for the people the State has placed over them, they in turn will suffer. The inmates are more interested in making the honor system a success than is the outside world. These prisoners have more at stake than Warden Osborne has, and so they co-operate with him in every possible way. The intelligence and influence among the inmates are focused on making the dreams of Warden Osborne come true; this just as a matter of self-interest.

They realize that they are trying out an experiment which is being watched by every prison warden in the United States. So far, the honor system at Sing Sing is a success.

That a revolution may possibly occur and wipe it out, is possible, but not probable.

A revolution may come to New York City, and howling mobs may run through the streets and sack the stores and destroy property, but we do not expect it.

Nevertheless, while there are a few people in New York City who deliberately sign themselves, " Yours for the Revolution," they are in a very small minority, and do not have the respect of intelligent citizenship.

It is exactly the same in the City of Sing Sing, which is presided over by a Mayor who has quite as much intelligence, quite as much right intent, as the Mayor has in the average American City ❧ ❧

And I also believe that in every State Penitentiary in the United States there are a few men who rank high in the point of initiative, intelligence, and a general ability to influence men and to influence them in the right direction.

It is just a question of rightly focusing and directing the energies of men who have made mistakes. Is the Golden Rule practicable? Well, before we condemn it, suppose we give it a trial, as Sing Sing is doing.

Western Big-Heartedness

THE Yakima Valley is the home of the Big Red Apple. Also it is the home of the Great Big Potato—so big that an Irishman swore it took only six of 'em to make a dozen. ¶ When our train stopped at North Yakima there was a boy with a bushel-basket of apples for each car.

No, Rella, not to sell, to give away—one big apple to every passenger—man, woman and child! There was a special day-coach full of Japanese laborers, and these were not slighted, either ☙ ☙

It was only an advertisement—just a reminder that we were in the Apple Country—but it set everybody's jaws to working, and tongues, too, for we talked like magpies. We talked of the beautiful, Big, Red Apples, and we talked of the Big, Generous Hearts of the folks who had the courage thus to advertise their products. ¶ At Bozeman, Montana, the city sends a box of flowers to every train, and these pansies, pinks or roses are distributed through each car, every woman and child being remembered. The distribution is looked after by the Dining-Car Department, and is done in a regular, systematic, business way.

Just think of this a moment—a Common Council voting an appropriation for home-grown flowers to give away to passengers passing through, and this with the courteous and kindly co-operation of the Octopi! And yet there are people who persist in yammering that the world is growing worse instead of better.

In Montana they will tell you that wealth comes from water intelligently applied to land. And they will argue that the statement of Henry George, that "man is a land animal," is not quite all of the truth.

The fact is, our bodies are over seventy per cent water, and man can not long exist on land that has no water.

Adam Smith's dictum that all wealth comes from labor applied to land is true, but it is not true that labor applied to land will necessarily produce wealth. Another factor is needed—the factor of intelligence, which implies purpose, system, order, intent—enterprise

The result of labor turns on the quality of superintendence.

In the raising of fruits and flowers love is just as necessary as labor

No drunkard ever had success with flowers, and for him fruits will not ripen.

You can not fertilize land with whiskey, nor can you successfully irrigate with strong drink and woman's tears.

Fruits and flowers are primal sex products, and are best raised by men and women in partnership.

ELBERT HUBBARD AND CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

The Wisconsin Idea

I AM writing this at Madison, Wisconsin, where I have just closed an engagement at the Orpheum. Each day I divided my time between the University and the State Capitol.

At the University I lingered in the library, visited class-rooms, attended lectures, saw the laboratories, passed the medicine-ball with the boys, did a little passive track-work in the gym, talked a little to various classes, unmuzzling my ignorance on many subjects.

I attended several committee meetings at the Capitol, made a twenty-minute speech to the Legislature, and dined with the Governor ❧ ❧

In the evening, the boys and girls from the University, and some of the Solons from the Capitol, came to hear me vibrate the ether. One thing sure, Wisconsin is thoroughly wide-awake, alive and mentally alert.

This is the home of the Insurgent and the birthplace of the Progressive ❧ ❧

In Wisconsin every one wears his opinions pompadour.

Wisconsin has at least one fad, so far-reaching in its potentialities that it deserves to be called "The Wisconsin Idea." Not that Wisconsin has any copyright on it, but Wisconsin has been alert enough to seize upon a big idea while it was yet in gaseous form, and whirl it into tangible nebulæ.

And this Idea is the expansion of the University through the Public Schools, to the end that the entire State shall be a school campus and every schoolhouse an integral part of the University. The old idea of education being exclusive and for the select few, is being challenged here as nowhere else in the wide world.

The State of Wisconsin is the first State to put on the statute books an act that provides that every public school building

shall be at the disposal of the people any time when it is not actually in use for a regular school session.

On application of twenty citizens the School Board is required to open the schoolhouse, light and heat it, and place it at the disposal of these citizens for any purpose non-sectarian and not for financial gain.

The next thing is to interest the people in making use of their own property, and this is the thing that the University of Wisconsin is doing ❧ ❧

The University is not a collection of buildings nor an aggregation of professors. It is an organization of the people, and if the people can not come to the University, the University of Wisconsin has provided a way so that it goes to the people.

At the University here at the present time there is what is called a " short course"—technically, an Agricultural Course.

This course is open to men and women of any age, without restriction. There are no embarrassing features of examinations. You come here and you enter the classes on payment of a nominal registration-fee. You are then as much one of the student body as any one of the students who come here to take the four years' course ❧ ❧

There are, at the present time, a thousand men and women—many of them past forty years of age—studying chemistry, soil analysis, history and economics.

I met one woman who is eighty-two, who will duly graduate in June and receive her B. A.

But most of these students in the short course are here for six weeks. They come from the farms, the villages, the cities or the towns. A few of them have had college advantages, but most of them have not. Some of them were born across the sea. Men and their wives come here; some of them grandparents, whose children have grown up and moved away. They have a little money and a little leisure, so they go to the University. Then I

found mothers entered as students, who had sons or daughters taking the regular college course. The opportunities thus offered for any citizen to enter the college at any time and feel that it is his college, that he is a part of it, is a great step to the front. Thousands upon thousands of mature men and women come here and go back to their homes, taking with them somewhat of the college atmosphere.

These people are not tabu among the regulars; they are not smiled at; the spirit of the hoodlum is not in evidence. Gray hairs are respected; calloused hands are honored; furrowed faces —earnest, sincere, sane, poised—look into yours.

This one big idea of giving the schoolhouse back to the people is something which other States, in the course of a short time, must, in self-defense, adopt.

Denominations stand for exclusion and caste. They represent a line of cleavage. The utilization of a building owned by sectarians can never represent the civic-center spirit.

In pioneer times, the schoolhouse was the natural meeting-place of the people. Pioneers are always politicians. Society is in process. Debates, spelling-bees, concerts, were held at the schoolhouse. It was the natural meeting-place for the people. Here they met on a common ground. When Thomas Jefferson spoke of the schoolhouse being the bulwark of our civilization, he did not so much mean the schoolhouse as a place where children are taught, as a place where grown-ups met.

But this idea was lost when opera-houses and various other places of amusement came in. But now we are getting back to the original idea of the schoolhouse as a civic center. The University of Wisconsin is organizing hundreds of towns and villages on the civic-center basis, using the schoolhouse for lectures, debates, clubs, moving pictures, stereopticon shows, and any and every thing in the line of education and human betterment.

Anybody with an idea has but to get twenty citizens to sign a

request and the schoolhouse is his without cost and without further formality. The idea that the schoolhouse is a place for children only, and this at certain set hours, is a fallacy that the Wisconsin Idea has exploded.

In this splendid work of making the whole State into a University, Professor Edward J. Ward is the principal figure.

Ward was born in Buffalo; evolved into a school insurgent; was expelled on account of having energy plus; worked on the docks; drove a dray; taught school; became a Presbyterian preacher. He utilized the church as a social club for all of the people; got into difficulties—very naturally—with the Board of Trustees and discovered that a church founded on sectarian lines could not possibly dissolve the prejudices of its competitors by inviting them to give up their churches to yours. Ward was the man who convinced the City of Rochester that the public schools should be opened as civic centers for all the people.

¶ And so, in degree, in Rochester, every schoolhouse is a clubroom for the people. Yet, in New York, this policy does not have the sanction of the State.

¶ Wisconsin, seeing what Rochester had done, secured the service of this enthusiastic, unselfish and able social engineer, and he was put on the payroll of the University of Wisconsin.

In order that the idea should receive legal sanction, a bill was prepared and passed, without opposition, by the State Legislature. It was duly signed by Governor McGovern, who is very much in sympathy with the idea, and who is doing a very earnest and excellent work in giving the University to the people.

The value of this idea of civic centers everywhere, and the use of the schoolhouse for all of the people all of the time in an educational way, is beyond human computation.

There is a tendency on the part of parents to leave education to the hired teachers. Very few parents have any knowledge of what is being done at the schoolhouse. Few, indeed, there are,

who visit school once a year. And for many, education ceases when the school days are over.

Socrates said, " I would set the young people to work, and send the old people to college, because poetry and philosophy should be the solace of those who have lived long."

If college education is a good thing, then all of the people should have it

This is the Wisconsin Idea. And the methods being used to bring this about are of a very practical, tangible, commonsense sort. The plan works.

Niagara Falls

THE Falls of Niagara are one of the wonders of the world ☙ ❧

As the years go by, Niagara Falls will be more and more a place of pilgrimage.

The Indians called the place the " Thunder of Waters." Father Hennepin, in Sixteen Hundred Seventy-eight, the first white man to view the Falls, spoke of it as the " most inspiring spectacle " that he had ever seen.

The Niagara River is thirty-two miles long, reaching from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. It is twenty miles from Lake Erie to the Falls, and twelve miles from the Falls to Lake Ontario.

The Falls were once situated at Queenstown, and have gradually eaten their way back.

The progress of the Gorge is easily followed, well defined.

As to the length of time that it has taken for the Falls to make this little journey, there is much dispute.

But, all things considered, there is no doubt that the erosion of the Niagara Falls Gorge is the most valuable aid we have in computing geologic time. The Falls are possible on account of there being a solid strata of limestone resting on soft shale. The shale is dissolved first, and the overhanging rock gives a perpendicular drop. If the shale were on top, we would then have simply rapids.

The limestone varies in depth from twenty-five to one hundred feet, and so the erosion has not always been at the same rate of speed. This is what adds the greatest uncertainty to the age of the Gorge. Modern geologists seem to agree that it has taken about forty thousand years for the Falls to travel the six miles; and it will take nearly a hundred thousand years for the Falls to reach back to where the City of Buffalo now stands.

The average potential energy of the Falls is about five million

horsepower. So far, the amount of power being used for industrial purposes on both the Canadian and American sides represents less than three per cent of the whole.

If all the power at Niagara Falls were used, figuring its value at ten dollars per horsepower per year, we have a total in dollars of fifty million dollars. Should it be proposed to expend fifty million dollars on a spectacle for the people, a mighty chorus of protest would be raised at thought of the extravagance, that would short circuit the scheme. A horsepower of steam costs thirty-six dollars a year. Electric power at Niagara is one-third the cost of steam.

The objections to using this power instead of allowing it to run to waste are poetic, and seem to have come to us from the days of the Indians, who regarded the Falls as a "sacred place."

Also, these objections had a certain weight before the days of electric development.

The early explorers told us that the immediate vicinity of the Falls was regarded as neutral ground for all Indian Tribes. Here the Great Spirit had his home, and war was forbidden.

The first practical use of the water at Niagara Falls was made in Seventeen Hundred Twenty-five, when a Frenchman built a little canal in the form of a half-circle, just above the Falls. And in this canal he set a waterwheel of his own construction.

It was a crude affair, but it did the work. In fact, as we reckon geologic time by the Niagara Gorge, so can we keep tab on civilization by the way we utilize—or fail to utilize—the Falls. The use of the Falls from that time on has developed with the requirements of the people—keeping pace with progress.

From Seventeen Hundred Twenty-five until Eighteen Hundred Six, the only use for the Falls was for running a sawmill.

In Eighteen Hundred Seven, however, a gristmill was established, and to this mill the farmers, from long distances, brought their grists

Some of them came on horseback; others laboriously carried a hundred pounds of wheat or corn, and carried back flour or meal ☙ ☙

In Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five a papermill was added. At that time there were two sawmills and three gristmills, each of these being run by the particular man and his family who owned the mill ☙ ☙

There was no limit to water-rights. The water was simply diverted from the rapids above the Falls and used in a crude, rude way ☙ ☙

The year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-nine marks an epoch in the onward and upward march of civilization. In that year a Brush Arc Dynamo was installed on the banks of the river. The electricity generated represented thirty-six horsepower, and this was used in the lighting of Prospect Park.

Excursions were run from Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland and Toronto to see the wonderful electric lights, and a searchlight was rigged up that added to the wonders of the occasion. In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five the State of New York purchased the little tract known as Prospect Park, and the islands, including Goat Island, in the river adjacent. The purchase was made from the Porter family, who had pre-empted the land and " proved up " on it from the State of New York in Eighteen Hundred Three ☙ ☙

The original Porter estate consisted of a farm of something like three hundred acres. In the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-two the Porter family donated to a company a strip of land one hundred feet wide for the construction of a canal, beginning at a point on the river about one-half mile above the Falls and ending at a point about a mile below the Falls. This company was incorporated under the name of the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Company. The intention was to supply power to flourmills that were to be built along the bank.

In that year a day was set apart for the beginning of the work on the canal. It was a gala day, and the whole town turned out to greet this first attempt to utilize the Falls of Niagara in a big and important way.

The village of Niagara Falls at that time contained less than a thousand people.

There were then in Niagara Falls several men who appreciated the fact that any place which was merely a playground, a spectacle, a picnic preserve, would always be poor.

It would be inhabited by guides, hackmen, dealers in curios and souvenirs, and these would constitute a struggling mass of humanity only a few days removed from starvation.

At that time there were Indians who monopolized the curio business, selling little birch-bark canoes, strings of beads, furs and other trinkets. The people who came to see the sights remained only a day, and Niagara Falls was practically supported by the stray pennies left by these picnickers.

The desire of the Porter family and their neighbors was to produce wealth of a tangible sort by manufacturing raw materials into forms of use and beauty—hence the canal, which was thirty-six feet wide and eight feet deep.

The canal was successfully built in a year, and the waters went dashing around the Falls over the banks of the cliff.

The first power used from the canal was utilized by C. B. Gaskill in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two. Gaskill dug down in the rock twenty-five feet and diverted a very small portion of the water, dropping it upon a wheel which produced one hundred fifty horsepower.

This mill was in competition with the mills at Rochester, which utilized the power of the Genesee River—and it seems that Rochester got the business and the Niagara Falls mill languished.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven Jacob F. Schoellkopf, one of the big businessmen of Buffalo, purchased the canal property

and formed a new company with the title, " The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company."

The canal was cleared of its rubbish, the banks stoned up at places where they were giving way, several new bridges were built across, and the whole property put in good shape. A new mill was constructed, known as the Schoellkopf-Mathews Mill, and equipped with nine hundred horsepower secured from big wooden wheels, which soon were replaced with iron. The water fell with a fifty-foot head. The wheels were nine feet in diameter, placed at the bottom of iron flumes, and these were the first iron penstocks used at Niagara Falls.

A little later it was found that a deeper drop of the water produced more power, and the depth of the penstock was increased to eighty-six feet.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company installed dynamos, and electricity for the first time was supplied to several companies in the vicinity ❧ ❧

These companies were all prosperous; and the successful use of water-power for producing electricity in a practical way was demonstrated to the business world.

The first wheels put in were smashed to pieces by the fall of the water. It was only after considerable experiment that wheels were made strong enough to withstand the concussion of a vast amount of water falling on them. Pits were dug on the edge of the cliff, to depths of from twenty-five to ninety feet. Turbines were located at the bottom of these pits and the water escaped through tunnels and fell to the gorge below. From the Canadian side the discharge of these tunnels can still be seen.

The Electric Age was upon us, and new discoveries and inventions were being constantly made.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five a new power-station was constructed, known as " Station No. 2." This station was built

well down in the gorge and utilized a fall of two hundred ten feet. So fast have we traveled that the apparatus in use in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five for the generation of electricity has practically been abandoned. The scrap-heap has played a big part in scientific developments at Niagara Falls.

Today, under the direction of one of the world's great engineers, John L. Harper, a new station has been built.

I had the great pleasure of spending a day inspecting this a short time ago. The design calls for thirteen separate turbine-wheels, each with a capacity of ten thousand horsepower. Several of these wheels are now in use. They run night and day, with practically no supervision, being self-lubricating, and adjusted in such a way that friction is practically eliminated.

Concrete with steel has formed a big part in making a very beautiful, snug, secure building that houses these immense dynamos ❧ ❧

The first impression is one of astonishment that such a vast power can be diverted in so small a space.

The buildings are at the foot of the cliff.

The water from the canal comes meandering along at the rate, say, of three miles an hour. It is diverted by gateways and drops into penstocks or steel tubes two hundred twelve feet upon the wheels beneath. These revolve with lightning-like rapidity.

The penstocks are encased in concrete for their entire length, so as to provide against possible accidents. Also, there are several safety-appliances, so that, if the pressure of the water gets too severe at any time, these gates open automatically and give immediate relief on the penstocks.

Undoubtedly this is the nearest approach to perpetual motion the world will ever see.

The Company that owns the cliff and the canal also owns a one-hundred-acre tract of land two miles from the power-station. Upon this tract will be built up in the course of a few years an

ideal manufacturing district, not unlike the Central Manufacturing District, which is situated in the exact geographical center of the city of Chicago. There is no reason why manufacturing should be unsightly, unsanitary, or unpoetic in its aspects and attributes ☙ ☙

Business is the supplying of human wants, and in this Niagara Falls Manufacturing District will be found a series of factories where light, heat and power are supplied from the adjacent Falls carried through cables which run underground.

The equipment is one that will last one hundred years. The great engineers of the world have combined in producing this ideal electric plant.

A short time ago agents of the United States Government visited Niagara on a tour of inspection; and for their benefit the water was shut off from the intake for a day where the water runs into the canal.

Measurements of the Falls were taken both before and after the water was shut off, and so far as the engineers could ascertain the height of the water was exactly the same after as before. That is to say, the amount of water running through the canal is, comparatively, so small that it can not be measured save as it is separated from the water that runs over the Falls.

The first intent of this canal was to supply hydraulic power to the mills that were to be located directly on the cliff.

In the course of time there were a dozen of these little industries where the waterwheels were turned by the weight of the falling water. The rubbish and refuse from the mills and factories was dumped over the bank, and viewed from the opposite shore the sight was not pleasing. With the wonderful inventions of Edison came the ability to transform hydraulic power into electric energy, and a new vision was had of the possibilities of Niagara. ¶ The Niagara Hydraulic Power Company owns the perpetual right of this canal.

Recently, the State of New York has granted this Company a charter with rights to widen and deepen their intake to a uniform width of one hundred feet and a depth of fourteen feet.

The water in the canal is taken in from Port Day, half a mile up from the Falls.

The water that flows through this canal every day in the year has a potential energy of at least one hundred fifty thousand horsepower. The Niagara Hydraulic Company has now purchased the real estate covering the cliff on Niagara River water-front, from Prospect Park for five miles down the river.

This wonderful strip of land will be sacred to scenic purposes. The concern has ample capital, and, best of all, its managers have right intent, and the purpose is to employ the very best landscape-gardeners in the world, and to make this water-front one of the most beautiful spots to be seen in this country or any other ❧ ❧

Recently I visited the plant of this great institution and was immensely impressed with the compactness, beauty and efficiency of the entire institution. It makes one think better of his kind to behold what man hath wrought.

The real wonder of Niagara Falls will not be seen until the genius of man is combined with Nature, and this vast power is used for the benefit of humanity.

That the Indians should have resented any approach of the whites to Niagara Falls is a thing that we might have anticipated.

And when that first flourmill was placed on the edge of the Gorge, it looked like a transgression. In fact, in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six there were only Indians at the Falls, and they passed a solemn law that no white man should even be allowed to live within five miles of the Falls.

The poetic mind of the Indians is still with us. The blend of business and beauty is a new idea.

The Indian was solitary. He was a poet. To utilize this wonderful

God-given energy for the benefit of humanity was beyond his imagination. He had no mechanical skill.

Building mills on the bank was surely unsightly. Now, however the cliff has been practically cleared of the unsightly structures that once utilized the Gorge for a dumping-ground.

Beautiful, compact, artistic structures now occupy the space. Down below, thousands of trees have been planted. Vines, flowers, pathways, stairways, and all that the genius of architects and engineers can supply in way of beauty, are here to be seen. The canal in itself, if separated from Niagara Falls, would be a beautiful and awe-inspiring object.

Man prospers only as he goes in partnership with Nature, reverences Nature, and joins hands with her and helps himself by lightening the burdens of the world.

The Niagara Hydraulic Power Company is inviting the many visitors to the Falls to visit their institution and see how hydraulic power is transformed into electrical energy.

The sight is wonderful, and to me is greater far in its impressiveness than the simple tumbling water over the cliff.

It is a great lesson to children and young people to see how electricity is secured and transmitted, through man's power of invention ❧ ❧

If it could be arranged to utilize all the water at Niagara Falls for industrial purposes for six days a week, and then, on the seventh, to turn the water on, we would have a spectacle that would attract a far greater number of people than now come here ❧ ❧

Would n't you like to see and study that solid mass of limestone over which the water drops? To walk over the Falls, dry-shod, will yet be the privilege of mankind.

Then on certain days, advertised far ahead, the water will be gradually turned on, and we will see the Falls for a few hours, just as Father Hennepin saw them.

To liberate mankind from the tyranny of drudgery and the dead lift of labor is the desirable thing.

As a matter of history, the honor of first successfully utilizing the power of Niagara Falls for the benefit of man, in a large way, must go to Jacob F. Schoellkopf.

Others have worked at the idea, but it was the genius of Schoellkopf that made successful use of the power possible. With his prophetic vision he foresaw all the improvements that are now being made, and a good many that it will take years to work out.

Jacob F. Schoellkopf was born in Kirchheim, Germany, in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen. He passed out in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine. He was one of the world's greatest workers, and one of the builders of America.

He arrived in this country when he was twenty-two years of age. In two years he had acquired a good working command of the English language.

He located at Buffalo in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four. Starting practically without capital, he built stores, shops, tanneries, mills, and set thousands of people to work.

He erected houses, laid out roadways, managed banks, and, growing rich himself, he made others rich, too.

He had the supreme ability to pick reliable men, and to inspire them with his own animation and ambition.

Schoellkopf possessed in eminent degree the sterling primal virtues for which civilization has never found a substitute—industry, economy, health, good-cheer, truthfulness.

Schoellkopf was a creator of values, a developer of opportunities, a utilizer of the by-product.

Schoellkopf was happily married. His wife was a great help to him in his work, and a deal of the credit for his success should go to her. There were eleven children in the family, eight boys and three girls. These children were all brought up to work, to make themselves useful, to add to the wealth and happiness of the

world. They helped themselves by helping other people. And it is now the third generation that controls and operates this wonderful electric plant at Niagara Falls. Men labor in mines, amid dirt and dust, in darkness and danger, to secure coal that other men may make steam to turn the wheels of trade.

Here at Niagara, Nature in a lavish and bounteous mood has supplied a vast energy that is only waiting to be harnessed to become the tireless servant of humanity.

For man to use this power, and thus lighten labor and add vastly to the wealth of the world, seems not only a privilege, but a duty

The world's supply of coal will be exhausted, at the present rate of consumption, in two hundred years.

The supply of iron will be gone in one hundred years.

Three-fourths of the oil-wells in Pennsylvania that once produced, are now dry.

A hundred years ago whale-oil was the one illuminant. Now the whales are gone with the beaver and the buffalo.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, Colonel Drake in digging deep for salt " struck ile."

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Edison sent a current of electricity through a vacuum, and thereby confounded the Solons who declared there could be no light without combustion, and no combustion without oxygen.

Edison got his light without either, and thereby proved that light was a form of energy, and that energy was transmutable into different forms.

Petroleum is a deposit. It is stored-up fish-oil distilled and preserved in Nature's laboratory. You empty the pocket and exhaust the supply. But electricity is elemental and indestructible. We use it over and over, and, like water, it traverses earth, trees, animals, clouds, and comes back again to our bidding.

Water is the natural mate of electricity. They go together.

Franklin with his kite and key, coaxing from the skies the secret of electricity, could only work in a thunderstorm.

Electricity has only one love and that is water. And this love is reciprocated

The children of this mating are the arts, industries, the homes, factories, parks, the ships that sail on the sea, sending out their searchlights and receiving and sending wireless messages—all born of negative and positive attractions—wool, if you please, rubbed on amber.

Aye, man himself is an amphibian that has learned to breathe air. The beginning of every life is an unseen aqueous germ, vitalized by a saline solution carrying an electric current, liberated by contact

Man's body is eighty per cent water, and he dies only because his arteries fail to retain their fluidity so as to be good natural conductors

So there you have it! The supply of iron is all in sight, and the building of the future will have to be of materials that are at hand. The wood is gone, but rock is plentiful. The rocks of the Grand Canyon could rebuild the cities of the world, and then the quarry would not be really opened.

The building material of the future will be concrete. The Egyptians knew the secret of concrete, and it died with them. They built their pyramids and colossi of mixed cement. We are now rediscovering this inexhaustible building material. Take courage!

Iron rusts. Wood rots. But boats are now being made of paper, and so are car-wheels.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and lasting as the sun, are nothing but concrete—God's concrete—mixed, melted and smelted by heat, pressure and time.

Man can supply the heat and pressure, and he can eliminate the question of time and make granite in a day. Gneiss, feldspar,

marble, quartz, granite, are the accidents of energy. Mind—human mind—has now evolved so that man, in degree, controls Nature

And the way he controls Nature is by working with her, never opposing her.

So man can make pyramids and he can remove mountains. He can crumble the hills to dust, transport them to distant points, and there reconstruct them.

But in the making of concrete, water is an absolute necessity. Heat applied to water liberates energy, and this was the secret that fashioned the hills and gave form to the mountains.

The mighty mixing and explosive power of heat and water is creative

Creation comes from the currents of electricity exploded by contacts—attraction and revulsion, positive and negative—but always and forever the germ of the unseen becomes visible only when bathed into life by water, and vitalized by a shock.

Well do we speak of "the waters of life." There can be no concrete without water.

Water is man's most valuable asset, for Nature, so far as we know, can not construct a man without H_2O.

And you can not get electricity without water.

The production of electricity as a business is practically in its infancy

When mankind is delivered from the toil and moil and sweat and travail of unkind conditions, it will be through the utilization of the " current."

We assume there is just one thing in the world, and that is energy. This energy takes a myriad forms. Man is the highest product of energy. Call it divine energy, if you wish.

Electricity occupies the twilight zone between the spiritual and the physical.

When Electrical Energy is at last analyzed, dissected, placed on

the microscopic slide and weighed on the scales, it will be found to be the very secret of life.

So far, electricity is the jealous secret of Deity.

When man becomes worthy, Deity perhaps will share this secret with him. Then indeed will we " be as gods."

Electricity is the passing of power from one form into another. In this respect it is a method of transportation, rather than a thing

The terrestrial program consists of simply two items—absorption and dissipation, receiving and giving, coming and going.

Everything is in motion. Through electricity we transmit energy, dividing it up into units, using it to run a churn, a sewing-machine, a piano, or to produce a heat a thousand times as intense as combustion supplies.

" Do It Electrically! " We certainly are able to do a great many things electrically, but the number of things that we will yet do to advantage electrically, no man can say.

The limit to electrical development, through increased use of electricity and electrical appliances, is absolutely beyond imagination. " The industry is only in its infancy, and our engineers in the kindergarten," says Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz.

Up to this time the education of the public to the use of electricity has been largely a matter of " natural selection"—hit or miss—catch as catch can—now you see it and now you don't.

Electricity, through giving us quick transportation and instant communication, is binding the people of the world together in a common bond. It looks as if the brotherhood of man would not forever be but a barren ideality sung by poets and prayed for by preachers. Behind the idea of brotherhood, we now have commercial organization on a broad, generous, far-reaching, friendly plane, with ways and means at its disposal beyond the dreams of avarice. We surely live in great times.

And one thing worth noting is this: while the cost of living has

increased, electricity and electric appliances are lower in price today than ever before.

Our friends who are fighting to preserve the natural beauties of Niagara are engaged in a hopeless task. As a place for astonishing bridal couples, Niagara is doomed.

The excursion will run, but it will be to see a beauty, vaster far, and more bewildering than this sheet of water, hastening, on the dictum of the late Sir Isaac Newton, to Lake Ontario.

Before the coal is gone, we must learn to harness this energy and transmute it into heat and light, and a power which, without dirt, ashes or smoke, will do the work of five million men and as many women.

To preserve our Illinois prairie, with its waving blue upland grass and forests of rosin-weed, used to be my fond ambition. But now, Illinois has been placed under the dominion of the plow, her prairies help feed the world, and have more than once staved off starvation in India, and kept hunger at bay in Russia. Niagara and all our other great waterways will be used, of necessity, for the purposes of creation—light, heat and power—all with the comforts, conveniences and luxuries that man needs for his mental and spiritual unfoldment.

Niagara Falls is wonderful, but the place will not be really worth visiting until the cunning of man's brain has utilized every horse-power of that falling weight for the Service of Man.

I fasten my faith to the Sons of Jove.

Alaska

THE sources of wealth are four.

¶ These are the farm, the forest, the mine and the sea ❧ ❧

The factory follows, using the raw stock from one or all of the sources just named.

But in securing this wealth from its natural source three necessary factors enter.

The factors are labor, capital and enterprise. Labor alone, undirected by intelligence, is nil, and capital comes in and grub-stakes both. The State of Washington has about one-fourth more square miles than the State of New York. Its line of sea-coast, however, is much greater than is that of New York. Columbia River, compared with the Hudson, traverses double the distance.

In mineral wealth Washington is immensely rich. In coal-deposits her bituminous supply is untouched and almost limitless in quantity. Washington has the farm, the forest, the mine and the sea ❧ ❧

But Washington lacks the labor, the enterprise and the capital needed to make her wealth fully available. She has tapped only a tithe of her resources. Her population is barely a million inhabitants, against New York's eight millions.

In order to give her wealth to the world, Washington must have men—the capital she can, in a great measure, create.

Conservative estimates show that she could support a population of ten million people.

Washington affords a natural trading-place where America and the Orient meet. Five transcontinental railroad-lines now have their Western termini at Seattle, against two for any other city. But beyond this, Washington, being our extreme Northwestern State, is of necessity the natural and easy market for Alaska—

a possession which, it is well to explain, belongs to the United States of America.

The Territory of Alaska is as large as all of New England, with the State of New York added for good measure.

During the forty years we have owned Alaska, she has turned in to the United States, in furs, fish, gold, silver and copper, about three hundred million dollars.

We bought Alaska from Russia, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven, for seven million two hundred thousand dollars.

The purchase was engineered by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, who was harshly criticized at the time by many of the newspapers, including the New York *Tribune,* a paper that throughout its life has occasionally applied the brakes to American enterprise. Seward stood by his guns, however. He quoted the opinion of Lincoln to the effect that the mineral resources of Alaska were greater than those of Pennsylvania, New York and New England combined.

Rumor has it that Lincoln sent a man to Alaska, and the man spent three years in prospecting, and then gave in his report to Seward, who, acting on what he believed was reliable information, bought the territory, although your Uncle Samuel was desperately in debt at the time.

The years have proved the truth of Seward's vision.

Alaska is now producing wealth at the rate of twenty-five million dollars a year, and her resources as yet are practically untapped. When Lincoln mentioned Pennsylvania in comparison with Alaska he had in mind the coal-fields. It is now positively known that the Alaskan deposits of soft coal are greater than those of West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Also, the Alaskan anthracite coal-beds are more than five times as great as those of Pennsylvania were one hundred years ago.

Outside of Pennsylvania our only high-grade anthracite can come from Alaska.

And the point is this: Alaska looks to the State of Washington as an entrance to the markets of America.

Washington is the gateway to Alaska, the pivotal point, the coign of vantage. In dealing with Alaska you have to pay tribute to the State of Washington, which State by the way should have been either Seward or Lincoln, for George Washington knew nothing of this country and Seward and Lincoln did.

But as names count for little, we will let that pass.

If any one particular event was commemorated at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition it was the purchase of Alaska by William H. Seward

In this achievement the Empire State gets a reflected glory. The Seward residence at Auburn was reproduced on the Exposition Grounds by the State of New York, and the Honorable Benjamin M. Wilcox and his wife occupied the mansion and kept open house. To meet Senator and Mrs. Wilcox under these conditions was a satisfaction to all New York State visitors. How much credit is due to Senator Wilcox for the great success of the Fair, I will not attempt to say, but that he gave a helping hand in a hundred ways I can testify. Not only did the Senator and Mrs. Wilcox entertain New Yorkers, but they helped lubricate the wheels of existence for a vast number of people.

Seward's picture was to be seen on every hand, and his fine, lean, lithe face and form were cast in bronze, and the monument is now, thanks to Senator Wilcox, the gift of New York to the University of Washington. The Seward mansion also reverts to the University and is to be used as the executive offices of the institution. And the beauty of it is that these courtesies of New York are fully appreciated by the people of the Northwest.

And in friendly cementing power Senator Wilcox has been a prime factor. His strength, courtesy and kindness have endeared him to the whole Northwest.

We now realize, however, that next to the real-estate deal made

by Thomas Jefferson, when he carried through the Louisiana purchase, Seward's purchase of Alaska stands as the greatest peaceful land acquisition of the century.

Alaska produced in the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven, nineteen million dollars in gold.

The copper mines of Alaska have not been worked, but it is believed that the wealth of copper will be found just as great as that of gold when the miners really get busy. Pioneers are always looking for gold; and what they want is the gold on the surface that is easily obtainable.

Copper requires a different kind of mining investment, and comes later

Alaska has silver, tin, marble, gypsum, copper and coal, none of which is mined to any extent.

What is called "conservation" prevents Alaska from making use of her mineral resources, except in a very limited way. However, over two hundred million dollars have been sent out of Alaska since Eighteen Hundred Eighty. All but five millions of this represents gold.

Just at present Alaska needs coal more than any other thing, and yet Alaska has as much coal as Pennsylvania. To mine coal in this country requires the services of big business. Also, transportation facilities are lacking. Individuals can neither build railroads nor operate coalmines. This is the work of corporations —these bodies without death and minds without decline.

It is earnestly hoped that Congress will devise ways, means and methods of allowing the vast resources of Alaska to be opened up for the good of the world.

Conservation, like every other good thing, can be overdone.

One horseshoe brings you good luck, but a load of horseshoes is junk

Write it on the walls of Congress!

The Oregon Idea

ON May Fourteen, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, I lectured at the State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon.

There is one thing about this school that sets it apart, differentiates it and makes it distinguished. This is the plan of preparing teachers to teach agriculture, this to the end that every child shall be educated to the fact that man is a land animal, and that he thrives only as he is on intimate terms with the outdoor world of growing things.

Much of our education in the past has separated us from the simple, old-fashioned, homely things of life.

Our food comes out of the ground. We are happy only when we are co-operating with Nature. Our business is to move with Nature, understand Nature, love Nature.

Preparing the soil, planting the seed, watching the plant grow, evolve and become, by supplying the conditions of growth—all this is something that every child should realize by joyous experience

And he must be taught these things before he is fourteen years of age, otherwise there is danger of the fallacy growing up in his mind that people who work in the soil are menials—that gardening, farming, plowing, sowing, reaping, are done by an inferior class of people who are unable to do anything else.

¶ Let such an idea get fixed in the mind of a boy or a girl, and the individual goes through life handicapped with prejudice, shrouded in ignorance, blinded by arrogance—this to his great disadvantage

The Oregon Idea is to build a foundation before you build a superstructure. The foundation of all health, prosperity, sanity, lies in a knowledge of man's relationship to Mother Earth.

The intent of a normal school is to evolve a normal teacher, who will in turn teach the normal or natural to boys and girls.

" The first requisite," says Herbert Spencer, " is to be a good animal." ❧ ❧

Every school in Oregon, whether in town, city, village or in the country, has its school-garden. A certain number of hours are spent out of doors every day.

People working out of doors laugh and play to a degree that folks indoors do not. There is something in the sunshine and the blowing winds that animates, inspires and fills the heart with exuberance ❧ ❧

In every school in Oregon children are taught the beauty, the excellence, of working with their hands, thinking things out, planting, producing, adding to the welfare of the world.

In the towns and cities the citizens co-operate with the school system; and there are school-fairs, where the children display the products they have produced: corn, wheat, oats, flax, rye, potatoes, radishes, onions, celery, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, as well as great exhibits of flowers of various kinds and sorts. Then there are many pet animals that are proudly brought and bear off ribbons, red, yellow, white and blue.

Stop at any schoolhouse anywhere in Oregon, as you traverse the country in your auto, and you will find that the children are interested in keeping the school-grounds in order, beautifying them, protecting the property, and looking at it as if it were their own ❧ ❧

In fact, it is their very own; and nothing is your own unless you are caring for it.

Then, and not until then, does it become valuable to you.

The use and value of land is not apparent to any child until he begins to realize its value as the first great productive agent. The science teachers in Monmouth teach economics in connection with agriculture. They are farmers, gardeners, stock-raisers. Also,

they are businessmen, landowners, homemakers, as every schoolteacher should be. It is an indictment of our times that the schoolteacher is sort of in the society discard, boarding round like a charity relation, existing in a trunk, ready at any minute to strap the trunk and check it on to the next town.

This lack of stability in the position of a schoolteacher, with the small amount of pay that the teacher usually receives, is not apt to give us the best teaching timber.

Oregon is paying bigger and better salaries to schoolteachers than any other State in the Union, save Arizona.

Oregon seems to realize that commonsense comes largely from working the soil, and that when you remove the individual from the land you separate him from the things that make for righteousness

On the campus at Monmouth Normal School is a garden tract, divided up into something like fifty different little gardens, each looked after by schoolteachers and scholars.

The Normal School works with the district High School; and I noticed the Superintendent of the High School was setting the Normal School a pace in well-doing. He had a garden, cared for by himself and his girls and boys, that was a model of neatness, beauty and efficiency.

The High-School boys and girls were intent on producing bigger, better and finer crops than their rival. The competition was all very good-natured, but very earnest.

State Superintendent Alderman told me that most of the scholars who had individual gardens at school started another garden at home. And the effect was to interest the parents in the subject of education.

The real problem of schoolteaching is to manage the parents.

The dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that the education of a child should begin with his great-great-grandparents, is eminently wise

The University of Wisconsin is working out a plan, and that successfully, whereby the State University reaches out not only to every high school and preparatory school, but to the grades and the district schools, and from this to the family, to the end that the entire population shall be blended into the public-school system ❧ ❧

In Oregon the same idea prevails.

President Ackerman, of the Monmouth Normal School, is a man of the big, simple, commonsense kind.

He has gathered around him a faculty having ideals similar to his own. The Oregon Idea prevails. And this ambition to interest the parents so that they will personally feel that they are a part of the public-school system, responsible, in degree, for its welfare and perpetuity, take a pride in its success—this is what Monmouth Normal School stands for.

At Monmouth the " Frat" has fallen into dissolution and been blown away upon the vagrant winds, this without any violence of direction, or issuing of prohibitions.

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race. The child has to go through a savage, nomadic and competitive stage ❧ ❧

The youngster emerging out of adolescence evolves vague ambitions, imagines he is an aristocrat, becomes supercilious, hypocritical, arrogant, and the " I-am-holier-than-thou" concept possesses him.

Happily, most young people pass safely through this stage and out of it. A few there be who fall victims to arrested development and preserve the supercilious, arrogant and exclusive habit. That is just why the Frat is doubly dangerous.

If we could go through the Frat period just as we go through the age of hunting and fishing, it would be a small matter. But for an individual to grow to manhood's estate with the fallacy fixed in his mind that he is something peculiar, different and set apart

from the rest of the world, is not only ridiculous—it is tragic. Democracy demands the demolition of the Frat.

If we can get rid of the Frats in high schools and colleges, the gain will be very great. The University of Michigan has tabulated a mass of statistics which seem to prove that the fraternities do not stand for scholarship. The pupils that get most out of college are those who enter and go through college without being inoculated with the fraternity virus. Exclusion is limitation. When you lock others out, you lock yourself in.

The castes of Egypt and India and the older civilizations had a deal to do with the dissolution and decline of these old civilizations ❧ ❧

School-gardens tend to put all on a parity. " The chosen people of God are those who till the soil," said Thomas Jefferson.

To earn your living is the great essential. Frats feature secrets, passwords, cleverness, and symbol the silly.

In farming and gardening there are no secrets. Hard work, application, intelligence, right intent, count.

To get rid of the secretive, the moribund and the futility of the Frat through working out of doors, digging in the ground, is something which educators have not anticipated. We reach excellence by indirection; and every good thing leads to something else ❧ ❧

Oregon is teaching the world a few great pedagogic lessons—things so simple and obvious that heretofore we have quite overlooked them.

In passing, it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that Oregon has quit discussing Equal Suffrage—having adopted it—and thus is free to take up other great and necessary reforms.

A Little Journey to Knoxville

IN Knoxville they will tell you that the mention of the State on the envelope is a superfluity, just as no well-bred person today ever speaks of " Chicago, Illinois."

If you want to see the " New South" at its best go to Knoxville.

Here is a city of a hundred thousand people where the noble discontent prevails. Nothing in Knoxville is quite good enough —it must be made better. Brick is fast taking the place of wood; steel and concrete are replacing brick. Great cluster lamps light the streets; pavements are superb; street-car system way up; water-supply perfect, and sewerage the best. The municipal business is looked after by a general manager. Waste, extravagance, graft, have been eliminated, and a saving to the taxpayers of more than thirty per cent is effected, over the old system, followed by better results.

In Knoxville coal is a dollar a ton, and electricity is so cheap that in the hotel where I stopped the merry landlord had put up a sign, thus: " Use the electric juice freely—you are in Knoxville! " This is the home of the electric sign. Here the Greenwood Company employs a goodlie companie of artists who get up original designs from which permanent signs are made. The signs are made of metal, are fool-proof, and can be operated anywhere there is a central station.

Just to give me a little thrill these sign boys made a portrait of me, with the help of the electric bulbs. There it was—a superb likeness—hanging from an arch across the middle of the street. It sort of gave me the creeps. Think of the possibilities of such a thing a few hundred years ago as a scheme for collecting revenues and enforcing obedience!

To make a portrait with the help of electric lights is a thing never

before attempted or accomplished. Let the credit go to Knoxville. Just a little way in the mountains from Knoxville is an Electric-Power Company that has a capacity of four hundred thousand horsepower. This exceeds the amount of electric power now being used at Niagara Falls.

Of course Niagara Falls in time will be used for the benefit of the human race, and not for the mere edification of bridal couples ❧ ❧

But in the meantime Niagara must give way to Knoxville.

Near Knoxville I met a man who owns a coalmine. To get a market for his commodity this man started an electric-light station ❧ ❧

He lifted his coal, right at the mine, on trestles, ran it into chutes, and let the coal drop into self-stokers—and there you are!

He supplied heat, light and power to his neighbors.

Knoxville is a dry town. And what is more, it is the biggest dry town in America. Constructively all Tennessee is dry. But in Knoxville public opinion sits on the lid, and strong drink in any form is tabu. Usually in a "dry town" there are social clubs where irrigation goes merrily on. Not so in Knoxville. And I could not find a person who wanted "the good old days" back.

Knoxville is the center of a little empire, all shut in by great, great, green hills. These hills or mountains contain coal, iron, zinc, aluminum, marble.

Tennessee marble is now being sent to Europe in bags, granulated. This marble is lovely to look upon, being pink, blue, red, white, streaked with amethyst, peppered with emerald, flavored with topaz ❧ ❧

It is used largely in blocks, but the new way of making artificial stone with cement affords a market for Knoxville marble which has heretofore been unguessed.

To take cotton in by the bale and ship it out by the box is the work of the Standard Knitting Company of Knoxville.

When the cotton comes to the mill it is a matted mass, containing many impossibilities in way of inexcusable truffles and trifles. It has to be combed and carded, washed, and dyed, before it is spun into thread.

Then it is woven into a continuous cylinder—a bag a hundred feet long, open at both ends.

The next step is to cut the woven fabric up with the aid of the electric cutters. Then it is stitched; the garment is bound; the buttons put on by machinery; the garment is laundered, ironed, folded, and packed three or six union suits in a box.

The art displayed in making these garments is delightful, and the attractiveness of the package is not the least pleasing thing about it all. Union forever!

Here is a mill that employs no children; that supplies everything that the labor laws demand, and then some. For instance, it supplies hot coffee, free, to every worker. There are sanitary drinking-fountains, paper towels, hot and cold water, individual lockers, bonuses to all who have savings-bank accounts, sick benefits and a general air of friendliness for everybody.

I saw palms and potted plants by the score in various workrooms. The " prison pallor" of some mills was absent, replaced by rosy cheeks and smiling faces.

What was the secret of this prosperity? Just this—from the bale to the box! The raw cotton was worth fifteen cents a pound. The completed garment weighed one pound and a quarter and was worth a dollar. The difference represented love and labor. As I said before, union for an indefinite length of time!

I hope to see the day when all the raw materials produced in America will be fashioned into forms of use and beauty, right at home. Our exports then will consist of manufactured goods, and thus will we siphon into this country the wealth of the world—or a portion of it.

Knoxville has produced three great men—at least.

These are Andrew Jackson, David Glasgow Farragut, and William Gibbs McAdoo.

Two of these men are dead.

Jackson was Irish; Farragut was Scotch; and McAdoo is Scotch-Irish ❧ ❧

Andrew was the seventh President of the United States, and the only man that ever occupied the office who killed a man in personal encounter.

Getting a perspective on Jackson across the years we find he was an honest individual, intent on the good of the country, and at the same time loyal to his friends.

His one big error in life was the recognition of enemies, as such. In fact, he was on the lookout for enemies, and, naturally, he located them. Yet, behind it all, was a simple, child-like mind which was easily led and very hard to drive.

Several of Jackson's personal fights grew out of love-affairs. And an Irishman in love is like Vesuvius in a state of eruption.

In the paradoxes of his nature Jackson has been called " the Teddy of his time."

In Knoxville you visit the house where he lived. You are shown the long rows of beautiful cedars that he planted with his own hands. Here is the spring from which he used to drink; here are the bridges that he built.

His desire was to set people to work, and to make them happy. And if at times he was explosive, it was his head that played him false and not his heart. When he fought it was for the protection and in defense of some thing or some person.

Farragut was born on a farm near Knoxville, in Eighteen Hundred One. He entered the navy when a boy of nine. He was active, studious, earnest. On board the ship where he served, he was practically adopted by the chaplain as his son. This good man taught the lad literature, history, mathematics. The boy learned to speak French, German and Italian.

In due time he became a Lieutenant, then a Captain, and was sent on many extraordinary and delicate errands by the United States Government.

When war broke out in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, he was teaching school at Norfolk. By birth and family traditions he was a Southerner, and the citizens of Virginia expected of course that he would throw his lot with the South.

But affection for the flag he had served for fifty years held him true to his course. In tears he rejected the proposal of the South to give him an important command in the Navy. Frankly he stated his reasons for going with the North. He offered his services to Lincoln, and he was given an important position.

He proceeded to the Gulf of Mexico, collected all the vessels that could be spared, went up the Mississippi—reduced the fortifications and carried the approaches to New Orleans.

He was then sixty-one years of age.

His skill, his caution, his boldness, his personal bravery, won for him the title of " Old Salamander." Fire and flame could not daunt him. He co-operated with Grant, who had charge of the land forces at Vicksburg; and when Lincoln wrote those unforgetable words, " Once more the Father of Waters flows unvexed to the sea," he had in mind the heroic services rendered by Admiral Farragut ❧ ❧

William G. McAdoo is essentially of the same stock as Andrew Jackson and Farragut. The Tennessee mountaineers are mostly of Scotch or Irish parentage. Nature, seemingly wanting to produce a great race of people, gives a generation or two of rest. We hear the mountaineers spoken of as ignorant and illiterate, but let us not forget that this is the stock from which Abraham Lincoln sprang. Tall, lean, sinewy, strong, William G. McAdoo is one of the most distinguished men in America. It would be indelicate and indiscreet to say he is the most distinguished man in the President's Cabinet.

Doctor Johnson when approaching a certain man in the Strand asked, " Are you any one in particular?"

But no one ever asked William G. McAdoo the question.

He has a profile. That is, he has the Henry Irving face.

At twenty Henry Irving was commonplace; at thirty he was strong; at forty he was able; at fifty he was distinguished, and at sixty he was a man whom other men revered.

McAdoo has the dramatic instincts of Henry Irving.

He has the grace, the intelligence and the high sense of honor that distinguished Admiral Farragut.

Born in poverty; schooled in hardship; ballasted by burdens; chastened by grief, McAdoo has constantly made head.

A financier has to be bred on the rocks and schooled in adversity.

There were nine children in the McAdoo family. I have seen five of them. They all have a big mental acreage under the hoe.

William G. McAdoo is the son of his mother, who was a writer of ability and a woman of qualities. He is feminine without being effeminate. He is gentle, modest, incisive, true. He is always the gentleman, and this without fuss, frills, frivols or flourish.

McAdoo's father was a professor at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville for more than thirty years. In Knoxville today McAdoo traditions are rife, and around the McAdoo name there is growing up a literature of story and legend.

Tennessee is proud of McAdoo.

McAdoo was a farmhand, a newsboy, a clerk. He became a schoolteacher, a lawyer, a clerk in court. He ripened slowly. In Nineteen Hundred Two he went to New York and entered into a partnership with his kinsman, William McAdoo, Member of Congress, now Judge

McAdoo had studied engineering and mathematics to a purpose. He was a financier by prenatal tendency, thanks to the love of a mother who with her big family had to make every dollar do the work of two

In New York was a gaseous plan for sinking tunnels under the Hudson River, as the ferries had become obsolete, practically. McAdoo seized the opportunity, and convinced by his personality certain great financiers that he could carry the project through. The money was forthcoming; and with the energy of Andrew Jackson, and the courage of " Old Salamander," McAdoo completed the tunnel in Nineteen Hundred Four. It was a seventy-five-million-dollar job.

From the very first the project was a success.

McAdoo is a man in whom other men believe, because McAdoo believes in himself.

McAdoo has the good qualities of Jackson, without his faults. He has the virtues of Farragut, without his limitations.

In Knoxville you hear the slogan, " Keep your eye on McAdoo." And so say I!

The Spring in the Desert

SOME years ago I made a horseback prospecting trip through Arizona and New Mexico.

There were three of us in the party.

The guide was one Rattlesnake Pete. As we rode one long, hot, dusty day we became very thirsty. The horses were suffering, and the little water in our canteens was wet, but vile and sickening hot.

All day long we had journeyed. We were pretty nigh perishing, when lo! It was as the guide had foretold—just beyond we saw the waving green willows marking a spring. The horses sprang into a run, and out of our parched throats we lifted a shout of joy. We reached a cooling spring where the water gushed forth from under a great rock. But before we could drink, a man stepped from behind a rock. He had a Winchester in his hands and two pistols in his belt.

This man said he owned the spring.

His price for water was a dollar a bucket.

We did not argue—we purchased water and drank and gave to the animals.

Rattlesnake Pete remarked as we rode away, "Any man who jumps one of God Almighty's springs would sell water to his father in hell!"

The next week Rattlesnake Pete went back that way with his friend, Alkali Smith. And the man at the spring died, and Pete and his friend buried him in the valley down below the spring, and over the grave they heaped a pile of stones. And then they set a stake in the middle of the stones, and on the stake are these words:

THE GENT UNDER THESE ERE STONES THOT THE SPRING WAS HISN, BUT HE WERE MISTAKEN.

Beautiful Back Yards

RECENTLY I visited the city of Davenport, Iowa, on oratorical errand bent, dispensing the kindly caloric.

And it so happened that I arrived on an early train—to be exact, six o'clock A. M. And rather than sit down and busy myself doing nothing, waiting for the " Committee," I took a walk around town. My steps accidentally led me to a section of the city where lived mostly the " Common People, whom God loves," according to Lincoln, " otherwise he would n't have made so many of them." But suddenly it came to me that these were un-common people, for around their houses I saw a wealth of morning-glories, hollyhocks and sweet-peas that was rather unusual. Then I discovered little houses evidently occupied by thrifty Germans, where both in front of the houses and back were vegetable-gardens, regular little farms. Then I walked through an alley and I found it free from garbage and noticed that the back yards were even finer than the front. Women and children were watering the plants and flowers, and looking after the " truck."

That afternoon I met my old college chum, Billy Korn, boss baker, and brother Rotarian. " How about all these flowers, Billy, I see in back yards ? "

" Oh," was the answer, " that 's the Beauty Contest—don't you know about that? " I did n't know, but insisted on being told. And the story is about like this: Some one at the Rotary Club of Davenport, at one of its weekly lunches in the early Spring, launched a suggestion. It evolved into an idea. The idea was to offer prizes for beautiful back yards.

Ideas are infectious—often contagious—occasionally explosive. This idea " took." It captured the local newspapers and laid siege to the town. Conscription ruled.

Prizes were offered for beautiful yards. Prizes to girls and boys, prizes to grown-ups—prizes for vegetable-gardens, prizes for lawns, prizes for shrubbery.

The State Agricultural College at Ames was asked to co-operate. It replied by sending a man with two hundred stereopticon slides, showing what could be done and how to do it. People who wished to enter the contest were asked to make their entries.

Two thousand responded. Five thousand more went to work, but did not care to compete for prizes. Some boys and girls entered who did n't have flower and vegetable seeds, or even hoes and rakes. Leave that to the Rotarians!

Ten night telegrams to Chicago seed-dealers and implement-houses brought tools enough and seeds enough to start a Dalrymple farm. A notice was inserted in the papers that no one need hesitate about entering the contest for lack of either tools, seeds or instruction.

Ames again came to the front and sent down a dozen husky Seniors to show 'em how. The huskies remained at the front for a week, and then discovered that their services were not really needed, as the neighbors were helping one another.

One girl twelve years old showed everybody in her block how to grow sweet-peas.

A professional photographer was engaged to take pictures of " before and after."

Prizes in cash and commodities were contributed by local merchants to the extent of three thousand dollars. One prize of fifty dollars in gold went to a colored man and his wife. Two hundred fifty boys and girls received from one to three dollars each, and all who had faithfully worked got something, even if only a ticket to a moving-picture show.

The girl of twleve who had instructed the babies in her block, and the grown-ups, too, in the secrets of sweet-pea culture was voted a gold watch.

When the prizes were awarded, Charlie Kip, of the Burtis Opera-House, gave the use of his theater. It was packed to the doors. The band played, the children sang, the prominent citizens made speeches and the professional photographer threw on a screen pictures of " before and after."

Is n't it better to go crazy on beauty, cleanliness, industry and order than to be swept off your feet with a mad desire to go to war? The Rotarians say, " Yes."

And so say we, all of us.

Davenport is a city of seventy thousand people. In it there are no slums. It was always neat, thrifty and beautiful.

Now it is doubly so. Good things are catching as well as bad. Ask the Rotarians!

The Value of Travel

RAVEL," said Emerson, " is a fool's paradise." But Emerson had to travel far, and for many years, before he made the discovery.

Emerson deals in the paradox, as every great mind does.

Everything is true from your point of view. But the individual who hopes to run away from himself and to escape his responsibilities by travel is certainly on the wrong train ❧ ❧

Travel, as a means of broadening one's horizon, and giving a new point of view, has no substitute.

It is easy to call attention to Immanuel Kant, who was born at Konigsberg, and was never more than ten miles from that city in all of his life of more than eighty years.

But the very fact that we mention Kant proves the case. He was the rare exception. We get rid of our whims, notions, prejudices and fears through travel. Through travel you vitalize your ideas ❧ ❧

Travel, transportation and transmission—these disseminators of things and ideas—are what is working the solidarity of the race. The villager is a man who is interested in just what is going on in his own town. Of necessity, he deals largely in gossip and vacuities ❧ ❧

The provincial is a man who does not get out of his own province, intellectually or otherwise.

Immanuel Kant lived in one town, but he was neither a villager nor was he a provincial. His thought roamed, not only the world, but the universe. The strength of his imagination allowed him to stay at home and project himself to the farthest planet. His body dwelt in Konigsberg, but his soul was a citizen of the universe. He was one with the Milky Way. Not many of us have

the ability to take a little journey from the safe and comfortable recesses of a Morris chair. We have to see, to feel, to touch, to come in contact with things in order to be impressed.

In a late number of one of the popular magazines, W. J. Lampton has an article on the subject of travel.

Mr. Lampton advises everybody to travel first-class, to indulge in all of the luxuries that are provided.

Mr. Lampton explains that the luxuries of travel are within the reach of people of even moderate means. Luxuries of travel do not mean a special train, or even a special car. Mr. Lampton merely refers to accommodations in the Pullman, which of course means the privileges of the buffet and dining cars. And when you stop at a town you use the taxicabs to go to the best hotel, and there you avail yourself of the valets and other pleasing necessities that the place provides.

This is all right and beautiful, but it is simply Mr. Lampton's point of view.

I certainly do not advise my friends who are going to make the trip to California to ride on the bumpers, although I have seen some very happy specimens of the genus hobo dragged protestingly out of their comfortable quarters on the crossbars.

There was upon them the dust of travel, and the odor of sanctity was not in evidence. The individual protested he "was n't hurtin' anybody," and in emphatic language, he advised everybody to mind his own business.

Robert Louis Stevenson came across the sea from Scotland in the steerage, and he rode in an emigrant car to California; and out of these experiences he got some mighty good raw stock, which he proceeded to work up into a literary emulsion.

Robert Louis was going on a very beautiful errand, and although his health had been bad, it seemed to improve constantly as he approached California.

What 's the use of talking about hardships and luxuries when

these things are all comparative, and merely points of view! The boy of seventeen, born in a village, who has never been away from home, and who manages to save up enough money to buy a second-class ticket from a New York State village to Seattle and return, is in paradise all along the route. Perhaps the train that he is on does not carry a dining-car. If so, it then stops for meals. The Law of Compensation never rests, and the absolute fact is that on several roads—notably the Santa Fe—you get a better meal when the train stops than you get on the dining-car—and this is praise superlative. The reason you get a better meal when the train stops is simply because the viands served to you on the dining-car have, of necessity, had a different handling, and often have been transported from a greater distance than the things that are served in the greater leisure of the dining-hall.

I remember the meals we used to get at White Pigeon (Michigan), Saint Thomas (Ontario), Lima (Ohio) and Elkhart (Indiana). Nothing in these places tasted exactly like the things that mother used to make, simply because mother never, in her wildest dreams was able to supply the feast that these railway dining-halls set forth. The men who ran these dining-halls were the spiritual ancestors of Fred Harvey.

If one wants to travel " tourist," he will find, provided he is able to cultivate mixability, a very jolly and happy lot of people going second-class.

The conductor on the tourist-car is usually a man selected for his ability to make plain, common folks feel at home. He is their guide, counselor and familiar friend, and represents an information-bureau which deals in everything from eugenics to the higher criticism. These tourist-cars carry the plain people, many of whom have made great sacrifices in order to take this journey. They are intent on getting the most out of it. They are not blasé, tired or frayed on the edges. They are eager, receptive and full of hope. This is the rule.

Many of the people in the tourist-cars calculate beforehand on taking enough food with them to carry them through the journey. They prepare tea and coffee on the stoves supplied by the railroad company. They call on the porters for a great number of things which the porter in the " standard " does not keep in stock.

Some of them will get out and dissipate to the extent of a square meal once a day, the rest of the time living on their lunches. It can be depended upon that the dining-hall does not make much money on this kind of a man.

On the Northern Pacific, as well as on the California railroads, there are usually opportunities to buy fruit of various kinds, at many towns along the route, that is offered, fresh from the trees, at astonishingly low prices. Once, on the Salt Lake Route, between Los Angeles and Salt Lake, I saw one of the passengers— and this man in a tourist-car — buy an entire wagonload of cantaloupes and distribute them through the train, from engineer and fireman to tail-end flagman. Everybody had a cantaloupe. And then, having eaten all that they wanted, these people proceeded to throw the cantaloupes at one another, just as a matter of amusement.

The man who bought the cantaloupes rode in the tourist-car because he had a prejudice toward the so-called bigwigs in the standard. He said he did n't want any cold storage in his. He had just sold five hundred steers in Chicago, on an average of sixty-five dollars each, and money was really no object.

The advice of Brother Lampton that this man should travel first-class would have fallen on arid soil. He traveled as he wanted to, and his desire was to irrigate his soul with the flowing water of friendship—and this he was able to do " tourist."

So you see, the argument is this: Taking it altogether, life is a point of view; and the main thing is to have the receptive mind, the appreciative heart and a good digestion. Then all the little misfits of travel, which are bound to occur, no matter how you

travel, or where you are, will be overlooked, and everything will be transformed into little-pig sausages.

As a people, Americans have the money to travel. They travel a little every year. Whipped-out, tired, depressed, sick people stay near home. Healthy, happy, working, ambitious people improve the opportunity to get away once in a while during the year. Go as you want to, and as you can afford.

There is more joy in going tourist on your own mazuma than borrowing money to go standard. What is a hardship for one is a joy for another. There is a joy for going without things, and economy gives a flavor that extravagance never possesses.

What does Solomon say about the stalled ox and a dinner of herbs? Shame on you, Brother Lampton! Life is n't a matter of traveling " first-class;" it is a matter of accepting any station and finding it good.

These journeys are great educators, but I advise everybody, after taking a journey around the world, across the continent, to Washington, to Niagara Falls, to East Aurora, or even to the next town, to just take a look out of the window when he gets home

Down a Butte Copper Mine

GOING down a Butte copper mine is a serious and solemn business. It is a little like preparing to be executed—or like getting married. First, you get the permission of the Superintendent—a kind of dog-license—and this preliminary being past and the day and hour set, you wait and think it over.

As the time goes by, every newspaper you pick up tells of fire-damp, a cave-in or an explosion. Your enthusiasm diminishes in inverse ratio to the square of the distance.

The day arrives; the hour creeps toward the fateful time. A hack is at the door—no one walks in Butte. The driver is smoking a cigar and he looks at you curiously—he belongs to the Drivers' Union which a week before gave a dinner at five dollars a plate. The driver has never been down a mine and has a half contempt and pity for those who go.

Sandy rides with the driver. Sandy is sixteen—big and fat, with a great mouth for pie. Sandy knows neither the dangers of pie nor of going down into a mine—he does not yet realize that living is the most dangerous thing on earth.

I ride in the death-tumbrel in solitary state. I have attained a mental condition of beautiful indifference. I am as blasé as Professor Jarrett Bumball of Cambridge.

Arriving at the Company's office, the hack driver lets us down and goes away, his hat at a vicious cock over one eye and his cigar pointing to the northwest. He does not think it worth while to stay. This trip is like the Styx excursion—tickets are sold only one way

In the office a spectral youth has us sign our names to a release wherein the fact is set forth that we are of discreet age, of sound mind—a pleasing bit of irony—and that we, our heirs, assigns

and executors will not hold the Company or its servants responsible for damages for anything that may occur.

We are then relieved of our valuables, which are placed in a safe, and are led by a Mine Boss into an adjoining room and ordered to disrobe. We are sure that the Bertillon system is to be applied, but this humiliation is spared us. The official takes a business-like look at us, mumbles to himself the formula, " thirty-four, thirty-three," reaches into a closet and tosses out overalls and a jumper for each victim.

We array ourselves in these garments of the novitiate, an oyster man's oilskin hat is clapped on the head of each, a candle is placed in our hands and we sally forth across a courtyard in the full light of the bright summer sun. Bystanders make invidious remarks, but we are in no mood for resentment—earthly things are of small avail, and in a world where men go down into mines there is no time for hate.

We wait there at hell-mouth gate, and the wind that blows between the worlds cuts us like a knife. As we stand there shivering, two apparitions appear—being dressed exactly as we are, only wearing mackintoshes. The oilskin hats are held in place by hatpins thrust through, and this reveals the fact that we are in the presence of the fair sex. The Mine Boss introduces us—the ladies are from Dedham, Mass. They do not look it. They are mother and daughter. The mother is short and stout, and makes you think of the nurse in *Faust*. The daughter is tall and lissome (I trust I use the right word).

I was just going to ask about some of my Dedham friends who belong to the D. S. D. of A. H. T., when suddenly a car shoots up out of the ground and stops with a jerk and a jounce. This car is a small iron cage just large enough to accommodate six persons standing close together. The Mine Boss pushes us in, then crowds in after. The door closes with a snap. We are ordered to grasp the rod overhead and hold fast.

"Let me out! Let me out! I am feeling faint!" screams the dowager from Dedham.

It is too late.

The Mine Boss presses a button and we drop into utter blackness —down, down! Lights rush by.

Down, down, down we go. We push up on the iron rod to keep from bumping against the top of the cage—down, down, down—nineteen lights have flashed by; nineteen hundred feet, the car stops with a jerk, starts again and slows down. The dowager is clutching the Mine Boss. As the car stops, she looks about confused, and breaking her hold on the Mine Boss, says to me, "I thought it was you!"

I excused her.

It is as light as day—the air is like August.

We step out of the cage into a great vaulted reception hall.The room is a hundred feet square, with big timbers placed at intervals to shore up the stone roof. In every direction are little narrow streets down which we see dim, dancing lights.

At one end of the great stone hall are engines that pump out water and also control the supply of air that is being constantly pumped down into the mine.

We are introduced to the engineer, a brawny young fellow, in a sleeveless undershirt and overalls. He is a Harvard man, 'ninety-six, that I happen to know. The dowager transfers her allegiance from the Mine Boss to the engineer, and declares that she will go no further. The name of the Mine Boss is Corbett, which surely does not help matters—he looks like a brigand, but we find out later that he is a Baptist deacon.

The dowager remains with the Harvard man who played half-back with Hinksey; we light our candles and sally away down one of the narrow winding streets. Sandy and the Dedham girl have gotten well acquainted in a minute—they both dance the racket, like grape-nuts, swim, and have read "Wild Animals No

One Knows but Me." They take hold of hands and run a race—they sing and laugh and shout so as to hear the echo. We hear the trotting of a horse—we listen!

The Mine Boss cautions us to look out, and we flatten ourselves against the rocky wall as a big, sleek, white horse comes jogging by, pulling a train of a dozen little cars. No driver is in sight, and we are told that this horse knows his business so well, having been at it for five years, that he will take the loaded cars to the shaft opening and bring back the empties, leaving the cars along a route of nearly a mile. Sandy and the Dedham girl jump upon the last car—the impulse to steal a ride being strong upon them.

¶ We continue along the narrow street, and now and again step out in little alleys where men working in twos are drilling into the solid rock

We meet a man running along with red lanterns that he hangs up at intervals—a blast is about to be made. We place our hands over our ears and wait. In a moment there is a deafening report, and great clouds of white smoke come chasing each other through the tunnel. The blast blows out our candles—we light up again and continue our way.

We reach a mine within a mine and peer down into a great pittomless bot. There is a ladder down the side. The Mine Boss swings off over the ladder and motions us to follow. The lissome Dedham creature has tucked her mackintosh into her belt and is first to follow the leader. She climbs like a fireman on an extension ladder; Sandy follows and the author of the Gessage to Messig brings up the rear. Down, down, down, fifty feet, and again we are on a level and see streets leading off in every direction, just as before. Little rivulets of water run along the alleys and drip from the rocks. We are told this water is very valuable, being heavily charged with copper, and that the water is pumped to the surface and the metal extracted.

Down we go to another level.

We see men naked to the waist shoveling broken gray stone into little cars. These men are " muckers," one stratum in social station below a miner. We do not stand on social ceremony, but boldly fraternize with the genus mucker. All take a hand at shoveling ore, so that we can say that we have worked in a copper mine. Another white horse comes along, pulling a train of cars; the mucker pats the horse and salutes him affectionately by name. The horse nods his head, stops, the loaded car is hooked on behind, the word to start is given, and off goes the white horse, happy and content in the thought that he is doing his work and doing it as well as he can, and is kind.

We come to another shaft leading up, and mount the ladder. Then to another level, along this for a quarter of a mile, and up again. We are surely lost. How could we ever find our way back! Sandy and the Dedham girl hide in a side alley and plaintively call for help, pretending they are lost. We turn a corner and see a great flood of light ahead. It is the big reception room.

The engineer and the dowager from Dedham are deep in an argument as to co-education and the danger of degeneration to Harvard professors who teach at Radcliffe.

They do not see us at first. Suddenly the dowager turns appalled and exclaims, " Miriam Crosby Tyler, I am ashamed of you! Let down that skirt at once."

I never knew before that overalls could be so becoming to a girl. Sandy afterward vouchsafed the same to me, and as for Miriam, she surely is aware that she looks well in anything. The girl who can do justice to a pair of overalls, I think should be allowed to wear them ❧ ❧

We shake hands with the engineer, step into the iron cage, a button is pressed and up we go, clinging to the iron rod to keep our feet from going down through the floor. Up, up, up past nineteen dancing lights—we slow down, go faster, and stop with a jerk ❧ ❧

We step out upon the ground and gaze around. The sun shines brightly, the same loafers are there, and near at hand is the self-complacent hackman. He smiles a smile of welcome, for which he will afterward charge extra in the bill.

The idea suddenly sweeps over us that we look ridiculous. We disappear into the dressing rooms.

In fifteen minutes we claim our valuables, saunter out into the sunshine, and what! we meet two ladies, one of them short and stout, dressed in deep mourning, the other in dashing "tailor made," with Gainsborough and nodding plumes. Sandy is shy, awkward and uncomfortable—he suggests that it is time for pie.

¶ We get back to the hotel and greet the clerk as a long lost brother. We have been gone two hours. We wonder why we ever said that Butte is not the most beautiful city on earth!

Genoa and Beggars

EVERY thoughtful traveller in Europe must be impressed with the superfluity of folks—that is to say, folks with nothing to do. In Italy this plethora seems more pronounced than elsewhere. At every hotel there are four servants where only one is required.

At Genoa there lined up in the hallway to speed my parting a facchino, four porters, three waiters, two chambermaids and a boots, while tapering off into the street were various able-bodied loungers, several old women and a full dozen small brigands. Each and every one in the line expected—aye, more—demanded legal-tender. All had rendered services, or said they had, and to omit any one from the payroll was to call down curses loud and deep. The amount of tax ran from one lire (20 cents) to five centesimi (one cent), and a small handful of coppers was then required for the mob to struggle for in the street, so escape could be made under cover of the smoke.

At Venice you pay your gondolier a tariff rate per hour, and as he calls off the names of the palaces you pass (when you wish he would not) in a gibberish he thinks is English, you must pay him extra. Besides, if you are so reckless as to land along the way, the "hooker" who holds the boat expects a copper. At all churches old women open the doors and officious loungers offer information that is not desired, for expected coin.

To refuse to give to the beggar is to invite insult and insolence. Desperation is written on the dark faces that beseech you, and when you remember how, not many moons ago, this superfluous Italian populace exploded in one wild yell and made a dash for the baker-shop windows, you do not wonder.

Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan were placed under martial law, and at Milan alone in the month of May, 1898, two hundred

people were shot by the soldiers in the streets during my brief stay ❧ ❧

I saw volleys fired into crowds. The living would scurry away like frightened rabbits, into alleys, houses, side streets, cellars. But there on the sidewalks and in the streets lay the fallen and tumbled dead—men, women and children. In less than five minutes' time wagons with soldiers dashed up; the dead and dying were thrown like cordwood into the springless tumbrels, and with a cracking of whips the horses and wagons dashed away. Some of the soldiers remained and with hose and buckets and brooms every vestige of blood was washed away. The newspapers made no reports—some of them denied that a volley had been fired ❧ ❧

And now the King of Italy has gone by a quick and painless route into the Beyond. He was only a man—not a great man, neither was he a bad man. Only a vain, ignorant, selfish man—with transient moods of wanting to do right—whose feet had been caught in a mesh of wrong, and who had n't the power to get away. To kill him was absurd, for the wrong for which he stood still exists. It is the institution and policy, not the man. More volleys will be fired into the crowds that cry for bread. The death-carts will continue to dump their victims into coffinless graves ❧ ❧

I shed tears for the homeless, the harassed, the oppressed—for the women who hold hungry babes to famished breasts—for the ignorant and brutal who wrench at their bonds, and who by violence hope to achieve freedom.

For the dead King I waste no pity. He himself caused thousands of men to be killed. He lived by the sword and died by the bullet. What else could he expect? He invited his fate. He was only a slave at the last, and Death has set him free.

Italy has less than one-half the population of the United States yet she has a navy that outmatches ours. She maintains an army,

of 250,000 men in time of peace, and there is one priest for every sixty persons.

She might maintain the priests, but she can not possibly advance and carry the army that rides upon her back. Italy is the extreme type of all European countries, except Switzerland, Holland, Norway and Sweden. These last stand for intelligence, sobriety, beauty and worth. Italy is rotting at the core. The moss is at work pulling down the palaces that Caprino planned; the grass springs from between the paving stones where Michelangelo trod, and the noble Romans and courtly Florentines, like the crawling lizards, only bask in the sun in winter and move but to keep in the shade in summer. Conscription kills ambition. Men will not work where the Government demands half their wages, as Italy does. Only two careers worth mentioning are open to aspiring youths in Italy—the army and the church. Manual labor is held everywhere in contempt, and this accounts for the seeming superfluity of folks and the brazen beggardom. The rich set the example of idleness. Italy's art is a thing of the past. Italy was ❧ ❧

Governments can not be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past, by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the ideal government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs. So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

Governments imprison men and then hound them when they are released. Hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in the name of God.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man is not that

a soldier kills grown men or white men, but that the soldier loses his own soul.

In America just now there are strong signs of following the example of modern Italy. To divert the attention of men from useful production to war, waste and wealth through conquest is to invite moral disease and death. The history of nations dead and gone is one. They grew "strong" and died because they did. Insurance actuaries say that athletes are very bad risks.

Switzerland today is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people themselves make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland to work with your hands is honorable —manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Her gilded social aristocracy is either English or American

Switzerland has no navy, for the same reason that Bohemia has not; and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggardom and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe; the people are healthy, prosperous and happy. Switzerland minds her own business and the chief tenet of her political creed is, "We will attend to our own affairs." She will only fight if invaded, and fortunately she is not big enough to indulge in jingo swagger. The flag of Switzerland is the White Cross—white on a red background—and this is the symbol of peace and amity the wide world over. The "Geneva Cross"—a red cross on a white background, designed in compliment to Switzerland—is the one flag upon which no guns are trained.

And now at the parting of the ways would it not be wise for America to choose between the example of Switzerland and Italy

America is a giant; it is well to have a giant's strength but not well to use it like a giant. This is the richest country the world

has ever known—in treasure and in men and women. If we mind our own business and devote our energies to the arts of peace we can solve a problem that has vexed the world from the beginning of time. Shall we make our country blossom like the rose, or shall we follow the example of Italy?

English Monuments

ENGLAND relegates her poets to a "Corner." The earth and the fullness thereof belongs to the men who can kill; on this rock have her State and Church been built.

As the tourist approaches the city of London for the first time there are four monuments that probably will attract his attention. They lift themselves out of the fog and smoke and soot, and seem to struggle toward the blue ❧ ❧

One of these monuments is to commemorate a calamity—the conflagration of 1666—and the others are in honor of deeds of war. The finest memorial in St. Paul's is to a certain Irishman, Albert Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. The mines and quarries of earth have been called on for the richest contributions; and talent and skill have given their all to produce this enduring work of beauty that tells posterity of the mighty acts of this mighty man. The rare richness and lavish beauty of the Wellington mausoleum is only surpassed by that of a certain tomb in France.

As an exploiter the Corsican overdid the thing a bit—so the world arose and put him down; but safely dead his shade can boast a grave so sumptuous that Englishmen in Paris refuse to look upon it ❧ ❧

But England need not be ashamed. Her land is spiked with glittering monuments to greatness gone. And on these monuments you often get the epitomized life of the man whose dust lies below. On the carved marble to Lord Cornwallis I read that, "He defeated the Americans with great slaughter." And so, wherever in England I see a beautiful monument I know that probably the inscription will tell how "he defeated" somebody. And one grows to believe that, while woman's glory is her hair, man's glory is to defeat some one. And if he can "defeat with great

slaughter" his monument is twice as high as if he had only visited on his brother man a plain defeat. In truth I am told by a friend who has a bias for statistics, that all monuments above fifty feet high in England, are to men who have defeated other men " with great slaughter." The only exceptions to this rule are the Albert Memorial, which is a tribute of wifely affection rather than a public testimonial, so therefore need not be considered here, and a monument to a worthy brewer who died and left three hundred thousand pounds to charity. I mentioned this fact to a friend but he unhorsed me by declaring that modesty forbade carving truth on the monument, yet it was a fact that the brewer, too, had brought defeat to vast numbers and had, like Saul, slaughtered his thousands.

When I visited the site of the Globe Theater and found thereon a brewery whose shares are warranted to make the owner rich beyond the dream of avarice, I was depressed. In my boyhood I had supposed that if ever I should reach this spot where Shakespeare's plays were first produced I should see a beautiful park and a splendid monument; while some white-haired old patriarch would greet me and give a little lecture to the assembled pilgrims on the great man whose footsteps had made sacred the soil beneath our feet

But there is no park, no monument and no white-haired old poet to give you welcome—only a brewery.

"Aye, mon, but ain't ut a big 'un?" protested an Englishman who heard my murmurs.

Yes, yes, we must be truthful. It is a big brewery, and there are four big bull dogs in the courtway; and there are big vats; and big workmen in big aprons. And each of these workmen is allowed to drink six quarts of beer each day without charge, which proves that the true Christian spirit is not dead. Then there are big horses that draw the big wagons and on the corner is a big tap room where the thirsty are served with big glasses.

The founder of this brewery became very rich; and if my statistical friend is right, the owners of these mighty vats have defeated mankind " with great slaughter."

We have seen that although Napoleon, the defeated, has a more gorgeous tomb than Wellington, who defeated him, yet there is consolation in the thought that although England has no monument to Shakespeare, he now has the freedom of Elysium; while the present address of the British worthies, who have battened and fattened on poor humanity's thirst for strong drink since Samuel Johnson was executor of Thrale's estate, is unknown

We have this on the authority of a Spirit Medium, who says: " The virtues essential and peculiar to the exalted station of the British worthy debars the unfortunate possessor from entering Paradise. There is not a Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Mayor, or Lord of the Chamber, or Master of the Hounds, or Beefeater in Ordinary, or any sort of British bigwig out of the whole of the British Beadledom, upon which the sun never sets, in Elysium. This is the only dignity beyond their reach."

This Mejum is an honorable person, and I am sure he would not make this assertion if he did not have proof of the facts. So for the present we will allow him to go on his own recognizance, believing that he will adduce his documents at the proper time. But still should not England have a fitting monument to Shakespeare? He is her one universal citizen. His name is honored in every school or college of earth where books are prized. There is no scholar in any clime who is not his debtor.

He was born in England, he was never out of England, his ashes rest in England.

But England's Budget has never been ballasted with a single pound to help preserve inviolate the memory of her one son to whom the world uncovers.

Victor Hugo has said something on this subject about like this:

Why a monument to Shakespeare? He is his own monument and England is its pedestal. Shakespeare has no need of a pyramid; he has his work.

What can bronze or marble do for him? Malachite and alabaster are of no avail. Jasper, serpentine, basalt, porphyry, granite; stones from Paros and marble from Carrara—they are all a waste of pains; genius can do without them.

What is as indestructible as these: *The Tempest, The Winter's Tale, Julius Caesar, Coriolanus?* What monument sublimer than *Lear,* sterner than *The Merchant of Venice,* more dazzling than *Romeo and Juliet,* more amazing than *Richard III?*

What moon could shed about the pile a light more mystic than that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream?* What capital, were it even in London, could rumble around it as tumultuously as Macbeth's perturbed soul? What framework of cedar or oak will last as long as *Othello?* What bronze can equal the bronze of *Hamlet?*

No construction of lime, of rock, of iron and of cement is worth the deep breath of genius, which is the respiration of God through man. What edifice can equal thought? Babel is less lofty than Isaiah; Cheops is smaller than Homer; the Colosseum is inferior to Juvenal; the Giralda at Seville is dwarfed by the side of Cervantes; St. Peter's at Rome does not reach to the ankle of Dante ❧ ❧

What architect has the skill to build a tower so high as the name of Shakespeare? Add anything if you can to mind! Then why a monument to Shakespeare?

I answer, Not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England! ❧ ❧

The Raisin Country

THE genus tourist to a great degree has overlooked what many wise men regard as the best part of California.

This is what is called the "Raisin Country," being part of the San Joaquin Valley, extending, say, from Fresno to Bakersfield.

This valley is a great wide-stretching plain, flat as a floor, with an inexhaustible soil. Here is one exquisite plot about a hundred and twenty miles long and from forty to eighty miles wide, that could support an agricultural population of a million people, if it were gardened as it should be, and as it will yet be gardened. About at the center of this area and the geographical center of the state, is the town of Tulare. The place has not quite four thousand people, but it is a regular little metropolis of industry, art, education and wealth.

To tell the actual truth about the productiveness of soil here would run the risk of being presented with a life membership in the Ananias Club. But just let us say that a rose bush will grow forty feet in a year, and let it go at that. Figs, grapes, peaches, apricots and prunes, are produced in profusion. The man in the San Joaquin Valley who does n't sit under his own vine and fig-tree, does n't want to.

Fourteen miles east of Tulare I saw orange orchards as fine as can be seen in the famed Orange Belt. I was shown at Lindsey an orange orchard of twenty acres that had recently been sold for four thousand dollars an acre. It was bought as an investment, just as a man might buy a skyscraper for a like reason. This orchard will pay the owner about twenty per cent on his investment, and some years it will pay more.

Oranges grow best in the foot-hills, but raisins are produced anywhere in this valley, as a staple.

For the benefit of the cliff-dwellers of the East let me explain that the raisin is a grape—a grape containing a large per cent of sugar

The grapes are simply gathered and dried on racks in the sun. They are not " cured," " prepared " or " processed," save as the sun loves them.

Around Fresno an acre of ground will produce from two to five tons of raisins. These are worth on the spot from three to five cents a pound. A year ago raisins were down to two cents a pound, at which time many farmers fed them to horses and cattle. One man who owned a dairy advertised that his cows were fed only on raisins; butchers in Tulare yet offer raisin-fed bacon.

But at the very time that raisins were two cents a pound at Fresno, they cost you ten to twelve in the East. The trouble was there was no organized system of getting the raisins to market. In great degree this has now been overcome by Fruit Associations that buy and market the product in a businesslike way.

Before, it seemed that no one really guessed the quantities of fruit that this San Joaquin Valley could produce, and I am not sure that any one really knows yet.

This California Canaan has just been discovered. Heretofore it has been used as a wheat country—great, wide-stretching wheat farms—where teams of twenty-four horses were driven by one man, and this was increased to twenty-six horses in harvest-time. But wheat produces say thirty or forty bushels to the acre, at best. And that is pretty good about now, for dollar wheat has come to stay, simply because there are so many Malthusian mouths to feed.

But raisins mean several hundred dollars an acre, and if you have a genius for management and a big family of children to help you out at harvest-time, you can clean up two thousand dollars a year on a twenty-acre tract.

One young man came over to Tulare from Coalinga, in his

limousine, to call on me. He walked down there four years ago from San Francisco.

I saw two Massachusetts school-teachers who had a tract of fifteen acres, from which their last year's crop netted them eighteen hundred dollars.

Of course work is work, here as elsewhere, but if you bring Yankee industry to bear, the sun and the soil will meet you more than half way. And the water coming from the mountains can be regulated by a twist of your wrist.

There are over a hundred cities in America of ten thousand inhabitants and upward, that have doubled their population within twenty years.

The tillable land has practically all been taken up, and the cities still continue to grow.

This is why breadstuffs have taken such a skyward turn. In future, fruit will be more and more in demand, because a congested population requires more fruit and less meat.

Another thing, the price of meat keeps pace with the price of corn and wheat, like the ratio of marriages.

Hogs are seven cents on the foot at the farm. The Mosaic bar and ban on pork has been lifted. The Gadarene herds of the Far East were fed on carrion, but our pigs are vegetarians. The American Jew subscribes for *The Philistine,* and eats American pork. The American Jew is now only peculiar in the fact that he is on to his job, and as a rule is on the dead-level.

The extreme prices for meat and breadstuffs are giving California Raisins their inning.

We need a mixed diet. Too much of any one thing is not well. But science says that a few raisins every day tend to fool that fuzzy feeling, brighten the brain, sweeten the breath and make life one glad song for those who have to live with us.

The raisin is the finest food that grows. Don't be afraid of the seeds—masticate them and put the dentist to the bad. Teeth are

for use, and the ground raisin seeds give your Erie Canal a much needed topic for discussion. Sun-dried raisins carry a trace of tincture of senna, which is a natural regulator of the liver.

Raisins can not be adulterated. They are not perishable, being preserved by their own sugar.

Confectionery has its disadvantages, but your children will not go womix on raisins, because they are a natural, heaven-prepared food. Just fletcherize them, that is all, and it is you for the century run.

Raisins have always been looked upon as a luxury, because the soil that grows them and the sun that cures them, are so seldom found in the same place. Here man must come in and distribute.

Dr. Walter Pyle, the eminent dietitian, gives it as his belief that a liberal raisin diet would increase the life of the race fully ten years ☙ ☙

Horace Fletcher munches and munches and munches on raisins, and is never sick nor grumpy.

Eugene Christian, the greatest food expert in the world, recommends raisins and says—" Eat all you want, and let taste be your test as to when you have had enough."

Dr. Tilden recommends raisin bread made of whole wheat or Indian corn, and twenty-five per cent of raisins.

Dr. Frank Billings goes even so far as to recommend raisin pie, or a mince pie, he calls it, minus the mince.

Dr. George Still, the famous surgeon says, " Raisins never cause appendicitis, but the lack of them may."

Thus it really looks as if the San Joaquin Valley of California were coming into its own.

A Barn-Storming Tour

HAVING been three months in East Aurora without being away from the village more than two miles, I bethought me it might be well to get out a little and mix in with the Busy World. So a Barn-Storming Tour was arranged, with the help of a valiant Jebusite, Laylander by name, of Cedar Falls, Iowa. ¶ I started in at Chicago, with the kindly aid of Mr. O. W. Ruggles, of the Michigan Central, who, having been interviewed in the interests of the Higher Criticism, gracefully responded in the proper way.

Mr. Ruggles is one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew.

The first day in Chicago I sallied forth, alone, to inspect the Board of Trade. While I was inspecting it, it seems the Board was inspecting me; but of this I was not aware until, pushing my way through the crowd of idlers, in a big room, a fellow near me yelled, " How much am I offered for the Buckwheat? "

Thinks I, " I 'm just in time—they are going to bull buckwheat. There may be a panic, or a financial blizzard, or a slump, or something like that—I 'm just in time."

On looking around I saw smiles and grins and heard chuckles and things. The man who had yelled, yelled again in a Stentorian Tone, (I believe that is the expression)—" All together now, how much for the Buckwheat? "

Next, another fellow, who had a hat full of white paper torn into little bits, threw this paper in the air, and it fell over me like a shower of snow. I then, for the first time, discovered that they were giving me the razzle. I singled out the rogue who threw the paper and was on the point of smashing him over the head with my gingham umbrella, when Gus Edwards and L. D. Stiles rushed to my rescue. As for the sleek, dapper gent who yelled " Buckwheat," he little knows how near he came to having his

nose tweaked by the hand that wrote *The Message to Garcia.*

¶ The lecture at the Art Institute went fairly well, with no special demonstrations of disapproval on part of the three hundred in the audience who had been mulcted to the tune of one simoleon each

After the lecture there was a reception. Mary Miller, my Attorney, and Ann Waters introduced me to the Guests who had just enjoyed the feast of reason. Then there was a little address by Fred W. Gardner, (who discovered Ham Garland,) on Unity in Diversity, or Promiscuity as Applied to the Art of Advertising.

¶ My first stand in Iowa was Waterloo. " Waterloo " is such a suggestive name—I asked Laylander if we could not just as well begin somewhere else.

He said it was better to begin at Waterloo than to end there.

The night before the Waterloo lecture, I dreamed of charging my oratorical forces into a sunken roadway and all the audience tramped across over my broken bones. But 't was but a dream.

One slight accident occurred in the lecture and that was when Earl Easton and a man by the name of Sessions guffawed during one of my serious passages, mistaking my pathos for a joke. I was unnerved for a moment, but soon re-formed my forces into a hollow square and then all went well. It was Charley Pickett who introduced me in a graceful little speech. Pickett is the pet of Waterloo. A word about Pickett—Pickett of Iowa—may be in order

Charley Pickett is a lawyer, but should not be discarded on that account. A man has to make a living some way. Pickett is the man on whom the mantle of Speaker Henderson is sure to fall. And when the mantle does fall it will not smother Pickett — he 'll wear it jauntily like a Roman toga, one corner caught over his shoulder and another trailing behind, a mute challenge to any one to tread on it at his peril.

Charley is a handsome fellow, slightly and discreetly bald from

lack of hair. He talks but little; has dignity, poise, common sense plus and thinks Maude Adams the greatest actress that America has ever seen. His good opinion of Miss Adams first came about after he had made a particularly strong and eloquent speech at the Elk's Banquet in Louisville. The Banquet was strictly buck, but you always better look weatherward when you speechify at a banquet, for, veiled by friendly arras, fair ladies often sit, and sitting, listen, or, if you please, listening, sit.

This particular Banquet was at a hotel where Miss Adams happened to be stopping, and coming in from the theatre, some one said, " The Honorable Charles Pickett, of Iowa, is just beginning his speech—you must hear him! "

This was a great compliment to Charley—the gentleman who invited Miss Adams to hear him knew he was taking no risk. Imagine yourself inviting a good woman to sit behind a curtain and hear Opie Read at a Stag Party! So Charley made his speech, and the next day Miss Adams met him and said—but what is the use of telling what she said. Whatever Maude Adams says is truth and should be said. But even if she says nothing, she is eloquent. She has a look out of her eyes such as one experiences but once in a life-time, and many men never do.

Experience a look? That is what I said: no other expression will do. Have you never had a great and good woman look you straight in the eyes, brother? Well, then, you have never lived.

A look out of big, wide-open, generous orbs—eyes liquid with pity; eyes that know; eyes that have felt; eyes that have seen—looking straight into yours. A gaze without blinking—eyes that do not stare, but simply look—a look without embarrassment, coyness nor affectation; a look backed up by no silly smile of self-consciousness—eyes that gaze calmly, with a deep, tender, absorbed interest straight into yours. Eyes that see the inmost recesses of your heart, and yet bear no blame; eyes that reach your soul and draw your inmost being forth!

You look into these great eyes and earth seems to be swimming from under your feet; you are floating away—away; you grow faint with a delicious faintness; and a joy that is half pain grips your heart. You gasp for breath—you can no longer endure that steady, honest look. All things grow misty; earth seems to swirl and your eye-lids close as if in self-protection from a delirium that only a god can endure. So that 's the way Maude Adams looked at Charley Pickett—Pickett of Iowa—when he took her hand and she congratulated him on his speech.

Charley, always just a little diffident, returned the look and gazed into those big, soulful, tender, woman's eyes—and he grew weak and grasped the door-jamb for support.

When he got out into the open air, he made excuses to his companions and started to walk. He walked three miles and back, at a terrific pace, trying to whip himself into life and sanity.

A woman had looked at him—at Pickett of Iowa. It was two weeks after the Experience that I met him in Des Moines, and his first words were—" Oh! Col. Little-Journeys—by the gods! why don't you write some journeys to the homes of Great Actors? And say, put Maude Adams first. She is not only a great woman, but a great artist. I met her not long ago,—she looked into my eyes. Say, come in here and we 'll order Tom Reed's booze, a quart of sweet cream and a bottle of Apollinaris, and we 'll drink to America's sweetest and best—America's only—the world's only—Maude Adams."

So we ordered the Tom Reed brand and talked of the histrionic art. Charley did n't describe the Look just as I have; but I knew what it was, for, centuries ago—in a former incarnation—I, too, had a woman look at me that way and her gaze burned a brand deep into my soul. Only a look! Eyes that look into eyes.

At Cedar Falls, only one man asked me the object of *The Philistine* Magazine. There was a Little Feed after the eloquence, where Dr. Fullerton told of another Little Feed he once attended,

where eight men were sent home in one hack; and the driver simply rang the door bell and when a feminine voice called from an upper window, " Who is there? " the Jehu replied, " Missus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your Baby! "
Fort Dodge is a beautiful town, with more active wealth and more office-holders, for its size, than any town in the United States. Fort Dodge is the home of George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, and M. D. O'Connell, Solicitor of the Treasury. Dolliver lives there, also, and modestly says his town can fill all vacancies at Washington, that may occur.
Captain Yeoman, of Fort Dodge, is one of the finest, old-school gentlemen I ever met. He is as lovable as Col. Carter of Cartersville. Capt. Yeoman is also somewhat of a politician, as is every one else at Fort Dodge. The Hon. Michael Healey told me that for a while Capt. Yeoman had his eye on General Hazen's old place; but alas! Fate allowed it to be filled by another.
At the Banquet given in my honor, in Capt. Yeoman's suite of offices, Will Kenyon made the best speech of the evening, with Chantland a close second. Yeoman told me, confidentially, that he gave these little Banquets, not so much for the guest, but to give the boys a chance to work off their oratorical Dolliver besum. Yeoman is an ideal host, but once, in his anxiety to have things go just right, he called to a waiter and said, " Damn you, sah! remove those oyster-shells," and then apologized profusely to me, for having used the expletive. I excused him. Yeoman has his name written in history, being one of the three men who received the reward offered for the capture of Jefferson Davis. Then, Yeoman turned around and just like him, divided the money with a dozen others, whom he declared had done as much in earning it as he had.
Talking about Congressmen, I trust no one will, for a moment, imagine I am prejudiced toward those who work at the law-manufacturing business. Several of my best friends work at

modeling hand-made statutes. Now, there is Dolliver, for instance, whom I just mentioned. Dolliver is a remarkable man, with a remarkable personality—wise, earnest, sincere, with the most beautiful, ball-bearing, nickle-plated bluff I ever saw. When Dolliver does n't know for sure he touches a button and out comes this charming adjustable bluff, operating as noiselessly and perfectly as an electric crane.

Cousins, Beveridge and Dolliver form a trinity of strong men, such as only the climate, soil and social environments of the Middle West can produce. All are products of the Common School, are self-made in the best sense, and each reveals, in a becoming way, the loving marks of the hammer. Beveridge says the Philippines are rich, passing rich in ore, lumber and soil, and we should therefore cling to them. Cousins reads Ouida for style; and operates a good, self-lubricating bluff, too, but does not have to work it quite so often as Dolliver does his.

Beveridge does justice to a double-breasted Prince Albert better than any man in Washington, and when he requires a bluff, borrows one of his neighbors. Indiana is very proud of Beveridge, and Iowa will continue sending Dolliver and Cousins to Congress until Kingdom Kum, for they are an honor to the commonwealth which they represent.

I have heard it said that no hotel could thrive without a bar. The hotel in Iowa that has a bar is the exception, and there are prosperous hotels in every town, where no liquors are to be had. As an instance, I might name the Duncombe House at Fort Dodge, whose proprietor, I was told, makes twenty thousand a year out of the business. Iowa will yet be the richest state in the Union. This will be simply because she has greater natural advantages than any other state. Her adults produce, three times over, more money per capita than the adults of New York State. All wealth is dug out of the ground, and Iowa has more acres of fertile land for her size than any other state in the Union.

Money is flowing into Iowa in a steady stream for her corn, hogs, cattle and horses. There is no such thing as a failure of crops in Iowa. The richness of the land is inexhaustible, and as the farmers are, for the most part, also stock raisers, feeding out their crops, the quality of the soil is getting richer, instead of poorer.

New England first accumulated wealth through her foreign trade, and thus supplied the capital to start her manufactories. The surplus income from the factories was loaned to the West; but now Iowa is paying back her loans. Most of the money being loaned now in Iowa is owned by Iowa citizens. The banks throughout the state ask no favors from the East—they have all the funds they need. And already there is a surplus in dozens and scores of small towns and cities seeking investment. What to do with the money is the question! Of course the East does not want it, and the result is, it is being used at home to erect and equip manufactories, office buildings, opera houses, street car lines, libraries, schools and colleges.

It is just as it is with big corporations that are making more money than they need—they search out ways and means to invest it in improvements. It is said the New York Central Railroad's chief difficulty is to keep down its dividends, and for this reason every possible improved appliance is purchased. Iron bridges have taken the place of wooden ones; arched stone bridges are now taking the place of iron ones; steel rails replace all iron ones; two thousand miles of steel rails have recently been taken up to put down heavier ones; stone ballast has replaced dirt; heavier engines and better cars are being purchased.

And so the tendency of things is to invest your surplus at home. ¶ Iowa is doing it, and will continue to do it. And this policy, with the entire discontinuance of sending interest money out of the state, will yet make her the Empire State of the Union. There is no look of veneer nor smell of varnish about Des Moines. It is Hartford, Conn., transplanted. There was a reception at the

Hotel Savery, in my honor, and of the two hundred women I met, none screeched nor tore the superlative into smithereens.

Cummings, with his Art School, will eventually do for Des Moines what Dan French's brother is doing for Chicago.

The East Aurora eloquence was dispensed in the Central Christian Church—a beautiful edifice that seats twelve hundred people. Hon. John A. McCall, introducing the speaker, warned the audience that he was not going to declare that I was a genius. John is a Choice Spirit, even if he does not draw quite so big a salary as the other John, who usurps his name.The week before I was in Des Moines, Dean Stubbs exploited an audience in the same church. Stubbs had one hundred people; I had a thousand, with just five hundred dollars in the box office—that 's all. About an hour after the lecture, the Chairman of the Committee snipped a clove, and declared that Stubbs was n't in it with me—a proposition I did not argue.

An Experience occurred during this Des Moines lecture. I had started, found the range, and the oratorical shrapnel went singing merrily, when the disturbing feature came in. I saw a woman, in the second row from the front, looking at me with a Soulful Gaze. Unfortunately, I am a sensitive plant (although not belonging to the Plant System) and that intense look, out of those handsome gray eyes, gave me a grape-vine twist that caused me to lose my place. For a full minute, I jammed the wind against time. Had Pickett been in my place, he would have thrown Double Arabs over the pulpit. When, at last, I got sand on the rail, I discreetly avoided my Sappho for the rest of the discourse and all went well ❧ ❧

There is one man in Des Moines with an International reputation, —Oliver H. Perkins.

The citizens of Des Moines are very proud of Oliver. He is as handsome a man as I ever saw and a gentleman withal, looking and acting the part. His voice is low; he talks little, but always to

the point; and his iron-gray hair and well-set frame are exactly adapted to Piccadilly at four o'clock in the afternoon. I 'll bet a hundred dollars to one that Perkins, the pride of Des Moines, could walk into the House of Commons, at any time, night or day, without being challenged by the door-keeper.

Mr. Perkins' bachelor quarters are filled with valuable paintings, old carved furniture and curios brought from the farthermost corners of the earth. There are Thirteenth Century Missals, Hour Books, Aldines, Plantens, Elzevirs, Caxtons and Kelmscotts until you cry " hold! " I wish Irving Browne could have known Oliver Perkins of Des Moines—they may yet meet and if they do, I know what they will talk about. I have no aqua fortis remarks to make about any one I met in Des Moines; and even if I had, the Box Office Receipts would forbid their expression ❧ ❧

Des Moines is a charming place and yet—and yet I am glad I do not live there; for in Des Moines there are Influences that would surely disturb the Roycroft Domestic Equilibrium. In Des Moines there is sal-ammoniac and I am zinc.

Lincoln was all right, too,—not so big a crowd, but all very sympathetic and earnest. There was a reception at the home of Professor and Mrs. Sherman, where I met several hundred well-dressed, kindly cultured people. I looked for the Wild and Woolly, but failed to locate it. Among the callers was Governor Poynter, who had the felicity to be born in Illinois, only a few miles from where I used to cultivate stone-bruises. The English Department at the University of Nebraska, seems to me quite the best of any College or School of which I know, in America.

At Lincoln, they pay special attention to having the scholar express himself by writing the English language. They try to give freedom and make language fluid; give wings to the imagination and add cubits to the spiritual stature of the scholar by abolishing fear. Some of the papers I examined, written by the

young men and women of the University of Nebraska, were models in clear, terse, vivid expression. The sentences were short, crisp, easily followed and showed there were men behind them. The period was used instead of the semicolon. It is all Co-Ed at Lincoln—decidedly Co-Ed—and a brighter, more earnest lot of students I never saw. And lookee, Mister, over half of them are working their way through college. They go to college, and there is a deal of difference between going to college and being sent. Those who go to college get there Eli—the others may.

There is a man by the name of Bryan living at Lincoln. He was in New York when I was there, but I met his wife and children. Mrs. Bryan is a rare soul—quiet, discreet, sensible and sane. Evidently she believes in her husband most thoroughly: and as for her daughter—a rosy, roguish little Miss— she looked me over carefully and then delivered herself thus: "You don't look like my Papa, a bit. He is better-looking nor you and I like him lots the bestest—don't you, Mamma?" And Mamma said she did.

¶ Lincoln, I believe, is a Republican town, but whether they vote for Bryan or not, they all agree he is a strong, sincere and honest man. To talk of an honest politician sounds like a paradox, but Bryan's neighbors will all tell you he is a most exceptional individual—one who has grown wiser, kinder and more judicial as the years have passed. Bryan may be wrong in his logic, but I do not think it is possible for a sober man to meet him, face to face, and feel that he is in the presence of a demagogue.

There was a Banquet after the lecture, given by the Nebraska Press Association. Two hundred country editors were present —many of them with their wives. They cut the speech-making down and gave the time to two men—Fra Elbertus and the Hon. J. Sterling Morton.

The Nebraska editors are Good Stuff and evidently are making a deal more money than the average country editor in the effete and dreamy East. They were a fine, acute, hearty body of men and

their women folks were right on to every joke and allusion—letting nothing go by. I looked for them to muff a few of my flies, but they never did. Mr. Morton is a member of the American Academy of Immortals. He has been Governor of the State, a member of the Cabinet and is, and has been, a farmer in Nebraska since 1854. There is a merry twinkle in his fine blue eyes. He tossed a few gently over the home-plate and then there came a fierce incurve, that gave me a walk to first—a limp, I should say. Still, I guess I can stand it.

At Omaha I received a new Thrill—it was the Burlington Station. I believe it was Larry Godkin who once said there was no culture west of Buffalo. And who would look for the finest specimen of pure Greek architecture, in America, west of the Missouri? The Burlington Station is finer in its lines than the Girard College building: massive yet modest; severe yet simple—beautiful and restful.

I walked clear around the Burlington Station, and then, out in the middle of the roadway in front of it, I removed my hat and stood uncovered in honor of Tom Kimball, who drew the plans, and the men who supplied the funds and allowed the architect to have his way in carrying out the designs.

It was Matthew Arnold who said that in America buildings are erected merely to last the lifetime of the man who constructed them, and beyond himself no man had a thought, or cared a damn. I quote substantially, not literally—my verbal memory is bad. But the Burlington Station is built for those who shall come after. It is built for the centuries. It does not impress you by its size, and yet it is big enough. And I noticed that the temple-like quality of the structure had made its influence felt upon the management of the place.

Inside all was clean, neat, quiet, orderly. There are reading-rooms, books, daily papers, magazines. Then, there are bath-rooms, sanitary appliances of the most costly and improved kind;

watchful and courteous attendants in uniform, to meet passengers carry their bundles, and put them on the proper trains, or take them to the carriage stands, or see that they take the right street cars—all this without expectation of fee or reward. In the building there is to be found everything that can minister to one's well-being—physical, mental and spiritual.

As I sat there in that beautiful waiting-room watching the sunlight stream in through stained glass windows, I saw a tired, yellow woman come in with many bundles, and a big, crying baby boy. The woman seemed ready to faint through weariness; evidently she was unused to travel, having come from a distance, and having passed a sleepless night. I saw a stewardess in cap and white apron approach this woman and speak to her; and soon, from out of a mysterious locker, that stewardess, in the cap and white apron, flashed up a pillow and made a couch for the tired woman. And while the mother rested, the stewardess carried the big, obstreperous boy baby off to the wash room, and when she emerged soon after, I saw that the cub's face and hands had been washed; and a bottle of milk, brought from the lunch room, soon put the man-child en rapport with his environment.

And I pinched myself to see if I was awake, and then asked a colored gentleman, who was wiping off the furniture, if this was really and truly a Railroad Station.

I 'm not so absurdly old, but I remember when, if you asked a railroad ticket agent or conductor a question, he met you with withering sarcasm and looks of scorn. Whenever you entered a railway coach, you apologized to the brakeman, and sliding into a seat, looked neither to right nor left, for fear of giving offense to the kind gentleman who allowed you to ride for six cents a mile.

Verily! Brudder Jasper is right,—the world do move.

The School System of Omaha is founded with intent to keep a little in advance of present needs, rather than to lag behind. The new buildings that are being erected, from time to time, are

models of their kind—two stories high—which is high enough for any school building. Special attention is paid to light and ventilation; but, best of all, the Froebel methods are being carried up, in degree, into the higher grades; and Superintendent Pearse is working hard to make Sloyd and Manual Training a part of the curriculum.

Miss Simonds, Principal of the Cass School, has much more than a local reputation as an educator; and the way this excellent woman has infused Kindergarten Ideas—which are only kindness, joy and truth—into her work, has influenced all Omaha for good. This is the woman who worked the Evolution of Dodd.

My lecture at the First Congregational Church, in Omaha, was the best address I gave on the whole barn-storming tour. Sometimes my speeches are very bad, but occasionally I have been known to strike thirteen,—I acknowledge it myself.

Every speech requires a hearer, and to listen is a fine art. There were over a thousand people in the audience at Omaha—every seat was taken; they overran the choir, the pulpit stairs, the window-sills and platform, filling the chairs and sofa. Four hundred teachers were present; the rest were Philistines and gentlefolk of the town. They came with the hospitable mind and the receptive heart. They came expecting to get something—and they did. They filled in between the lines and understood the things that were left unsaid.

The teachers of Omaha understand their business. And this, according to William Hawley Smith, is all there is of education. Education and culture are simply for the purpose of enabling a person to do his work. Do your work and do it the best you can and you are benefiting humanity—uplifting the race. Whether mankind is made better through war is a question—I doubt it—but the man who does his work is a civilizer.

Teachers of Omaha, you are doing your work and doing it well. God bless you all!

Land O' Goshen

AND o' Goshen! That used to be a polite, Baptist swear-word, used by my good mother when I tracked mud over her newly-scrubbed kitchen-floor.

She uses the phrase yet, when she sees in *The Philistine* something slightly shocking.

The Land of Goshen was a part of the Promised Land—the land flowing with milk and honey. The Philistines owned it, by right of Squatter Sovereignty. And the Chosen People wanted it, naturally. All of which I read in the Bible the other day. Look it up—it is a great story.

Last week I visited the Land o' Goshen, in Orange County, New York. I went up to see Dr. Cady, His Farm and his wonderful herd of Holsteins. The Holsteins are Dutch, and so are the Vans and Veldts and Rysdyks of Orange County. I thought I never saw so beautiful a country in my whole life. Surely Orange County in Summer is a quarter-section of Paradise.

The bees bumbled in the locusts; the hillsides were flecked with dandelions, the kind that gives color to Orange County butter; Holsteins and Belted Dutch chewed the cud of fancy in the meadows, knee-deep in clover; the cherry-blossoms rained their petals on just and unjust alike.

Running streams danced and sung their way to the sea; hedge-rows were melodious with birds; white houses with green blinds told of buttermilk, schmier-kase, kraut and sweet content.

At a turn of the road was a little red school-house, where the summer breeze kissed the folds of the American flag.

" Don't pass me any more bicuspidati data," I said to Dr. Cady.

" Let me loaf and invite my soul—Utopia can't improve on this."

The road was running smoothly under the automobile tires at an easy speed of twenty miles an hour.

Only one false note vexed my soul. We were going on pious pilgrimage bent to visit a grave—the grave of the greatest horse the world has ever seen—Rysdyk's Hambletonian—going to visit a horse's grave in an Automobile!

Hambletonian Ten was the greatest sire of trotters the world has ever seen. He has no record, but his progeny have made his fame deathless

We have been told by ardent ladies of the ballot that paternity is a cheap office, and only motherhood counts. Also, it has been intimated again and again that "the gray mare is the better horse." Literally, a few years ago, the argument was put out that the trotting record would always be held by a mare. They pointed out to us Flora Temple, Maud S., Belle Hamlin and Justina, Fantasy and Sweet Marie.

But let the fact stand that Joe Patchen, whose home is at Goshen, is the greatest harness horse that ever lived having gone more miles and faster than anything in the horse line since Alexander trotted Bucephalus a mile in four minutes on a wager with Aristotle

Ninety-nine per cent of all the trotting speed traces to Hambletonian Ten

The run is a natural gait—the trot is an acquirement. Fast trotting speed turns on intelligence. Running is a barroom fight, with not even spittoons, stove-poker and chairs barred; but trotting is a boxing-bout for points.

Hambletonian Ten took Rysdyk, his owner, a poor farmer, and made him worth over two hundred thousand. Hambletonian colts were sold to the tune of a million dollars.

Hambletonian was a horse of powerful build and remarkable docility. He was safe to buggy or spring-wagon, and used to carry the garden truck to Goshen for his industrious Dutch owner. How much speed he had in reserve no one ever knew. That sixty per cent of his progeny had speed, regardless of dam, was a fact.

¶ Horses are a product of the soil, sunshine and climate—a manifestation of Divine Energy, which takes the form of Equus Caballus. Reinforced and obedient to the brain of man we get the American Harness Horse—the horse of courage, faith, docility, spirit and tremendous power. The great harness horses of Kentucky and California all trace a pedigree to Orange County, New York. Why this is we do not know—all we know is the fact.

¶ We stood with uncovered heads at the grave of this genius among horses

I hung a wreath of clover on the marble shaft that marks the spot.

¶ Dr. Cady broke the silence by saying, " If there are no horses in Heaven I do not want to go there."

Opportunities

FARMING has always been the most important business in the world, and it always will be. Hunger was the first incentive to migration; the incentive now is cheaper land and better market. Our ancestors belonged to the Aryan race. They had their rise in the uplands of India. And out of India came the swarming, hungry hordes, in six great migrations

The first migration stopped on the fertile banks of the Nile, and there civilization was born.

The wealth of Egypt came from the raising of wheat. The overflow of the Nile supplied moisture and nutrition, and the soil laughed a harvest.

The next migration was that of the Assyrians, who settled on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tiber.

There they built two cities. Babylon and Nineveh. But food failed them at times, rich as the plains of Assyria were, and we are told in the Bible how certain of these Assyrians were compelled to go down into Egypt and beg for food. And we learn later, how Joseph, with the help of the Egyptians, cornered the corn-market

From Assyria the tide of migration moved on to Greece, and from Greece to Rome.

Each of these great world-powers—Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome—had its basis on agriculture.

Out of the surplus that the farmers produced, the cities were built

All great municipalities had their rise in a herdman's camp; then came the fort; next the trading-post; then the city.

But no city can continue great that is not supported by a prosperous agricultural district.

In the time of Alexander, three hundred fifty years before Christ, we hear of hungry Persian hordes marching upon Greece.

Prices of foodstuffs aviated, and the Persians were compelled to do something, just as we are today.

All and each of these great, proud civilizations were, in turn, brought low when the farmer ceased to be prosperous.

Power in the past has centered in the cities. The farmers were plucked of their best; the cities were robbed of their men and of their treasure.

War and commerce took their brightest boys.

Finally, nothing but the cities remained, and then these cities went down to the dust of forgetfulness. But present institutions for agricultural instruction, organization, Agricultural Departments, Experimental Stations, etc., are turning out men that will not let this occur again, but will keep the brightest men employed to farm the land and educate the farmer.

Land is the great mother of us all. We feed off the land, and the dictum that man is a land-animal has never been disproved nor even disputed ❧ ❧

Men prosper mentally, physically, morally and spiritually, only as they are in close proximity to the soil. Today the available acreage of the world has all been taken up.

Within a very short time we have seen a marked advancement in the cost of food-supplies, and we have also seen a marked advance in the value of land.

Food prices are higher, simply because population has increased in the cities faster than in the country.

It is the same old story—all things move in circles. We have been doing over and over again, just what Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome did in the olden time—not exactly in the same way perhaps, but with a like result.

For a long time we drained the country of its best, and while there has been immense progress in the cities, the farmer was

plodding along in the same old way. He might have continued doing so indefinitely, had it not been for the fact that we have suddenly been aroused by the cry of high prices.

The thought of hunger has startled us into action.

The statement that New York City is constantly within forty-eight hours of starvation has brought the question of food home to our minds in a way that America has never before viewed the proposition. The farmer holds the key of the situation.

High prices of foodstuffs are here to stay.

The United States of America has one-sixteenth the population of the world, but one-third of the wealth is ours.

This wealth was not gotten by exploitation or annexation.

There are just four sources of wealth and no more: first the farm, next the forest, next the mine, and next the sea. We hear much about the mineral wealth of America; but the fact is, it is infinitesimal as compared with farm-products. Even the so-called mining States of Colorado, Montana, Utah, produce very much more wealth from farms than mines.

Brigham Young gave some very practical advice to his followers, when he said, " Mine for gold and silver and some of you will get rich, but most of you will die poor. But if you farm, and feed the miners, all of you will live long and die rich."

In pioneer times and pioneer districts, investment in land is largely speculative. For instance, the purchase of land in terminal cities is always fraught with risk.

If the railroad switches off and goes elsewhere, your town is left high and dry, stranded in mid-air!

Occasionally, even yet, you can see in Pennsylvania the remains of a town that was built up on the oil excitement. In mining districts such tragedies are frequent.

But in an agricultural district, that is backed up by manufactories, there is no such word as fail.

Absolute security is found in diversity of enterprises.

There is one part of the United States that has moved absolutely out of the pioneer stage, and is fast evolving into the co-operative. That is the district of Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan. ¶ Land values here have slowly, steadily and surely increased. ¶ The cities of Toledo and Detroit have doubled their wealth within a decade, and their population is increasing to a degree unknown in any other part of the country. For a hundred miles in every direction, taking Toledo as a center, the land is gently undulating ❧ ❧

People from a mountainous country might call it prairie, but it is not prairie-land.

It lies in the track of the glacier. Wherever we find the boulders and the glacial trail we find pure water.

Here is where the waters run and the winds blow, and only in such districts does Nature produce a first-class quality of men. Everything that thrives is in motion, and things in motion thrive. Activity is the law of life.

And it happens that land in Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan has moved up, within our recollection, from forty dollars an acre, to fifty, seventy-five, one hundred, one hundred fifty and two hundred dollars.

Lumber has afforded quick returns, and a few vast fortunes. Forty years ago it was prophesied that when the forests of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan were removed the population would emigrate, and land values fall. Such, however, has not been the case ❧ ❧

After the forest came the farm.

Ashes from the burned wood added to the fertility of the soil, and it is an axiom now, that the greatest crops in the world are grown where elm timber formerly flourished. And where you raise great crops of potatoes, sugar-beets and other root-crops, there also flourishes the genus *homo*.

There are a great many farmers in the vicinity of Detroit,

Cleveland, Toledo and Grand Rapids, who make two, three, four and five thousand dollars off forty acres of land.

This is where intensive farming is followed.

And let me say, right here, that success always depends upon the itensity of energy you put into your work; the intelligent co-operative application of brain and brawn to its problems.

¶ To fertilize the waste places, to make the desert to blossom like the rose, is a task that requires above the average amount of pluck, persistence and purpose.

In Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan, however, soil and climatic conditions are such that mammoth crops are raised with far less labor than obtained in most States. The Ohio and Michigan farmer mixes his soil with brains. That is to say, he raises his crops scientifically, in their proper relation.

This means, with the natural fertility of the soil, better results. He raises better and bigger crops with less labor, less expense, and without impoverishing his land.

One of the chief charms of farming is the ability to raise a variety of produce

Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan farms produce a greater variety of crops than many other states with a bigger reputation

Illinois, with its broad acres of magnificent prairie-land, does not compare with Ohio in extent and variety of its crops. An Ohio farm of one hundred sixty acres, disposed to alfalfa, corn, oats, sugar-beets, wheat and pasture, will yield a total crop value of six thousand, two hundred seventy dollars.

An Illinois farm of the same acreage will show a crop value of only three thousand, five hundred forty dollars—quite a difference!

And the reason is that intensive crops are not successfully grown in Illinois

Illinois farmers are mainly dependent upon the corn-crop. Alfalfa, in Illinois, is not a successful crop. The land is unsuitable.

Alfalfa requires a soil rich in lime and phosphates, and such conditions prevail in Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan. Ages ago this district was a huge lake, and naturally is rich in the chemical constituents that go to make a perfect soil.

When some mighty convulsion of Nature changed its character, it became a forest.

The elm, ash, burr-oak, cottonwood, grew in profusion. In turn these were cut down, the stumps burned; and the ashes, together with the decaying leaves, made the soil rich in nitrogenous qualities ☙ ☙

Where these kinds of trees grow, there you will ever find a joint clay subsoil, which conserves the moisture, and a top soil of loam, mixed with leaf-mold.

A farmer who has such a soil, and who works it intelligently by growing his crops in rotation, is on the way to wealth. And nowhere do you find the combination of perfect soil, proper climate, sufficient rainfall and perfect systematic farming, better exemplified than in Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan.

Alfalfa is one of the most useful crops raised. As a food for stock it is invaluable, and its cultivation has made rapid strides in this district of Ohio and Michigan.

As a profit-yielder it is eminently satisfactory. A net profit of eight to ten per cent on the valuation of five hundred dollars an acre is nothing unusual.

So the Ohio farmer's income is not limited to one " moneyed " crop. By rotation of crops he is in receipt of money practically all the year round. He always has capital.

An Ohio farm of one hundred sixty acres means an investment of about twenty-five thousand dollars.

An Illinois farm of one hundred sixty acres means an investment of forty thousand dollars.

Which is the most profitable investment?

Another source of revenue that is open to the farmer in Ohio and

Michigan is in the cultivation of the sugar-beet. The soil and climate of Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan is eminently suitable for the raising of this useful and valuable crop, and its culture is being strongly encouraged.

In this district are the biggest sugar-beet factories in America, and there is growing up here an industry that is bound to take its place as one of the greatest importance. The raising of alfalfa, corn and sugar-beets, naturally tokens the feeding of cattle.

Here also Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan rise to the occasion, and carloads of prime produce are shipped daily to the great industrial centers of the States.

Fruit farming in Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan is a desirable proposition.

There are unlimited possibilities before the farmer in this section of the country. Vast tracts of country—fruit-land, rich and productive—are waiting to be developed so as to bring in handsome returns

Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan truck-farms are world-famous. There are places where black Maumee land is worth five hundred dollars an acre, simply because it produced a thousand dollars' worth of celery, onions and cabbage.

A thriving manufacturing city supplies a market for the farmer. He gets his money quickly, surely, without fail. The Parcel Post is a great aid to the producer. Eggs, butter, vegetables, are being supplied to regular customers and delivered by our Uncle Sam and his busy boys!

Thus is the farmer saved the trouble of going to the market and shopping around, looking for customers.

One-third of the population of America is within a night's ride of the city of Toledo.

Cleveland, the sixth greatest city in America, and the city that is bound to be the commercial metropolis of the world, is reached from Toledo in a few hours.

Stock shipped from Northwestern Ohio or Southern Michigan to Toledo, Cleveland or Buffalo does not have to be unloaded for feeding. It leaves this territory, say, in the evening and is in at the Stockyards in any of these markets next morning.

With the cities of Toledo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo all within easy reach of this wonderful Ohio and Michigan district, we get a source of demand that can never fail. The question is, Can the farms feed all of these factory-workers, these operatives, clerks and salesmen? Perhaps not: and so many of these workers are buying little farms of their own. This has boosted the value of acreage near all big cities.

Some years ago the tide of Empire was to the West.

But this has paused, turned back. Now the big land values are in the Middle West, in the vicinity of the great manufacturing and commercial centers.

Here is a district where crops never go back on you. The rainfall varies only in infinitesimal degree. The climate is invigorating. It makes for ambition, strength, courage, foresight, industry, economy; and all these things spell prosperity.

Just take a look at the map and see the location of the city of Toledo ☙ ☙

Throw a line out a hundred miles in each direction and you get Southern Michigan and Northern Ohio.

You take in the birthplace of Thomas A. Edison, and swing around to the town where he sold newspapers and where he began his wonderful experiments in electricity.

You are close to the university town of Ann Arbor, where five thousand young men and women are learning how to do things.

Then you take in the city of Detroit, where half the automobiles in America are being made.

And Toledo is quite some automobile town itself.

Here is a country traversed by the greatest railroads in the world.

America has thirteen railroads that rank in the first class, but it has only two companies that stand absolutely alone and maintain a standard unexcelled and unequaled. These are the New York Central and the Pennsylvania.

The Michigan-Ohio section is tapped by these two railroad-lines, both of which give quick transportation to the seaboard.

That is the reason this district has flourished so in a manufacturing way ❧ ❧

Transportation facilities here are unexcelled.

Lake Erie is at your door, and a dozen railroads, including these two of worldwide fame, are yours for use.

In addition, trolley-lines run in every direction, and there is scarcely a district but that is touched by a trolley or a State Road ❧ ❧

There was a time when we looked to the Far West for our products, but now the barbed-wire fence has been put around all of the available land.

Southern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio, being close to market, give us the short haul.

Shipping hogs overnight does not mean dead hogs in the car in the morning. This always occurs where several days are required to get stock to market.

Neither is there any shrinkage. Things that are shipped at night, which reach their destination in the morning, arrive in good order, fresh, sweet and palatable, and find a ready and eager market.

Fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, livestock—these things spell prosperity ❧ ❧

No wonder the cry is, "Back to the farm!" But get your farm in the vicinity of the cities that demand the farmer's products.

¶ It has been said that the progress of nations can be judged by its architecture ❧ ❧

In like manner the prosperity of the farmer can be appraised by the character of his buildings.

Here are to be found some of the most modern and up-to-date farm buildings in the country. In fact, there are more fine farm-houses and barns in this section of the United States than in any other.

And the children are smiling and healthy, sound in mind and in body. They surely do live in God's own country—bathed in wind and sunshine.

The schools are well-equipped, well-built, well-disciplined and sanitary ❧ ❧

Taxation—the necessary evil of good government—is reasonable and just, and in no case a burden to the prosperous farmer.

The pioneer stage is passed. The age of manufacturing is here. ¶ Killing competition—and competitors—has had its day. Co-operation is the watchword.

As Detroit, Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh thrive, so will the Ohio and Michigan farmer thrive.

The people need feeding and the Ohio and Michigan farmer has the means of supply, both in the produce and the means of transportation ❧ ❧

He is in touch with all the great cities by steam, trolley-lines, telephones, telegraph and postal facilities and magnificent auto-mobile-roads; and all these systems of transportation are getting better and stronger as the days pass.

A Little Journey to San Diego

I AM in San Diego. There is only one.

I have no desire to trespass on the preserve of the ubiquitous Baedeker. All I will do is give a few of my impressions of California, and what I see being done here. In San Diego you get more joyous thinks and thrills to the square foot than in any other place where you can plant your pedals.

I look out of my window to the West and behold the blue waters of the Bay; beyond is Point Loma, where a great woman has built a Utopia of her own; all around are little Utopias; beyond is the Pacific Ocean.

To the South is a long range of hills, and this is Mexico, for San Diego is our most Southern city on the Pacific Coast, and the nearest shipping point on the Pacific to Panama.

To the North and East are mountains.

Things are realized by contrast. Where life is one dull, monotonous ecru, nothing tastes like that which mother used to make. Yesterday I saw the Indians dance at the Pala Reservation; in a few short hours I was dining at the Coronado Beach Hotel, the most luxurious hostelry in the world. The next morning I went fishing and caught a two-hundred-pound tuna. I was very cocky until a boy of twelve, with his eight-ounce bamboo rod, offered me a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound tuna, which he had just caught, for a dollar.

In the mountains we saw snow; in an hour we were talking with a rancher and his wife, and as we talked we walked, and these people showed us fig-trees, olives, almonds, oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, pecans—all bearing fruit. There was a rose-vine clambering over the door. This vine has run up over the roof of the bungalow and nearly hidden it from view. This daring, growing, blowing rose-tree has literally made the whole place a bower

of beauty. The woman took a pair of scissors and snipped us a half-bushel of gorgeous American Beauties, and the vine did not seem to have lost any of its qualities.

And the strange part of it is that three years ago this spot was a desert land, and the little farm was a dream unguessed.

When love and labor collaborate, and water is applied to land in California, the soil is wondrous kind.

Nowhere else in the wide world are acreage yields so enormous. The high cost of living does not touch the people who live in Southern California.

The San Diego Exposition is not a world's fair. It is more than that

It is a story told in wood, marble, granite, concrete, embellished with the witchery of flowers and fruits, festooned with rare skill, all woven with the warp and woof of genius into an exquisite fabric

And the title of the story should be, *The Conquering of the Desert*

In this story there are five complete chapters. First, the Tale of the Aztecs, Incas and Mayas—the people whom we have reason to believe founded our first civilization. Their story is told in rocks, relics, inscriptions, skeletons, implements, and in song, legend, folk-lore and tradition. Second, we get the actual living Indians, as here revealed in houses, homes, gardens, kivas, and the manifold duties of these Children of the Desert played out in unconscious manner right before our eyes.

Third, we have the Spanish Missions. A prosperous, happy period prevails; the Missions grow great, powerful, and then fade from our vision, leaving only broken ruins—pathetic fragments.

To collect, from out the past, pieces of this phenomenon of fate and give us again the Mission with its sacred bells, its orderly industry, its wise economy, its art, and all its pulsing activities in myriad forms, this is a part of this unique Exposition.

The fourth chapter is the modern one—the picture of what is being done here and now by applying love, labor and water to land, so that the desert indeed is being made to blossom like the rose

The fifth chapter is the ideal city of the future, when beauty and business blend, and science and labor join hands. And the net result is the San Diego Exposition, probably the most beautiful exposition ever constructed by human hands.

The great civilizations, dead and turned to dust—Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome—were on the Twenty-eighth Parallel.

Time turned a furrow that buried them.

For a thousand years the world slept; then came the new civilization—the civilization of Europe, of Great Britain, of America—the civilization of the Forty-second Parallel.

Fate decreed that the first permanent settlement in America should be on the Atlantic, and where, so far as we know, civilized man had never before found a footing. But in the Southwest there existed, five thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand years before, a civilization great, proud and powerful.

This is proved by the skulls that are found—skulls that reveal fully as much brain-power as the civilized man of today possesses. Then there are implements, tools, ornaments, that bespeak sentiment, romance, ingenuity, skill, ambition, animation, high endeavor

Long before the days when Egypt ruled the world, America had a civilization great as that over which Rameses held proud sway, and which Moses beheld, fifteen hundred years before Christ, crumbling into ruins.

At San Diego is shown the evolution of man. It is pictured how he once existed, as he now exists, and a tangible example is shown of what he will yet be.

It is a strange thing that the "Dry Country" should have so long been regarded as barren and forbidding.

This fallacy arose from man's inability to cope with Nature. He did not know how to apply love and labor to land, adding by engineering genius the necessary amount of moisture and letting God's sunshine do the rest.

San Diego is not in competition with San Francisco. It has a peculiar mission of its own. This mission is to discover the past, and reveal the present, of America's Southwest, to the peoples of the world.

The exhibition grounds are framed in a park of one thousand, four hundred acres, belonging to the city.

That is to say, here are six hundred acres set down right in the middle of a fourteen-hundred-acre park.

The approaches to the exposition grounds are through this park. Thus the park is a frame or wreath of vines, flowers and trees—strange and curious, such as the beholder can see nowhere else in such profusion in the whole round world.

Around the Exposition Grounds there are no shops, stores, factories, hotels, residences. You just behold this wondrous world of foliage and flowers, filling the valleys, crowning the hills, with the interspersed spaces carpeted with greenery.

The setting is ingenious, skilful, highly artistic, in rare good taste, and is an object-lesson unforgettable.

Here is shown every tree and practically every flower and plant that will flourish the year round in this climate.

You behold this wealth of beauty before you enter the Exposition Grounds, and thus is your mind prepared for further miracles. You pass into the Exposition through a courtyard, where on one side is a church, a replica of some classic of Colonial Spain at her best, historically accurate, rarely beautiful, and your adjectives being already exhausted you repeat to yourself extracts from the *Essay on Silence*. On the other side of the courtway are the long cloistered walls of a monastery.

Monks clad in cowl and horsehair robe, with rope girdle, or amice-

tired and stoled with the sacred tippet, pass to and fro on errand bent, or solemnly conduct the visitor.

Passing through the portals, past the church and the monastery, you find yourself in a city gay with color, bright with beauty. Dancing girls now and then appear, clad in the gay garb of ancient Spain, illustrating their native steps with dignity and grace. Music is heard—the soft tinkle of guitar, or perhaps a concert is being given in an open space.

This ideal city is paved, not with good intentions, but with art tile, brick, concrete. There is no dust. Along each street is a cloistered walk, so visitors who wish to avoid the warm rays of the gorgeous sun may do so. Then along all these miles of cool cloisters are seats where the pilgrim may rest—seats and yet again seats that beckon and invite.

Then there are shady nooks that lure, where tables are provided so one may write to the folks at home, or where we may rest and muse, and pack the silence with the thoughts that are beyond speech

No warning signs appear. The negative is never used. This whole exhibition is an affirmation. Children and grown-ups who wish to walk over the soft yielding turf may do so to their heart's content

That people will not destroy their own property is assumed.

This place is yours to enjoy, to use, to inspire, to animate, to instruct. The fruits, flowers, shrubbery, here are safe—it is a world of ladies and gentlemen, each one realizing that he is not only beholding a show, but that he is part of it.

This is a world of friends. He who giveth most, receiveth most.

¶ Guides garbed in the gay costumes of Spain or Mexico, or clad in the subdued dress of monasteries or nunneries, pass by. If you wish their services, they are yours for the asking.

Every guest is a distinguished guest.

Courtesy, kindness, good-cheer, everywhere prevail.

The new time is at hand and to bestow a kindness and extend a courtesy is the constant endeavor.

That smile on the fine face of the Director-General is contagious.

¶ Thus do we get an Exposition with a soul, a gathering of the clans for diversion, instruction and sweet communion.

The whole place is an art-gallery, a school, a playground, a campus, a college, a panorama of the days agone, and a prophecy of the things yet to be.

People in the East, looking on the map, imagine that the climate of Southern California approximates the tropics. The fact is, at San Diego, the nights are so cool that woolen blankets are acceptable in August—and in fact the year around. At noon in the sun the thermometer marks a hundred.

"The cool of the day" gives both man and vegetation a rest that Nature seems to require. In electricity, power comes from the interrupted current. The broken current is the secret of the telephone ❧ ❧

Growth in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is an electric process, as Mr. Edison avers. The variation in temperature here tends to make living a constant delight. Enervation and depression are *ausgespiel* as the hookworm.

The San Diego atmosphere is in motion. Always and forever we enjoy the gentle breeze blowing in from the sea—cool, delightful, refreshing. If there is any place in the wide world where repair equals waste, it is here. Let Col. Ponce de Leon look no further.

Today I went horseback-riding with a man of ninety-seven, and later in the day a lad of a hundred and four challenged me to go swimming in the surf, and I accepted.

Here at San Diego live two ex-Secretaries of the Treasury: one was in Cleveland's cabinet, and the other served under McKinley. I knew these men twenty-five years ago, and time has touched them with only a velvet finger. I asked them the secret. "Sunshine," they responded; "just sunshine and the ocean breeze."

¶ They are representative types of a good many of the citizens of this very remarkable little city. San Diego has doubled its population in five years' time. The last buildings built are the best. This reveals faith in the permanence of the city.

The opening of the Panama Canal gives an outlet for the products of the great Southwest. San Diego, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, is only three weeks from New York by slow-freight steamer, and four weeks from London.

In Colorado, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and California, only about one-sixth of the irrigated land is under the plow. Forty acres of irrigated land are equal to one hundred sixty acres, say, in the Mississippi Valley.

I saw many little farms, say of ten acres, in California, on which a family of half a dozen were making a good living.

Among other exhibits at San Diego I saw a miniature farm of five acres planted to oranges, lemons, almonds, figs, pepper-trees, eucalyptus, and a variety of vegetables, fruits and flowers that this country has to offer.

It is no imitation farm—just the genuine thing.

You are told how long it has taken to produce these trees, the cost of maintenance, the original cost of the land, the expenditure for labor. The man and his wife who operate this little farm live on the premises, and it is their business to explain to interested visitors every detail of building and maintaining such a successful little ranch ❧ ❧

What one man can do, thousands or millions of others can do. Just to show the wealth of flowers, San Diego has flower-girls giving away bouquets and blossoms galore to every visitor that passes by—and these flowers are raised right here on the grounds before your eyes, clipped while the dew is on! The credit for the original San Diego Idea must go to G. Aubrey Davidson. He is the Papa of the Preserve. His prophetic vision saw it first. The task then was to find the men who could materialize it.

And while credit for the original Idea must go to Mr. Davidson, it was Colonel D. C. Collier—Charlie Collier—who took up the idea and gave it concrete form. Collier is the typical Californian. He is big in body and big in brain, and he has a heart that matches both ❧ ❧

Collier secured the site, planned the buildings, laid out the grounds—and incidentally spent a hundred thousand dollars of his own money in furthering the project. Pressure of private business then compelled him to allow others to get under the burden. But all California honors Colonel Collier, the great original Conquistadoro ❧ ❧

The Director-General of the San Diego Exposition is H. O. Davis, born in Ohio, not of his own volition, evolved in Chicago into a manufacturer and an executive, transplanted by kind fate to California, becoming a Native Son by adoption.

Transplanted products rule the world, said Leonardo.

Davis never says, " It can't be done," or " Whoever heard of doing such a thing as that!" Davis knows what he wants to do, and he does it. He is not handicapped either by plaster-of-Paris precedent or a board of directors, solemn as brass monkeys, who sit on the lid, stroke their whiskers, and mutter in monotone, " Oh, things are not what they used to be and the best of life is gone." ❧ ❧

There is a board of directors, but it is big enough to get the best out of a strong man, as Lincoln got the best out of Grant, by delegating to him supreme authority. Every superior achievement is the result of one-man power. In architecture, divided authority gives us a conglomerate—the Queen Elizabeth front and Mary Ann back—like, say, the modern city where every form and kind of building vagary is represented.

San Diego is keyed. In it there is a motif, and a recurring theme. Also, there is forever and always the dominant sixth. It is a symphony in architectural efficiency and beauty.

In all former Expositions, while there was a supervising architect, each particular building was worked out by some one man according to his own sweet will—this quite independent of the general scheme

Architecture has been called " frozen music." And much of the exposition architecture of the past looked as if it were chilled with fright. Also, in all of the expositions that have been given for the last fifty years in America and Europe, there was an apostolic succession. Orthodoxy prevailed, and each World's Fair was patterned after the one preceding, modified sometimes, sandpapered, but imitation always and forever.

In San Diego, one architect drew the plans, and this one man stood by and has personally superintended the completion of every building.

This man had a definite idea as to what he was working out. With his inward vision, he saw the completed result, and today his whole Utopian conception looms large, beautiful, poised, self-sufficient, asking not even for your commendation. In it there is no apology. The work holds together. It has a oneness and a unity never before realized.

The Director of Works of the San Diego Exposition is Frank P. Allen, born in Michigan, and evolved in Chicago under the kindly tutelage of Burnham, Wright, and others of supreme genius; then transplanted to the kindly climate of California. Here his genius has bloomed and blossomed. But Allen is an artist and is perforce filled with a noble discontent. After every achievement he hears the voice crying, " Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

An ideal accomplished, ceases to be one. Nevertheless the San Diego Exposition is, to me, the Celestial City of Fine Minds—the ideal made manifest, and materialized by the marriage of hand and brain.

And the world will come here and pay its tribute of admiration

to the skill and talent and genius of Frank G. Allen, and the man will live in history as one who has planted a great white milestone on the path of progress. Then there is another man here who has builded himself a monument, and set a standard in well-doing that is bound to make his name deathless.

That man is Jesse L. Nusbaum, born in Michigan, educated in Denver, graduated into the Desert, and given his Ph. D., his A. M. and his Phi Beta Kappa key from the Hopis and Zunis in joint council assembled. Nusbaum is an ethnologist, a naturalist, a man of mountain and plain, and a builder.

With the aid of the Indians, backed up by the Santa Fe Railway Company, and the kindly encouragement of Davis, he has reproduced here two cities of the Desert. One of these Indian habitations will house a hundred people. Tier on tier scrapes the sky, built of stone, wood, adobe, thatched after the manner of Indians of the olden time. You reach it by ladders. The place is wild, weird, strange, and represents the rudimentary survival of a civilization fast becoming but a memory of things that were.

The business of this Exposition is to seize this relic of times gone by, to restore it, and give it to the people of the United States as a heritage in history, forever.

Here we see the Indians, old and young; the babies; the youths; the strong, slim, sinewy men who can run eighty miles before breakfast; the skilful, competent, motherly women, suffragettes in well-doing, who have had the ballot for a thousand years, all without argument or civilized militancy.

We see how they weave their blankets, prepare their food, make their artistic ornaments, eat, sleep, work; and we see how they worship the Great Spirit, the Great Intelligence, in which we are bathed—this to use the pregnant phrase of Emerson.

We hear their music, listen to their songs, behold their graceful dances, witness their religious ceremonials in the strange underground kivas—those frat houses of mystery, devised a thousand

centuries ago. Three hundred years before Christ, Aristotle of Macedon, teacher of Alexander the Great, and in many ways the most efficient man that has ever lived, said this:

" The land that will produce luscious fruits, beautiful flowers, useful cereals, will also produce a greater crop; that is, it will produce superior men and women, because man is a partner of all he sees and hears and grows through what he does, and the victories over unkind Nature are his."

And to me, the finest results of the San Diego and San Francisco Expositions will be an improved race of men and women.

Here in California, East and West, North and South meet. Here the Occident joins hands with the Orient.

Here the words of Isaiah the Prophet, uttered in Assyria eight hundred years before Christ, are fast becoming a fact:

" The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water. No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

A Visit to Boston

RECENTLY visited the city of Boston, Massachusetts. I have long wished to visit the city of Boston, yet until now fate has plucked me by the sleeve.

In Boston I fell into the hands of the Philistines, and beyond having more to eat than I needed, and more to drink than my system required, I had a right royal time. I saw Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, Bunker Hill Monument, Bliss Carman and Mr. Day. Bliss Carman wears a bang, but Mr Day wears pajamas, a turban and a yellow dressing gown that comes to his heels, with red slippers that turn up at the toes. He writes only by the light of forty-one candles and burns incense to a squat Number Ten Joss. Over his door is a brass plate, engraved on which is the legend: THIS IS THE DAY THE LORD HATH MADE. Mr. Copeland, the other member of the firm, took me out to have something and explained confidentially that I must not mind Mr. Day, for he was only a doshbing chump.

I also saw Jeffrey Roche, who I was told is an Irish Poet, and he certainly is Irish.

I visited the *Youths' Companion* Building and in the Editorial Rooms saw ten bushels of MS. being respectfully declined. In the Pushing Department the manager showed me a nickel-plated Gimcrack, plated with real nickel, that is given with a renewal and one new subscriber, with sixteen cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. The manager told me, though, that their Combination Hot Water Bottle was their best premium—having brought in seven thousand and two subscribers to date.

Then I met Philip Hale, who writes marvellous musical critiques and thinks he thinks great thoughts. I like Mr. Hale, but there are people in Boston who don't. There is another Philip Hale, who is

an artist—a son of Rev. Edward Everett Hale—he is sometimes referred to as the other Philip Hale. He assured me, however, that the other Philip Hale was the other. This Philip Hale has a chum who sets the fashions for Boston; these young men are always seen in public together and are spoken of as " Philip and the Eunuch." I had quite a little chat with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is the author of " My Country 'T is of Thee." He asked me a question, viz.: " What is the object of the Society of the Philistines?" After I came to I got back at him by asking how old a man must be before he lost that fond desire, that warm impulse for newspaper notoriety? And the old gentleman pulled gently at his whiskers and answered, " My son, you 'll have to ask some one older than I!"

Mr. Mead of the 20th Century Club suggested that the " Roycroft" be moved to Boston and a stock company organized. But after thinking the matter all over and discussing it with the Missus, I have concluded it is better to be a big man in East Aurora than a bacillus in Boston.

On Sunday, Noxon wanted to take me to hear Phillip Brooks preach, but Bigelow explained that Bishop Brooks was dead. Hendricks then said he knew a preacher as was a preacher—Fuller by name—who held forth at Steinert's Hall, corner Boylston and Carver Streets. Hendricks had never heard him, but Gorham Badger had. So I went to hear Rev. Samuel Richard Fuller. The hall where he preaches each Sunday morning is beneath the ground, but Mr. Fuller does not preach underground theology. This hall looks like the inside of a Greek Temple. It is as beautiful a room as I ever was in—lighted by electricity, with not a lamp in sight—so it seems as if the room is flooded with sun-light. The ventilation is arranged by means of fans, and I am told the temperature is kept the same winter and summer. Mr. Fuller impressed me as a man of rare power. He has a reserve and poise that is most winning, and now and again shows the

true flash. I do not remember much he said, but I recall I went away all in a glow, fearing only that some one would break into my paradise by asking whether this was my first trip to Boston and did I like Nantasket as well as Revere Beach and had I seen Louise Chandler Moulton? Yet Mr. Fuller preaches to no vast crowd—there were seats to spare. Is he beyond the bean-fed proletariat? And then I reached Columbus Avenue, and there on the corner of Berkeley Street I saw a big church with a big bulletin board in front, and I 'll tell you what was on that bulletin board. Here it is:

THIS CHURCH HOLDS 3,000.
REV. DR. BRADY, Ph. D., PASTOR.
HIS SERMONS ARE TIMELY TRUTHS ON FIRE.
THE SONGS OF THE CHOIR ARE SYMPHONIES AFLAME.
THE PRAYERS ARE WINGED COURIERS TO HEAVEN.
OUR MASTER IS THE ONLY SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.
OUR PEOPLE ARE KIND AND INVITING.
OUR PURPOSE IS THE WELFARE OF MANKIND.
COME TO JESUS!

THE CUSTER BATTLEFIELD

The Custer Battlefield

SHERIDAN, Wyoming, is on the "Burlington," just one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Billings

In Sheridan, they say Billings is one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Sheridan.

The Custer Battlefield lies about half way between Sheridan and Billings, and as your train speeds through the valley, following the windings of the Little Big Horn, the conductor comes through and courteously calls the attention of passengers to the monument that crowns the ridge. All along, for half a mile or more, white headstones dot the hillside, and tell their silent story of men who fought a hopeless fight and died the death, leaving but one survivor of the battle, and he an Indian, and beyond this one man there were only mutilated and mangled bodies to tell the tale.

I lectured at Sheridan, a prosperous city on the Little Big Horn. Sheridan has every appliance and convenience of a modern New England town

The people in the audience had the look of success—the well-fed, confident glow of the people who work and are making head.

¶ Billings is bigger than Sheridan, but Sheridan has more culture, at least Herbert Coffeen of Sheridan says so. But Billings need not apologize. Billings is the greatest shipping point for wool in the world; she has banks that have a surplus double their capital, and brick blocks that pay ten per cent, owned by Billings men, who a few years ago were sheep-herders, who decline to talk Billingsgate, but who discuss Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and William Marion Reedy with insight, and appreciation.

There is no Wild West now, excepting Pawnee Bill's and Bill, they do say, is a graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory, having also taken a course in Expression under my old friend,

Professor Trueblood of Ann Arbor. But let that pass—a thing you can not do on the North Coast Limited.

In 1876, this whole country from Billings to Sheridan was full of hostile Indians, with a sprinkling of alleged Whites almost as bad. It is the railroads that have worked the miracle—the railroad is the civilizer, not the missionary nor the soldier. The song of the rail is, " Get busy! Get busy! Get busy! "

The Superintendent of the Burlington down Sheridan way is Edward Gillette, the surveyor who ran the line from Nebraska to Montana, a thousand miles, through sage brush, rattlesnake claims and prairie dog preserves, where no civilizing Whites lived, and greasy Crows and treacherous Sioux were supreme. Gillette is a Yale man—but he has overcome the handicap.

¶ At Sheridan I had planned to catch the train north at the witching hour of four A. M. Just as I was about to take the platform, it not being nailed down, a telegram was handed me. Folks who hand telegrams to eminent literary gents about to appear before a large and intelligent audience, deserve to be elocuted—unless the telegram contains good news. This telegram was from Gillette, Yale '71, reading thus, " My private car is now on the side-track at your disposal. Go to bed after your lecture and awake at Crow Agency where the car will remain while you visit the Battlefield, and then get you to Billings in ample time for your lecture there."

" Dear, old Gillette, you 've saved my life, and the rest of my days I 'll shave with Gillette, his safety razor," I murmured, and through my mind ran visions of the private car, no visitors, just a smiling Afro-American with his Burlington Buffet—I hope you know what that means!

I launched into my theme, ladled out the truth as it seemed to me, and ended with a glowing tribute to Yale, which caused a sweet, young thing present to murmur, looking at my haircut, ardently, " Yours are surely Yale locks! "

When I awoke the next morning I looked up at a little clock at the foot of my bed and saw the dial marked seven. The car was not moving and I guessed we were on a side-track. Through the stillness came a faint odor of coffee and I thought I heard Jim breaking eggs and dropping them into the sizzling pan. It seemed a time of great peace—to awake in a quiet car, with all the bustle, roar and confusion absent, and the anticipation of breakfast!

¶ I got up and was preparing to take a cold bath, when the curtain of the window was slowly, silently and softly pushed aside, and I realized that I was supplying diversion for some one outside of the car. I felt as did the lady traveling in Malay who was entertained at the house of a native prince, when her bath was disturbed by a family scrap, as to who should have precedence at the peep-holes.

A slight spasm of anger came over me and I just gave the curtain a jerk and ran it up, in the firm consciousness that I had nothing to hide ❧ ❧

And behold! there was the painted face of an Indian, framed by the window with startling effect!

Involuntarily I jumped back, and then I saw the savage was as surprised as I. He could not jump back very well, because he was standing on the shoulder of a Carlisle graduate, as I afterward ascertained ❧ ❧

The author of *Get Out or Get in Line* and Medicine Crow just stood and stared at each other. Medicine Crow had never read the Good Stuff, so was not completely overawed, but I felt better when he grunted "How!" and thrust a big brown hand through the window.

Over the spiritual miles that separated us, I grasped his hand in friendship and responded "How!"

"Grub!" he said, and made the sign of being hungry.

He really was n't interested in me at all—the thing that interested him was the smell of coffee and the sizzle of ham frying in the pan.

All Indians are Carlisle Indians before breakfast. (Are you all in on that?)

Outside, propped up against the Right-of-Way, were a score of bucks awaiting breakfast. An Indian eats whenever there is food —not at regular hours. He is always hungry. The big chiefs all know Gillette's car—they call it, " Heap big teepee on wheels! " And Gillette always goes prepared. Jim, the Kaffir-American, has a bushel of biscuit in the locker and a gallon coffee-pot on the fire. The ham and eggs were for Medicine Crow, Take Wrinkles and Shows the Fish, all of whom eat with avidity and fingers, ask for no napkins or finger-bowls and none ever say, " One check, please! " ❧ ❧

After breakfast, Major Reynolds, the fine, slim, slender Indian Agent, appeared with a two-horse army wagon and we started for the Custer Battlefield, accompanied by fifty Indians as outriders, volunteers, for they have no urgent business and wish to do honor to Gillette, Yale '71, who has the teepee on wheels, bushels of biscuits and much coffee—ugh, damn!

We follow the Little Big Horn through the cotton-wood trees and dense low bushes that line the stream, cross a rocky ford where the water almost floats the wagon bed, up the bank on the other side, out over the mesa and up the hill!

The country is bare and barren save for the trees and bushes that line the stream. Here and there are gullies, dry and dusty, so deep that a man can ride a horse up them and not be seen even from the ridge-tops.

The Battle-Ground now belongs to the Nation and is a cemetery in charge of a fine old soldier Captain who receives us with becoming dignity. We leave our horses and silently climb the steep slope ❧ ❧

We stand on the ridge where Custer fell, his two brothers there beside him. Marble slabs mark the resting place of the dead. The graves were hastily dug by Terry's men, right alongside of the

mangled body as it lay there in the blistering sun, the flies in swarms about, and the buzzards above, jealous of their rights. A shovel was placed under the body and it was rolled over into the hole and quickly covered, and a stake, with the name of the man penciled on it, set above, for Terry's men knew these brave fellows all by name.

So there they sleep, just as they fell, usually two near together, sometimes three, and in several places one alone a quarter of a mile away, down toward the water, where with awful thirst and swollen tongue, the poor man had rushed down to his doom and been clubbed to death, before he could reach the stream that rippled and ran, and danced and shimmered, all unconscious of the tragedy that was being played to its fifth act, a half mile away as unconscious as were the sweet cathedral chimes at Antwerp when heretics were being massacred and the chancel ran ankle deep with the blood of the Jews, and all the time the sweet bells rang, " Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

" Look," said the old Captain as we stood on the ridge amid the white gravestones, " Look, down there in the cottonwoods you see the teepees now—those are Sioux down there—came to visit the Crows, and the view before you is identical with that which Custer saw on that fateful day."

There was the winding river, gleaming through the trees, the top of the teepees, with here and there soft, curling, blue smoke from the campfires. By the aid of a field-glass we could see the children at play, the squaws at their work, now and then a red blanketed figure sitting stolidly apart, the ponies grazing in the bottom lands, and the inevitable Indian dogs, with their trace of wolf-pedigree. Overhead a buzzard soared and sailed, and sailed and soared in the blue of the cloudless sky.

In the spring of 1876, the Sioux on the Dakota reservation grew restless, and after various fruitless efforts to restrain them, they moved westward in a body.

This periodic migration was a habit and tradition of the tribe. For hundreds of years they had visited the buffalo country on an annual hunt ❧ ❧

Now the buffaloes were all gone, save for a few scattered herds in the mountains. The Indians did not fully understand this, although they realized that as the Whites came in, the game went out. The Sioux were hunters and horsemen by nature—they traveled and moved about with great freedom. If restrained or interfered with they grew irritable and then hostile.

Now they were full of fight. The Whites had ruined the hunting grounds; moreover, white soldiers had fought them if they moved to their old haunts, sacred for their use and bequeathed to them by their ancestors. In dead of winter when the snows lay deep and they were in their teepees crouching around the scanty fire, soldiers had charged on horseback through the villages, shooting into the teepees, killing women and children.

At the head of these soldiers was a white chief whom they called Yellow Hair. He was a smashing, dashing, fearless soldier who understood the Indian ways and haunts, and then used this knowledge for their undoing.

Yellow Hair wanted to keep them in one little place all the time, and desired that they should raise corn like cowardly Crows, when what they wanted was to be free and hunt!

They feared Yellow Hair—and hated him.

Custer was a man of intelligence—nervous, energetic, proud, and his honesty and sincerity were beyond dispute. He was a natural Indian fighter. He could pull his belt one hole tighter and go the whole day through without food. He could ride like the wind, or crawl in the grass, and knew how to strike, quickly and unexpectedly, as the first streak of dawn came into the East. Like Napoleon, he knew the value of time, and in fact, he had somewhat of the dash and daring, not to mention the vanity of the Corsican. His men believed in him and loved him, for he marched

them to victory, and with odds of five to one had won again and again ❧ ❧

But Custer had the defect of his qualities; and to use the Lincoln phrase, occasionally took counsel of his ambitions.

He had fought in the Civil War in places where no prisoners were taken, and where there was no commissary. And this wild, free life had bred in him a habit of unrest—a chafing at discipline and all rules of modern warfare.

Results were the only things he cared for, and power was his Deity ❧ ❧

When the Indians grew restless in the spring of '76, Custer was called to Washington for consultation. President Grant was not satisfied with our Indian policy—he thought that in some ways the Whites were the real savages. The Indians he considered as children, not criminals.

Custer tried to tell him differently. Custer knew the bloodthirsty character of the Sioux, their treachery and cunning—he showed scars by way of proof!

The authorities at Washington needed Custer, however his view of the case did not mean theirs. Custer believed in the mailed hand, and if given the power he declared he would settle the Indian Question in America once and forever. His confidence, assumption, and what Senator Dawes called swagger, were not to their liking. Custer was attracting too much attention—crowds followed him on Pennsylvania Avenue whenever he appeared ❧ ❧

General Terry was chosen to head the expedition against the hostile Sioux, and Custer was to go as second in command. Terry was older than Custer, but Custer had seen more service on the plains.

Custer demurred—threatened to resign—and wrote a note to the President asking for a personal interview and requesting a review of the situation.

President Grant refused to see Custer, and reminded him that the first duty of a soldier was obedience.

Custer left Washington, glum and sullen—grieved. But he was a soldier, and so he reported at Fort Lincoln, to serve under a man who knew less about Indian fighting than he.

The command of a thousand men embarked on six boats at Bismarck. There a banquet was held in honor of Terry and Custer. " You will hear from us by courier before July Fourth," said Custer. He was still moody and depressed, but declared his willingness to do his duty. Terry did not like his attitude and told him so. Poor Custer was stung by the reprimand. He was only a boy, thirty-seven years old, to be sure, but with the whimsical, loving, ambitious, and jealous quality of the center-rush. Custer at times had his eye on the White House—why not! Had not Grant been a soldier? Women worshipped Custer, and men who knew him, never doubted his earnestness and honesty. He lacked humor. He was both sincere and serious.

The expedition moved on up the tortuous Missouri, tying up at night to avoid the treacherous sand-bars that lay in wait.

They had reached the Yellowstone River, and were getting into the Indian Country.

To lighten the boats, Terry divided his force into two parts. Custer disembarked on the morning of the 25th of June, with four hundred and forty-three men, beside a dozen who looked after the pack train.

Scouts reported that the hostile Sioux were camped on the Little Big Horn, seventy-five miles across the country.

Terry ordered Custer to march the seventy-five miles in two days, and attack the Indians at the head of their camp at daylight on the morning of the 27th. There was to be no parley—panic was the thing desired, and when Custer had started the savages on the run, Terry would attack them at the other end of their village, and the two fleeing mobs of savages would be driven on each

other, and then they would cast down their arms and the trick would be done. To throw a cordon of soldiers around the camp and hold it would be easy.

Custer and his men rode away at about eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th. They were in high spirits—the cramped quarters on the transports made freedom doubly grateful. They disappeared across the mesa and through the gray-brown hills, and soon only a cloud of dust marked their passage.

After five miles had been turned off on a walk, Custer ordered a trot, and then where the ground was level, a canter.

On they went.

They pitched camp at four o'clock, having covered forty miles. Horses were unsaddled, fed, and supper was cooked and eaten. But sleep was not to be—these men shall sleep no more!

The bugles sounded "Boots and Saddles." Before sunset they were again on their way.

By three o'clock on the morning of the 26th they had covered over seventy miles. They halted for coffee. The night awaiting for the dawn was doubly dark.

Fast riding scouts had gone on ahead, and now reported the Indians camped just over the ridge, four miles away.

Custer divided his force into two parts. The Indians were camped along the river for three miles. There were about two thousand of them, and the women and children were with them. Reno with two hundred and fifty men was ordered to swing around and attack the village from the south. Custer with one hundred and ninety-three men would watch the charge, and when the valiant Reno had started the panic and the Indians were in confusion, his force would then sweep around and charge them from the other end of the village.

This was Terry's plan of battle, only Custer was going to make the capture without Terry's help.

When Terry came up the following day, he would find the work

all done and neatly, too. Results are the only things that count, and victory justifies itself.

The battle would go down on the records as Custer's triumph! Reno took a two mile detour, and just at peep of day, ere the sun had gilded the tops of the cottonwoods, charged, with yells and rapid firing, into the Indian village. Custer stood on the ridge, his men mounted and impatient just below on the other side. He could distinguish Reno's soldiers as they charged into the underbrush. Their shouts and the sound of firing filled this fighter's heart ❧ ❧

The Indians were in confusion—he could see them by the dim morning light stampeding. They were running in brownish masses right around the front of the hill where he stood. He ordered the bugles to blow the charge.

The soldiers greeted the order with a yell—tired muscles, the sleepless night, with its seventy-five miles of hard riding, were forgotten. The battle would be fought and won in less time than a man takes to eat his breakfast.

Down the slope swept Custer's men to meet the fleeing foe. But now the savages had ceased to flee. They lay in the grass and fired ❧ ❧

Several of Custer's horses fell.

Three of his men threw up their hands, and dropped from their saddles, limp like bags of oats, and their horses ran on alone.

The gully below was full of Indians, and these sent a murderous fire at Custer as he came. His horses swerved, but several ran right on and disappeared, horse and rider, in the sunken ditch, as did Napoleon's men at Waterloo.

The mad, headlong charge hesitated—the cottonwoods, the water, and the tepees were a hundred yards away.

Custer glanced back, and a mile distant saw Reno's soldiers galloping wildly up the steep slope of the hill.

Reno's charge had failed—instead of riding straight down through

the length of the village and meeting Custer, he had gotten only fifty rods, and then had been met by a steady fire from Indians who held their ground. He wedged them back, but his horses already overridden refused to go on, and the charging troops were simply carried out of the woods into the open, and once there they took to the hills for safety, leaving behind, dead, one-third of their force. Custer's quick glance realized the hopelessness of charging alone into a mass of Indians, who were exultant and savage in the thought of victory. Panic was not for them. They were armed with Springfield rifles, while the soldiers had only short-range carbines.

The bugle ordered a retreat and Custer's men rode back to the top of the hill—with intent to join forces with Reno.

But Reno was hopelessly cut off. Determined Sioux filled the gully that separated the two little bands of brave men.

Custer, evidently, thought that Reno had simply withdrawn to re-form his troops, and that any moment Reno would ride to his rescue. Custer decided to hold the hill. The Indians were shooting at him from long range, occasionally killing a horse. He told off his fours and ordered the horses sent to the rear.

The fours led their horses back toward where they had left their pack-mules when they stopped for coffee at three o'clock.

But the fours had not gone half a mile when they were surrounded by a mob that just closed in on them. Every man was killed, and the horses galloped off by the squaws and children.

Custer now realized that he was caught in a trap. The ridge where his men lay face down was half a mile long, and not more than twenty feet across at the top. The Indians were everywhere—in the gullies, in the grass, in little scooped-out holes. The bullets whizzed above the heads of Custer's men as they lay there, flattening their bodies in the dust.

The morning sun came out, dazzling and hot.

It was only nine o'clock.

The men were without water and without food. The Little Big Horn danced over its rocky bed and shimmered in the golden light, only half a mile away, and there in the cool, limpid stream they had been confident they would now swim and fish, the battle over, while they proudly held the disarmed Indians, against General Terry's coming.

But the fight had not been won and death lay between them and water. The only thing to do was to await Reno or Terry, Reno might come at any time, and Terry would arrive without fail at tomorrow's dawn—he had said so, and his word was the word of a soldier ❧ ❧

Custer had blundered. The fight was lost.

Now it was just a question of endurance.

Noon came, and the buzzards began to gather in the azure.

The sun was blistering hot—there was not a tree, nor a bush, nor a green blade of grass within reach.

The men had ceased to joke and banter. The situation was serious. Some tried to smoke, but their parching thirst was thus only aggravated—they threw their pipes away.

The Indians kept up an occasional shooting. They were playing with the soldiers as a cat plays with a mouse.

The Indian is a cautious fighter—he makes no sacrifices in order to win. Now he had his prey secure.

Soon the soldiers would run out of ammunition, and then one more day, or two at least, and thirst and fatigue would reduce brave men into old women, and the squaws could rush in and pound them on the head with clubs.

The afternoon dragged along its awful length—time dwindled and dawdled ❧ ❧

At last the sun sank, a ball of fire in the West.

The moon came out.

Now and then a Sioux would creep up into shadowy view, but a shot from a soldier would send him back into hiding.

Down in the cottonwoods the squaws made camp-fires and were holding a dance, singing their songs of victory.

Custer warned his men that sleep was death. This was their second sleepless night, and the men were feverish with fatigue. Some babbled in strange tongues, and talked with sisters and sweethearts and people who were not there—reason was tottering ❧ ❧

With Custer was an Indian boy, sixteen years old, "Curley the Crow." Custer now at about midnight told Curley to strip himself and crawl out among the Indians, and if possible, get out through the lines and tell Terry of their position. Several of Custer's men had tried to reach water, but none came back. ¶ Curley got through the lines—his boldness in mixing with the Indians and his red skin saving him. He took a long round and ran to tell Terry the seriousness of the situation.

Terry was advancing, but was hampered and harassed by Indians for twenty miles. They fired at him from gullies, ridges, rocks, prairie dog mounds, and then retreated. He had to move with caution ❧ ❧

Instead of arriving at daylight as he expected, Terry was three hours behind. The Indians surrounding Custer saw the dust from the advancing troop.

They hesitated to boldly charge Custer as he lay on the hill top, entrenched by little ditches dug in the night with knives, tin-cups and bleeding fingers.

It was easy to destroy Custer, but it meant a dead Sioux for every white soldier ❧ ❧

The Indians made sham charges to draw Custer's fire, and then withdrew ❧ ❧

They circled closer. The squaws came up with sticks and stones and menaced wildly.

Custer's fire grew less and less. He was running out of ammunition. Terry was only five miles away.

The Indians closed in like a cloud around Custer and his few survivors ❧ ❧

It was a hand-to-hand fight—one against a hundred.

In five minutes every man was dead, and the squaws were stripping the mangled and bleeding forms.

Already the main body of Indians was trailing across the plains toward the mountains.

Terry arrived, but it was too late.

An hour later Reno limped in, famished, half of his men dead or wounded, sick, undone.

To follow the fleeing Indians was useless—the dead soldiers must be decently buried, and the living succored. Terry himself had suffered sore ❧ ❧

The Indians were five thousand strong, not two. They had gathered up all of the other tribes for a hundred miles.

Now they moved north toward Canada. Terry tried to follow, but they held him off with a rear guard, like white veterans. The Indians escaped across the border. When they came back in two years, they returned of their own accord.

Custer failed for the same reason that most men fail—he did not give an undivided and unselfish service.

He did not work for the good of all.

He clutched for honors, thirsted for applause, and lusted after medals and power.

When he took counsel of his ambition and tried to win distinction and place by going 'cross-lots, he was well out on the slide to Avernus ❧ ❧

The men, say, in the railway service of America who stand at the top, are men who have devoted themselves to the interests of those who employed them. They were not grafters, nor shirkers, nor plotters for place, contemptuous and jealous of their superiors. They cherished no grudges, no resentments, and their one thought has ever been to serve.

Had Custer survived the battle on the Little Big Horn, he would have been court-martialed on two counts. First, for disobedience of orders in attacking the enemy before the time agreed upon. Second, for dividing his force in the face of a superior foe.

Soldiers who plot and plan for their own advancement, get tripped up by a Law that is stronger than man.

The Law of Obedience rewards the faithful, and its infraction is a beckon for Nemesis.

Obey, and yet again, obey!

Would I then stamp out all personal ambition? No, but I would write across the firmament in letters of light this undisputable truth, proven by every annal of history, that the only way to help yourself is through loyalty to those who trust and employ you ❧ ❧

I express nothing original—the truth has always been known by the Sacred Few. And all I here do is to paraphrase these words uttered two thousand years ago: He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that seeketh to be exalted shall be abased.

A Little Journey to Delaware

HAVE just discovered the State of Delaware. ¶ I had heard of Delaware before, and thought I knew all about it.

That's the trouble. When you think you know all about a thing, you don't.

I recently spent a week in Delaware, talked to several thousand people, shook hands with almost as many, picked berries, dug clams, fished for gudgeon, and caught a few ideas. I met patricians, plebeians, *hoi polloi* and colored folks. ¶ And this meeting with many minds, seeing many sights, traveling leisurely by automobile, on horseback and on foot, gave me a view of the wonderful little State that I never before enjoyed. Delaware is one of the thirteen original colonies. In point of population it was the smallest of the lucky number.

It is the second smallest State in the Union, counting square miles. In point of wealth per capita, it ranks fourth in the Union. ¶ In Delaware there is neither poverty nor riches. In Delaware there are no slums.

Here the North and the South meet. The Mason and Dixon Line is carried in stock.

Delaware is ninety-six miles long, nine miles wide at the narrowest point and thirty-five miles at the widest. It has a little less than two thousand square miles of land.

It has more sea-front according to its square miles than any other State in the Union. It also has more seething ideas than Kansas ☙ Delaware has three counties: New Castle at the north, Sussex at the south, Kent in the middle.

Some frivolous man has said that Delaware has three counties at low tide and only one at high. This is piffle—so let it pass. ¶ Sussex County represents the aristocracy. New Castle symbols the slow-going Dutch, with a flavor of Swede. Kent County comes

in between and contains everything that County Kent in England does and a few things besides, this including weather and climate. ¶ In Delaware "the Mediterranean and the Baltic blend." In other words, Delaware is neither North nor South. The hookworm is not in evidence, and so far Delaware has not been put to the necessity of making wooden nutmegs to eke out a commercial existence ❧ ❧

The climate is salubrious—I hope you like the word. There is rainfall and sunshine in right proportion, with cool breezes at night that blow in off the bay.

The slow-going Dutch have been gingered up by the hot blood of the South, and the French have added a grace to the heaviness of the Swedes. Here everybody has opinions. But as the planets are held in place by the opposition of forces, so does the difference of opinions in Delaware make for sanity.

As for farm-crops, I never saw such tremendous yields of berries, fruits and vegetables. This is the land of peaches, apples and water melons. Delaware apples are exported and sell in Piccadilly, London, at a shilling apiece. If I were to tell the truth about the number of tons of fruit raised on an acre, or the number of carloads of strawberries, blackberries and raspberries shipped from some of these little crossroad towns, I would be considered a candidate for the Ananias Club, just as any man is who tells the simple, plain, unvarnished truth.

Without Delaware berries, pie in Philadelphia and New York would be a barren ideality. There are sea-fruit and sea-fowl without limit in Delaware, for this is the original home of the canvasback and the succulent crab. Most every farmer has an oyster-bed contiguous to an asparagus-bed. And besides, here soars the bird of freedom—rather!

John J. Ingalls once came here to visit his old friend, Thomas F. Bayard, at Wilmington. Ingalls was always boasting of the things that Kansas produced. Ingalls was very fond of oysters, and while

the oysters were being negotiated, Mr. Bayard quietly said, " Oysters are a great brain-food, Mr. Ingalls."

And Mr. Ingalls fell into the trap and responded, " They certainly are." ❧ ❧

After a little pause Mr. Bayard said, " I understand you produce no oysters in Kansas."

And Mr. Ingalls countered thus: " No, Brother Bayard, we have no oysters in Kansas. God sent the brain-food where it was needed most! " ❧ ❧

And Bayard was big enough to enjoy the soft impeachment. ¶ The population of Delaware is two hundred thousand, and when I explain that the cities of Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit have each approximately five hundred thousand people, you can see the relative importance that the State of Delaware plays in the line of politics, political economy and powder, not to mention other explosives in the way of ideas.

The city of Wilmington has nearly a hundred thousand population, which, it will be noticed, is about half the population of the entire State ❧ ❧

Wilmington is on the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore. You can not go south from New York or Philadelphia without going through Delaware.

Wilmington is delightfully situated on seven hills, as was ancient Rome, but the Tiber pales into insignificance compared with the Brandywine ❧ ❧

Wilmington was settled in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-eight by Swedish colonists.

Later came the Dutch, and there was strife for the possession of the wonderful and most valuable water-front and the generous acres back which were ready to laugh a harvest. Governor Peter Stuyvesant jostled the Swedes and claimed the country for the Netherlands; but the Swedes remained, and their descendants are here found until this day, fair of hair, blue of eye, strong, able,

persistent, intelligent, fitting kinsmen of the Northmen who overcame the power of Rome and paved the way for modern civilization

A hundred years after the settlement by the Swedes, came William Penn, landing at New Castle with his broad-brimmed brothers who were born with their hats on and never took them off in the presence of royalty, nor even when they went to church

During the War of Independence the battle of Brandywine was fought, thirteen miles from Wilmington.

In Delaware you wade knee-deep in history. You are shown the house where Washington had his headquarters. You will find trees pointed out that were said to have been planted by Lafayette, who came here in his youth and after a period of forty years, returned to again receive the freedom of the city and all the tokens of respect that a grateful people could show.

Cæsar Rodney, who made a fast run on horseback to Philadelphia and arrived in time to sign the Declaration of Independence, has left his impress, and tablets are here and there to be seen in memory of his deeds of daring in courtship and patriotism.

¶ Wilmington was a station on "The Underground Railroad," and all of Delaware seethed in sentiment during war-time.

Once a delegation from Sussex County visited President Lincoln. War was on and the Federal troops were marching through the farm-land, helping themselves from the gardens.

And so the delegation laid the matter before President Lincoln at Washington. He listened to them with great patience. The spokesman explained, " We are from Delaware—from the southern part of Delaware."

" What part of Delaware did you say you were from? " asked Lincoln

And the proud answer was, " We are from the southern part of Delaware."

And Lincoln, with a quizzical smile on his furrowed face, asked, " Are all of you from the southern part of Delaware? "
And they answered, " Yes, Mr. President, we are all from the southern part of Delaware."
And Lincoln said, " Well, boys, if you are all from the southern part of Delaware, and all away from home at one time, the State must tip up on that end."
And he produced the required relaxation, which allowed their troubles to dissipate themselves in a laugh, and they discovered a thing that they did not know before—that Lincoln had a few troubles of his own quite as great as that of the peculation of water melons, the annexation of the succulent peach, and the tangible appreciation of all of the wonderful good things that the State of Delaware has to offer.
And these men from Sussex after they had explained their grievance, and thus gotten rid of it, clasped the hand of the Rail-Splitter and said, " Mr. Lincoln, if you need any provender to feed your soldiers, call on us."
Twelve miles from Wilmington is the little crossroads village of Kennett Square, just across the line in Pennsylvania.
Half a mile away on a beautiful little hilltop is a country church with a long line of sheds for horses.
Just across the way is the graveyard, and here rests the dust of Bayard Taylor. Near at hand is the house where he was born. He was brought up on the farm to do all kinds of work that a farmer's boy does. He went to "the academy," which means the high school. When sixteen he was apprenticed to a printer, became printer's devil, corrected copy of Old Subscriber, Veritas and Vox Populi, and when these voluminous writers did not send manuscript, Bayard wrote it for them.
He got an education at his work, out of his work. When nineteen years of age he published a little book of poems, printed the good stuff himself, setting it up at the case as he thought it out. This

little book cost him a deal of labor and some money, but it introduced him to Horace Greeley, who gave him a job on the *Tribune*.

¶ Horace gave the lad special assignments, and the boy always came back with a deal of good copy that showed lots of heart-throbs

Then he went to Europe and tramped through England, France, Germany and Italy, sending back letters home that were widely read. Bayard Taylor was one of the most cultured men of the time. He was an important factor in launching the Lyceum, an idea that evolved finally into our Chautauquas.

Bayard Taylor was a citizen of the world, a cosmopolite in its widest sense

He was companion to Emerson, Doctor Holmes, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight he was appointed United States Minister to Berlin, and there he died only a few months after he had taken possession of the office. His remains, according to his wish, were returned to Kennett Square, quaint Kennett Square, the place he always thought of as home; and here, in sight of the house where he was born, overlooking the broad acres where he followed the plow, he sleeps his last sleep.

At Wilmington I had the pleasure of meeting General James Harrison Wilson, the last survivor of the great general who fought during the Civil War.

And what a tremendously active, wide and important part this old hero has played! The man has lived long, but his heart is young. He is one of the Illini, born at Shawneetown, Illinois, on the Illinois River, in the Lincoln country, in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven

He went into the war as a private, serving as an engineer, and he came out a Major-General, opening the gates of Andersonville.

¶ He was rewarded by Lincoln for "gallant and meritorious service in time of battle." Whenever there was any fighting

around, Wilson was strictly in it. He never tried to save himself. He threw himself literally body and soul into every conflict. ¶ General Wilson has enough degrees, titles and testimonials to paper a room, and enough medals to start a jewelry-store. ¶ He has been a railroad-builder, a life-insurance official, and has done big and important things in a business way. And I discovered that he still had very decided opinions on a great number of subjects.

When he did not have anything else to do he wrote books, and in all has produced something like thirty volumes and contributed a thousand articles to newspapers and magazines.

In Wilmington I also met Judge George Gray, a man who has kicked up a deal of judicial dust, and whose name is written large in American history.

Judge Gray was born at New Castle, Delaware, in Eighteen Hundred Forty, which makes him seventy-four years old at the present time, but you would never think it to look at him. ¶ He has been Attorney-General, Representative in Congress, United States Senator, Circuit Judge, a member of the Paris Peace Commission, one of the Joint High Commission at Quebec, and is now a member of the International Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

He has taken part in a great many big and important international arbitration cases, and his decisions as a United States Judge have made, on more than one occasion, pivotal points in history. ¶ While it is the business of a good judge to voice public opinion, yet Judge Gray has been big enough and bold enough to voice the opinion of the competent few, rather than echo the hoarse roar of the mob. But he has not allowed his feelings to play him false and let sentiment take the bit in its mouth and run away with his judgment.

Judge Gray would do honor to this country at the Court of Saint James, and I have a quiet tip from Washington that he may be

sent there. And I hope that he will go. He has dignity, poise and good judgment.

Judge Gray is in his intellectual prime, and his services seem to belong by right to the people. He is, by education, experience and instinct, one of our great public servants.

Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three, and passed away only a short time ago.

Not many men make a place for themselves in three lines such as literature, painting and public speaking. Howard Pyle was a great all-round artist, and his reputation extended beyond the borders of the United States. Some frivolous man has said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Howard Pyle could do. Also, he was a very superior teacher. His position as instructor at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, attracted many students to the institution, and he benefited everybody with whom he came in touch.

In his pictures there was a whimsical, romantic strain that appealed both to children and to grown-ups. He was an Æsop with paint and brush.

The last picture Howard Pyle painted is entitled, *The Powder Train.* It represents a train of powder-wagons of the olden time, carrying powder from Wilmington to Lake Erie, so that Perry could write that immortal message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The picture, *The Powder Train,* is on the walls of the du Pont Hotel at Wilmington, and has attracted much attention from the art-lovers of the world.

A year or so ago Wilmington received a little more attention from the spotlight than it really deserved—this on account of a group of Valhalla writers, thinkers, dreamers, and all-round literary hoboes, who made the outskirts of Wilmington their habitat

The only people in the world who really live like poets today are

the swarthy descendants of Cæsar's Tenth Legion, otherwise known as "Guineas." These worthy individuals, who talk incessantly and say nothing, yet do work. They are doing what Americans will not do—labor long and late.

They live the simple life, and while they believe in collectivism, they practise individualism, for each man cooks for himself; also on Sunday he does his own laundry-work.

The socialistic colony at Wilmington has folded its tents like the storied Arabs and silently stolen away.

It is not on record that the socialists did any work, except on Sunday, and this was for the purpose of nettling their neighbors who worked during the week.

Also, on Sundays our friend Upton Sinclair and the rest played baseball in close proximity to the homes of people who were not much interested in the game. Clashes naturally occurred, and our friends, the poets, hoisted the red rag of defiance. There were arrests, hunger-strikes, proclamations, pronunciamentos, ultimatums, protocols, armistices, and finally the whole bunch hiked. " Up " sold his dugout to a Dago and dug out.

I made a special journey to the sacred soil where the Utopians sipped ambrosia, and found their shacks appropriated by the Guineas, sometimes spoken of as "Wops." The Wops knew nothing of their predecessors, and cared less.

The last heard of the professional reformers they were walking up and down in front of Twenty-six Broadway, wearing crape on their arms in token of their lost virtue and four of their Comrades, who were blown up by a bomb that exploded prematurely, the present being intended for a man at Tarrytown.

Any city that wants an example of a hundred years of park system and scientific forestry, should look to Wilmington, and be glad

Wilmington has a park of four hundred acres, covering both sides of the Brandywine for a distance of five miles. Anybody in Wil-

mington can reach the park in about a five-minute hike from where he lives. This park is a natural forest of elm, oak, chestnut, birch, beech, growing to towering heights.

The banks of the river have been utilized for flowers and forestry and given to the people in these winding walks, lovely shade-trees, marvels of wild flowers, and multiplicity of ferns.

The factory properties in Wilmington represent an assessment of about forty million dollars, which is seventy-five per cent of the total assessable wealth of the State.

The principal commodities produced are: leather, in a multiplicity of forms, railway cars, foundry iron and steel products, paper and wood pulp, and shipbuilding, from battleships to motor-boats.

¶ But the biggest enterprise in Wilmington, anybody will tell you, is the du Pont Powder Company.

Just across the bay from the city you see the long-stretching powder-plant, the biggest in the world. Here are a thousand acres with scores of buildings devoted to the manufacture of smokeless powder

And down in Brandywine Park, snuggled away under the trees, you will see the initial building, erected in Eighteen Hundred Two, of the du Pont Powder Company. In this first stone building banked up at the sides with earth, two men worked making powder, and the wheels were turned by the waters of a canal.

¶ The canal is still there and the water passes through it as it did when Thomas Jefferson was President, and there, too, is the old stone powder-mill with the machinery intact.

The place could be utilized for powder-making now, but it serves well as a point of interest and an object-lesson in education.

¶ For fifty years the expansion of the du Pont business was simply a duplication of these little powder-mills.

Powder-factories are made in units.

They have to be separated, for obvious reasons. The walls are built to withstand an explosion, but the roof is accommodating.

Risk, of course, enters, but here is a concern, the biggest of its kind in the world, that has continued a prosperous and slow but sure, evolving institution, for over a hundred years.

The fifth generation of du Ponts are now in command of the business ❧ ❧

No family has held its own in America with such distinguished credit to itself as the du Pont family has.

We have families just as old, perhaps, in New York, in Virginia, and in New England, but the money had been made by a rise in real estate, by getting hold and hanging on; but where is there a great industry in America that has continued without interruption for a hundred and twelve years?

Above the Rabble

THE Eiffel Tower is one thousand feet high; it is the highest structure in the world. Next to this comes the Washington monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet. The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet; the dome of St. Peter's at Rome is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

¶ There are four elevators that run to the second landing of the Tower—two ascending and two descending. From this point there is one running up and one running down. In order to lessen vibration to the structure and to the vertebræ of passengers, the elevators move at the rate of only one hundred feet a minute; thus it takes ten minutes to make the ascent.

The second landing place is three hundred and seventy feet from the ground, and this is about as far from mother earth as most people care to go. The highest buildings in Chicago are about two hundred feet. From the roofs of these edifices the people below look like pigmies; the rattle of traffic is heard as a faint hum. But from the top of the Eiffel Tower men and women on the ground all look alike; they are mere dots, without height or individuality.

The Eiffel Tower is the greatest scheme for elevating humanity ever conceived. It costs five francs to make the ascent, but it is worth the money. It will try your nerves, and possibly make you seasick, but the joy you feel on getting back to earth is compensation for all discomfort.

Besides this, change is hygienic, and new sensations, new experiences, new views are tonics. In fact, a specialist in neurotics at Paris takes certain of his patients to the top of the Eiffel Tower in order to arouse them out of their despondency—to animate and compel them to think of new things.

We have all heard of the chronic invalid who was not cured until the house caught afire; but who wants to start a conflagration

as treatment for melancholia? Yet the elevators at the Eiffel Tower run every day, and it has happened that when patients who have tried to commit suicide are taken up in the nicely cushioned cage, they have become frightened and begged to be taken down at once.

Let me frankly confess that I was first attracted to the Eiffel Tower through the advice of a physician. I had overworked, endeavoring to read all of the chipmunk magazines as fast as they appeared. Nervous prostration set in, and neurasthenia had taken a firm hold on me, and if my actions at this time were slightly peculiar, the gentle reader must be charitable and attribute my eccentricity solely to my physical condition—and the magazinelets.

I made the ascent of the Tower by stages: the first time I was fully satisfied on going to the second landing. The next time to the third, and on the third ascent I reached the summit.

Had I gone but once, it would have been an experience never to be forgotten. Alas! the medicine was so palatable that I wished for a double dose, and on the second trip the Tower was only half as high. I was quite blasé.

The work of the great engineer? What of it! He has the earth to build upon, the corners of the world from which to draw material, books that tell him the crushing resistance of his base and the breaking tension of his beams. He digs for his caissons, lays his foundation, places his steel uprights, counts on the force of the wind, computes the exact weight of each piece he will use, bolts and rivets part to part, carrying up columns and girders by elevator, and like the building of a railroad, lays the track for his carriages as he goes. A railway extends iron after iron on the ground; this extends iron after iron into the air. But it is all according to well digested physical laws; it is all geometric. The Tower has four immense corners three hundred feet apart that are mortised into the very crust of the Miocene Period. The

pressure on each square centimetre at the base is nine pounds; That at the Washington monument is fifty-eight pounds. The difference is in the material used. Who 's afraid? There it rises, tall, straight, correct, cold-levelled with plumb-line and square. It is all mathematically adjusted, clamped, implicated, riveted, rectilinear, symmetrical, sure. It cost $1,500,000.

On my third passage in the elevator of the Eiffel Tower the novelty of the thing had quite worn away. I joked with the ticket-seller, slapped the guard on the back, entered the car and pacified several ladies who were a bit nervous and threatening to scream; then I gave the order to ascend. My jaunty manner quite put the passengers at their ease. In pigeon French I explained the workings of the elevators, the cost of the structure, the time required to build it, the difficulties encountered.

On the down trip one of the ladies asked: " Who was it built this tower, anyway?"

" I am the man who built it," was my unblushing answer.

" But I thought from your accent you were an American."

" Madam, you evidently forget that in building towers the vocabulary always gets a trifle mixed."

The next day as I viewed the Eiffel Tower from my hotel window, I smiled in derision.

On first approaching the Tower a week before, I had been overawed, then I admired, then endured, then pitied, then embraced —an opportunity to scorn it.

And this is how it happened: In the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* I read an advertisement worded as follows: " Prof. Le Galligar, the celebrated aeronaut, will make an ascension for scientific purposes tomorrow, from the Champ de Mars. Three passengers will be taken at fifty francs each. Apply early at 15 Rue St. Denis."

An overwhelming desire had come over me to spit down upon the pride of M. Eiffel. Here was the chance. I hastened to the Rue

St. Denis, found Prof. Le Galligar, a bright youth of about twenty-two, at a little wine shop. He was too young to be celebrated, and did not look scientific, yet I paid him my passage money and took a receipt. He could not understand my English, and to me his French was incomprehensible; but by means of much pantomime it was agreed that I should be on hand at two o'clock the following day.

I slept little that night, and was up betimes the next morning. When I approached the Champ de Mars in the afternoon, I could see the great mud-colored balloon swaying back and forth like an impatient elephant. A large crowd had gathered. On working my way through the jam I found that ropes were stretched in the form of a square to keep people back. I managed to reach the ropes, dodged under, and was seized by a " John Darm." I shouldered him to one side, and just as he was about to draw his sword, Prof. Le Galligar rushed forward, all in spangled tights. He embraced me, and kissed me on both cheeks. He introduced me to the assemblage, first to the east, then to the north, then to the west, then to the south. The crowd cheered lustily.

¶ Soon the other two passengers appeared. One was a tall, slim man, the other short and stout. They were embraced by the professor, and duly introduced, first to me, then to the crowd, east, north, south and west.

My shipmates were both Frenchmen, and spoke no English. I was neither frightened nor nervous, but still I had prayed hard that at least one of them might speak English. I wished to hear my native tongue before I left the earth.

But there was no time for disappointment. The Professor seized me by the arm, marched me around to the other side of the swaying basket, and pointed to the rope ladder. I consulted my watch; it was just two o'clock. I climbed up, and found that my colleagues had preceded me.

On standing in the basket the top came nearly level with my

shoulders. The tall man's head was a foot above mine and the little duodecimo's a foot below—his face deathly pale.

The professor perched airily on the edge of the basket, and gave orders to cast off. Then it was that the little stout man got his hands on the side of the basket and tried frantically to get out—he had changed his mind. The Professor slid down and grasped him by the legs, endeavoring to hold him back. I took a hand, too. We forced him to the floor, while all the time the crowd cheered. Then there was silence. I stood on the prostrate form of the fat man and looked over the side to see what this sudden quiet meant. Just then a shrill feminine voice came to my ears: " Why that 's the man who built the Eiffel Tower! "

I looked down and there, to the front of the crowd, was my friend of the day before. She waved her parasol at me, and I was going to shout back an ante-mortem statement but my attention was diverted by seeing that the anchor-ropes, which were held by a dozen men a moment before, were now dangling.

We were off! No, we were not moving at all; the earth was slowly slipping away from us and turning at the same time. The North of Paris was sloughing around to the northeast.

The Eiffel Tower pushed down and away. It slid down until we were at the first landing, the second, we were even with the top; it glided down beneath us a hundred feet. I leaned over the basket and spat violently. The tall man jabbered in French, shook my hand, and the Professor all the while tumbled out cards, dodgers and sundry advertisements in the interest of science. And still the little man lay in the bottom of the basket, and the great city slowly swirled and slipped away, away, away.

The houses were only painted play-blocks gently rocking up and down, and the horses were surely out of a Noah's Ark collection. We were over the Champs Elysees, approaching the Arc de Triomphe ❧ ❧

The people appeared as black ants might when viewed from a

tree top. Some were moving, some evidently had discovered us and were standing still. There they were, three millions of them below us, eating, sleeping, fighting, praying; in houses, on roofs, on ladders, on fences, a few up the Eiffel Tower, but all on earth. Some were in love, some disappointed, some laying plans to get the money of others; black ants working for the applause of black ants; black ants seeking to reform ants blacker than themselves. All born in sin, and therefore deserving damnation. Yet some were to be saved by special enactment. How pick out which were to be saved, and which not? They were all alike. So I damned them all, and then forgave them—electing them to Tuileries in the skies

Paris with its long line of white houses was drifting away. The black ants could no longer be distinguished. The boulevards were reduced to mere threads, and the winding Seine was only a long, crooked chalk mark.

M. Le Galligar had thrown out all of his advertising matter, and was slashing bags of sand and emptying them. The air was cold, and he was slapping his hands; I slapped mine, too. The face of the tall man was pinched and blue.

The earth had given us the slip now; it had faded from sight, and below was only a great, white, spreading cloud. And yet, strange! I could plainly hear human voices. They came as sounds do across a quiet lake.

The Professor consulted his instruments and made notes, then he pulled at a cord. The cloud enveloped us, covering our faces with mist

The bleating of sheep could be heard—the voices became plainer—the green of the earth came back, but Paris was only a gray bank of clouds on the horizon.

The earth was rising to greet us. Men, women and children were leaving their houses—some running across the fields in our direction

Two drag ropes were out, one with an anchor. Again the aeronaut pulled at the cord; the earth came nearer.

The basket dashed against a tree and bumped its freight all together. We apologized. Then we hit a stone wall, but shot up again ten feet in the air.

The anchor failed to catch, but fate was kind; an old woman in a rainy-day skirt and wooden shoes was after us. She ran like a sprinter. At last she got the rope in her hands; she yelled "whoa" sturdily and pulled hard, but could not stop us. Other women came, children too, then a man. All lent a hand. The fat passenger was standing, and the instant the basket touched the ground he rolled over the side into the friendly lap of earth. We all climbed out.

The Professor lighted a cigarette, gave a jerk to a small rope, and the great balloon struggled, quivered, sank and died.

A whole peasant village was babbling about us. The Professor was arguing hotly with the fat man; the peasantry, too, were taking part. It was all in very rapid Francais.

Suddenly M. Le Galligar received the gift of tongues. He turned and spoke to me in English that was strongly tinctured with a Dublin brogue. He explained to me that the law of ballooning was, that the first individual to seize the rope of a descending balloon was to have ten francs; this is to be paid by the person who first got out of the basket. He appealed to me as judge: should the fat man pay or not?

I decided he should pay, and he did.

Then we settled for the apples we had knocked from the trees by our dragging anchor, and paid five francs for repairing the stone wall ❧ ❧

As the professor started to roll up the dead balloon I looked at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from Eiffel Tower.

A Forgotten Freak of Nature

TIME was when the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was one of the wonders of the world.

The Cave is there yet, but only colored picnic parties go there now, or possibly an occasional person wanders thither because he remembers how, in days agone, his father and mother made their wedding journey here, and then came home and talked of it for the rest of their lives. Records can be seen at the Mammoth Cave hotel showing the exact number of persons who have visited the Cave since this hotel was opened in 1837.

It is worth while to note that in the year 1844 an average of ninety-three persons a day were shown the wonders of the Mammoth Cave, while in 1905 the average, not counting local picnic parties, was less than a dozen. In 1844 the population of the United States was less than twenty millions, and there was not a railroad in the state of Kentucky. And yet people came here from all the New England and Middle States by the hundred.

Edward Everett guided a party of New England school teachers here in the summer of 1847. They came by the way of Pittsburg, taking a steamer thence to Owensboro, Ky., and then by stage a two days' ride—eighty miles—to the Cave.

The hotel is here now practically as it was then, and one can easily believe that no new furniture has been added.

From 1840 to 1870 scarcely a person of note then living but visited the Cave—it was a sort of finishing touch to one's education, and people who could not talk intelligently of Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave had no standing in polite society.

Everett gave lectures at Harvard on the Mammoth Cave. Webster gave a great speech at the Cave in 1854, and Emerson, in his essays, several times refers to his visit here, telling of the fish that have no eyes to see.

Barnum brought Jenny Lind here, and she sat in a stalagmite chair that is now proudly pointed out by the guides.

From the year 1850 to the breaking out of the war in 1861, there were held over three hundred conventions of learned societies, college alumni, and gatherings of prominent people from all over the world ❧ ❧

It is worth while to note the stern fact that even the wonders of creation do not actually attract any special attention unless some advertising man gets busy. The railroads really make Niagara Falls go. They are advertising it continually as a continuous performance, and filling people with a desire to go there, then transporting them for a consideration.

In 1869 the man who owned the Mammoth Cave died, and since then the Cave has been an orphan. There were thirteen heirs scattered in different cities throughout the United States, all valiant booze fighters, intent on spending the beautiful income that was forced upon them from this magnificent paying property. Every person who went into the Cave paid two dollars for the privilege—it was a monopoly. People would come, of course; there was no other Cave to go to.

But soon the people ceased to come.

The advertising man was dead.

Humanity slipped back into indifference. They forgot to think of caves or gently pooh-poohed them.

Caves were not necessary to human happiness. Caves are not necessary until some man by astute advertising fills us with the desire to see them.

Fie on you Uncle George, with your Whirlpool Rapids and Horseshoe Falls! Of course the water falls—what 's to hinder it? But to drink it in is an innocuous superfluity. You give us the itch and then charge us for scratching.

President Pierce and four members of his Cabinet visited the Mammoth Cave, and for a week it was the capital of the United

States. But has Teddy ever been there? Not exactly, nor have any of his Cabinet, and I doubt me much if Grover Cleveland ever heard of the place.

The advertising man is dead.

That man who managed the Mammoth Cave in the good old days was an ornithological specimen worth while.

He used to have folks lost in the Cave, and searching parties would go to find them. To properly impress his patrons—for he was a psychologist—he had them all put on special suits when about to enter the Cave—women in trousers and short skirts, and around the edges of the skirt were tiny bells that tinkled as the fair ones walked. This was so you could find her if she got lost, or did n't. The caps he provided were very fetching. And as for the men's garb, it was sufficiently hideous to be interesting.

Then for a time the plan was adopted of tying the entire party together with ropes, lest some be lost or fall into dangerous places. For the use of the compulsory suit one dollar was charged, and besides this the regular fee for the services of the guide was two dollars. Geological specimens, gathered by yourself, were figured according to your pocketbook. Statistics say that forty million pounds of specimens have been carried from Mammoth Cave, this is not counting those imported to the spot from distant points, in defiance of the Interstate Commerce ruling as to the long haul clause ❧ ❧

As for the Cave itself, let it be known that it is for the most part perfectly dry; there are no dangerous places in it where the casual sightseer is expected to take risks, and Mark Twain in a white duck suit could make the trip and come out with his attire looking as immaculate as it did when he made that little journey in company with Phoebe Snow.

I said that the manager of the Mammoth Cave was a lulu, the proof of which lies in the fact that he attracted P. T. Barnum to this hole in the ground, and Jenny Lind sang there, miles from

daylight, at ten per; and the money was given to the poor people who crawl on the earth's crust, so they could afford to visit this wonder of the world. People came from Memphis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington to hear Jenny warble below the surface ❧ ❧

Beecher once preached in the same place from a stalagmite pulpit, built by Providence. The manager was quite religious, and so had services in the Cave every Sunday for the spiritual benefit of his guests, wherein the preacher used a strictly underground vocabulary. The communicants walked into the bowels of the earth, each carrying a lighted candle, and there had the unique satisfaction of lifting up their voices in prayer and praise to God, who, having made the Cave, was doubtless pleased with its use.

¶ One innocent little piece of pleasantry that good manager of the olden time used to practise was in giving each person a lighted candle when the assembled pilgrims stood on the steps of the veranda, clothed in overalls and their right minds, ready to descend to purgatory. Down the hill they walked in solemn processional, and as they filed into the mouth of hell, the strong draft that always blows outward in summer from the cavern put out every light. About this time a man with a candle would mysteriously appear farther ahead, where the air was still, and the wise virgins would grope on a little way into the ebony gloom and there renew their lights.

And everybody for a time ceased introspection and got a No. Six Thrill! ❧ ❧

At the Mammoth Cave hotel is a large Newfoundland dog that has a gravity of demeanor like unto that of William of Albany, or Bill Walker of Fargo. This dog accompanies each party down the hill to the mouth of the Cave; and as they enter the gloaming the dog loses his nerve, and turning about, still preserving his dignity, although with tail at halfmast, walks deliberately back to the hotel.

Not long ago a humorous swain, thinking to amuse the ladies, and feeling sorry for the dog that was so near Mammoth Cave, yet had never been in it, seized the brute by the collar and attempted to drag him into the yawning entrance that lured and invited. It cost the humorist five dollars for cauterizing the region of his glutius maximus, this amount being paid to a local Wire Grass doctor, who refused to guarantee against rabies until the patient had invested as much more in the Kentucky specialty for everybody ❧ ❧

We all drank to the health of the dog. This true story should be prized by the young, since it teaches two things: First, that some dogs have wills of their own. And second, that occasionally the Smart Aleck gets what is coming to him.

As you go down the hill to the mouth of the Cave you traverse a hundred yards or so of the finest woodland scenery in the world. It looks like a virgin forest where the hand of man has never trod, to use the phrase of my Hibernian-American friend, Colonel William Marion Reedy. Great gnarled walnut trees stretch out friendly branches over you; tall sycamores tower to the sky as if on guard; clumps of pawpaw and tangles of blackberries abound, while below a wilderness of ferns and mosses revel in Linnæan wealth. And through the branches you see that the great trees are held together in common brotherhood by giant grapevines that wind in and out in hawser-like coils.

The beauty of all this verdure impresses itself on one, just as we are told that a man on the way to the gallows beholds a charm in nature that before he wist not of.

Down below us yawns the entrance to the Cave; all around it this beauteous mass of verdure. Across the entrance to the cavern falls a Minnehaha veil of water. You dodge the Cascade, and looking down are surprised to find that this falling water does not flow on in a stream—it just disappears right into the ground as it falls ❧ ❧

We pass on into the Cave that narrows as we walk. Fifty feet or so and we come to a narrow, barred iron gate locked with a padlock. The guide hands his lantern to one of the visitors and fumbles at the lock.

Through the gates we peer into impenetrable night; back behind can still be seen a tiny glimpse of the blue sky.

"Oh, I feel so faint!" cries a lady of our party.

Flasks are produced, for we are all Kentucky Colonels. Also there is a priest with us we have dubbed the Kentucky Cardinal, and he offers consolations. "She is not faint—she only thinks she feels faint," says her brute husband who has been conversing with a disciple of Mary Baker Eddy.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I 'll have to go back," moans the lady.

"The dog will show her the way," suggests the guide in pretended disinterestedness.

The dog with his bishopric dignity has just solemnly turned back, and the lady follows.

We pass on into the narrows where that bear hunter, Hutchins, in 1802 crawled fearlessly after one thing and discovered a greater, just as did Columbus—and as we all do.

We look back and see only blackest night; the same in front. The way widens—but night still holds us in his arms.

Silence has given place to talk and the most persistent chatterer is still. The only book read in the Cave is the *Essay on Silence*. The awfulness of solitude subdues. We think of the Newfoundland dog and inwardly commend his judgment.

The guide stops.

From the pouch which hangs over his shoulder he takes something, fastens it in the sharp end of his cane, lights this at his lantern, and flings it, burning aloft.

The rocket hisses through the air, and to our astonishment we are standing in the famed Rotunda, a natural theater hewn by natural forces out of the solid stone. This theater is sixty feet

high, eighty feet wide and over a hundred feet long. The Bengal lights illumine every crevice with a strange, wondrous light, and reveal traceries of stalactite spun as fine as silken curtains and beautiful as a dream.

" It seems just like a play!" whispered a ten-year-old girl to me.

A flaring torch is lighted, and our spirits revive. Everybody draws heavily on his stock of adjectives.

The Mammoth Cave is no fake. Nobody who ever sees it is disappointed, no matter how blasé his temperament or curdled his heart ❧ ❧

If nothing more than this Rotunda were shown, it would still be one of the wonders of creation.

But beyond the Rotunda you follow mile after mile through this never ending night. Seven miles are walked—we had been gone three hours. Not once did I hear any one speak of being tired. There are longer routes, and many of them. Stay a week and hire a guide by the day if you are a genuine descendant of the cave men. One man I met at the Mammoth Cave hotel had been there two weeks, had hired two guides by the day, and traversed one hundred and fifty miles of tortuous passages.

In Egypt, in the presence of the pyramids, Napoleon began that famous speech by saying : " Soldiers: Twenty centuries look down upon you," but in the Mammoth Cave one can say one hundred centuries look down upon you.

The Cave is there, but to mankind at large it is no longer one of the wonders of the world.

This is because the advertising man is dead.

No matter how good a thing is—how great, how excellent, how magnificent—it must be properly presented, rightly advertised. Humanity, so far as mentality and spirituality go, still lingers in the age of the cave man, and swims like eyeless fish in the dark waters of Echo River.

We prefer vaudeville to geology, and Coney Island catches us

when knowledge of the world we live in and of which we are a part and particle pass us by.

A curious comment on the quality of the genus *homo* that visits the Mammoth Cave is the fact that in various and sundry places along the way visitors leave their cards.

One great flat rock is called the dead letter office, and here you leave the envelope of some letter that has been directed to yourself. Bushels of these envelopes and visiting cards are to be seen left by worthy nincompoops, who have a desire for immortality without the wish or ability to do anything commendable. Believers who have never done anything either good or ill—said a good thing or did a wise one—wish and expect as rewards for being neutral salts, a life of eternal idleness and everlasting bliss. Thousands of names are on the walls, mottoes, verses of doggerel and other sweet emblems, so that at times one imagines he is in an adjunct of a bucolic hostelry sacred to necessity which the guests have in error mistaken for the registry office. Mounds of rocks with flags stuck in the top attest to Irish, British, or Yankee patriotism. Buggy Builders' Conventions and Barbers' Conclaves are immortalized by dinky monuments piled up in fifteen minutes while the guide smokes his pipe. A Christmas tree fitted out with tawdry ribbons and popcorn in 1888, by a dame with a strange lust for doing something unnatural, still pollutes the path of the pilgrim.

The guides, who from long service have grown to accommodate themselves to the law of supply and demand, and give their guests what will please them most, point you strange resemblances on the somber ceiling, as, for instance, a lion at play, an ant-eater, a giant father and mother tossing their baby across through space, a hen and chickens, Martha Washington's statue, etc. Just as if the miracle of the Cave was not enough—we demand a hen and chickens on the wall sculptured by mysterious agents ❧ ❧

In storied Westminster Abbey, in Poet's Corner, is a bust of Longfellow. On the pedestal of this bust patriotic Americans daily leave their cards, a wilted flower, or something to express a maudlin sentiment they do not feel, but which they think is proper. One gentleman from Arizona, who seemed full of the idea that life is real, life is earnest, I saw surreptitiously leave his quid of tobacco amid the calling cards. I think the Arizona gent was a humorist, but his action was quite as relevant as that of the pert Miss from the Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, who leaves her calling card at a poet's bust, or, in lieu of this, the envelope of a letter addressed to herself postmarked, " Kalamazoo."

I think now I have a clue to why that big Newfoundland dog refuses to enter the Cave, even though he has lived above it since puppyhood's happy days, now gone, alas, forever! He even declines to act as Cerberus, for no sop will secure his services to guard the entrance to this Kentucky Avernus. The dog is psychometric—he realizes the spiritual pollution of the place through the multitudes who have visited the Cave, left their calling cards, written their names, made mounds, deposited badges, and reached out for a cheap and transient fame. As the Buddhists believe that a place once visited by a person is forever after a different place, so this clairvoyant, self-respecting kioodle refuses to mix his aura with that of the mob million, lest, mayhap, he lose his identity.

To reach the Mammoth Cave you take the Louisville & Nashville railroad to Glasgow Junction. There you change cars and take the Mammoth Cave railroad, an institution that has an equipment of one passenger coach and a dummy engine. I was interested in seeing a Kaffir cutting the grass between the two streaks of rust, and was told this had to be done three times a year, and is the thing that keeps down the dividends. It seems that the management asked the conductor to cut the grass, but his answer was, as he himself told me, " Damn me if I mow!"

The conductor—there is only one on the road—came for my fare and said, " Two dollars, please!"

I handed out the money.

" Well, say it!" he exclaimed.

" Say what?" I asked.

" What is in your head. Out with it!"

" What do you want me to say or do?" I asked.

" Why kick, protest, rail, or balk at being charged two dollars for riding nine miles and back."

" I never kick on any railroad that has less than ten miles of mileage," I said.

When this merry conductor wanted the train to stop or go ahead he went to the front door and yelled to the engineer.

The Mammoth Cave Railroad belongs to the Mammoth Cave estate, and the estate is so land poor and the heirs so greedy that the engineer told me he had hard work to get grease for his cylinders

It took us just one hour to make the nine miles. " You notice," said the conductor, " that we have our cowcatcher on the rear end, so as to keep the cows out of the ladies' coach." He then explained, " Why! a bull got after us last week and would have ketched us if we had n't been on the down grade."

Reaching Mammoth Cave one is let down near the hotel, which, with its barns and rambling outbuildings, is all there is of the terminus

This great, wide stretching hotel, with its six hundred feet of piazza, is worth the trip alone. It tells of stage-coach times and days when slaves were sold at auction from its broad piazzas, and two hundred horses were in the stables.

It is Southern luxury in ruins. There is the ancient bar, fifty feet long, where the thirsty colonels " befo de wah " named their pizen, and argued politics in deferential phrases.

The floors of the hotel look like the gentle billows of a summer

sea. The driveways are overgrown with grass, and there are three colored persons to wait on every guest.

Back of the hotel is a picketed garden that supplies the hotel tables. And a charming garden it is, with its semi-tropical wealth of yams, butter-beans, melons, squash, potatoes, berries, radishes, tomatoes, cabbages, and climbing gourds. Down on the flat we saw a herd of milch cows, and the old spring-house, with its crocks of cream half submerged in the running water, reminded me of boyhood days when churning was paid for in promises of picnics and circuses to come.

The landlord of the Mammoth Cave hotel is a gentleman of the old school, and no pains are spared to put the guest at his ease. The prices are very reasonable, and there is fried chicken morning, noon and night; and if you wish you can go out into the garden and get the vegetables you like best, and a good old mammy will cook them as your mother used to do.

The marvel is, that such a retired, restful hostelry is not full of boarders the year round. But the estate is in chancery, and the case of *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce* saps the landlord's aspiration and keeps ambition at low ebb.

The heirs, grabbing at everything, get handfuls of empty air—just what they deserve.

But death is the great benefactor, and time the adjuster, regulates all things ❧ ❧

The Mammoth Cave will soon go under the auctioneer's hammer, and I prophesy that the L. & N. will buy it in and put the Mammoth Cave engine and passenger coach in a museum. Proper railway facilities will be provided, the hotel will be rejuvenated, and C. S. Stone, G. P. A., will name an advertising man, and the bats of the Cave will wing their way in panic and whir in wild alarm to the eyeless fish the news, echoed by the American Indians when they saw the ships of Columbus, "Alas, we are discovered." ❧ ❧

The advertising man will yet appear and give this wonder back to the world. That wild region of Kentucky fifty miles square, of which Mammoth Cave is the geographical center, is a country of caves. The marvel is that an entrance is ever found to them, since stone and silt and vegetation are forever working with the law of gravitation to cover up and fill every surface crevasse.

In 1809, the year that Lincoln was born, it was discovered that the Mammoth Cave contained valuable deposits of " peter dirt," or nitre—from which saltpetre was made. And it is an actual fact that without the Mammoth Cave deposits the Americans could never have fought the war of 1812, as up to that time all of our gunpowder was brought across the sea.

The cumbrous wooden pipes, the leaches, vats, and troughs used by the saltpetre miners from 1809 to 1814, can still be seen in the Cave. And, in fact, a part of the Mammoth Cave hotel is the identical log house where lived the enterprising foreman who worked slave labor in the Cave to a purpose and made for his employers the snug sum of three hundred thousand dollars in five years out of an original real estate investment of forty dollars. But the man who built the hotel, advertised, and started the human tide thitherward in 1837, made more than did the man who mined the villainous saltpetre.

Geologists and prospectors have now discovered that the whole of Edmonson and Warren counties is honeycombed with caves. And over two thousand distinct surface openings to these caves have been found and mapped. Indeed, the farmer in Edmonson county who has n't a cave on his land is poor indeed. These caves have a uniform temperature winter and summer fifty-four degrees, and so are useful for storing vegetables, fruits, and various other perishable things. They are dry because the water all drops to a lower level—Mammoth Cave itself having three distinct levels, the lowest one, only reachable by boring, showing a river or lake that rests beneath the entire Cave.

On the surface you see as you ride along various dips or " bowls," which are merely places where the Cave has caved in and let the roof drop. These bowls often fill with water, which show neither inflow or outlet, but which from the temperature and quality of the water must have both.

One honest farmer I met had such a miniature lake on his farm that he had stocked with carp. It seems that certain colored gentry in the neighborhood who had tired of chicken and God knows had asked for fish, planned to get these carp.

They timed the farmer when he had gone away to town with his family, and putting down a pipe in the pond, exploded a few sticks of dynamite. Result: The water blew up, subsided, and disappeared, finny tribe, aqua pura, and all. A hole had been blown in the bottom of the pond.

So amazed and terror-stricken were the negroes at what they had done that they confessed, were duly punished, and have since joined the Methodist church and are walking now in the fear of the Lord ❧ ❧

The formation of these caves is purely a geological accident on the part of nature, just as the formation of Niagara Falls.

At Niagara Falls there is a hard stratum of limestone, covering a bed of shale. The shale wears away below, and the hard limestone projecting above gives a perpendicular fall. If the shale was above and the hard stone below the waters of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario would have reached an understanding centuries ago. The prevailing outcrop of Mammoth Cave is a carboniferous limestone. Great geologic upheavals have cracked and fissured the strata so that the dripping and running water could easily find a way through. But there are two distinct kinds of limestone here, one is hard, solid and compact, and the other is soft and gives small resistance to its enemy, the carbon-dioxide, which eats and gnaws just as oxygen attacks iron and dissolves it into rust ❧ ❧

So the hard Chester limestone above and the soft St. Louis limestone below made it possible for water and the carbon-dioxide to work together and do their deadly work.

The dioxide crumbled the rock and the water carried away the debris. For Mammoth Cave is but the dried-up water way of some mighty subterranean river, and all the thousand little caves that are to be seen along its sides were once the bed and pathway of streams that emptied their waters into its mighty mass

Legislators vs. Life Members

THE Capitol at Lansing, Michigan, is the most remarkable building in the world. When it was completed the builders returned to the Treasury of the State fifty thousand dollars that was left over from the appropriation.

However, this was many, many years ago.

Not long since at Lansing I strolled through the Capitol and wandered into the gallery of the House of Representatives. As I sat there contemplating the genius ranged below, I suddenly heard my name being taken in vain.

The member from Manistee had spied me and was saying to the Speaker, " There is one among us at this moment"—and then he told a whole lot of the heroic things I had never done, including carrying the Chicago Tongue to Weyler. He ended with a motion that the House should take a recess and listen to an address by the eminent visitor. The ayes had it.

In a minute I was collared by a committee and led captive to the Speaker's stand. Of course I was a bit flustrated on facing such an array of lawmakers, but I soon got the range and sent a little oratorical grape over the heads of greatness.

Some of the members laughed at the right time, a few laughed with me, others laughed at me, still others laughed late and I hope the rest have laughed since, although I doubt it. But for the most part, they blinked in innocency, stroked their chins and looked wise as barn owls. I was a little disappointed to see so many of my subtle grounders muffed, but life is full of disappointments, and sorrow is the lot of all.

The next day at exactly the same hour I was at Jackson vulcanizing through the prison. A trusty came to me with a note from the Chaplain asking me to speak to the prisoners at their dinner hour. All right!

And I made exactly the same speech to the jailbirds that I had made to the lawmakers, knowing that while some legislators are sent to the penitentiary, none who heard me at Lansing had as yet reached Jackson.

These gentlemen who have taken the vow of humility, chastity, poverty and obedience did not fumble anything. The leather never once touched the turf: left fielders, right, bunts, hot liners to second, even the fouls were gathered in—a matter of habit, possibly

It was a most select, appreciative and discerning audience. "You see," said my friend John Higgins, a lifer (also a Life Member) who introduced me, "You see, the boys recognize you as one of us."

Here is the speech that John made presenting me:

Men: There is a visitor here who is going to speak to you. Some of you know him—all should. He is the friend of those who are in bonds—he is my friend and yours. People outside of these walls are not necessarily free. Many are bound by the chains of folly, incompetence, ignorance and superstition. Some say we were sent here, but you know that most of us came. We had more liberty than we could use and so it was taken from us. We are all going somewhere—life is a movement—in time we arrive where we belong. Existence is a sequence and this happens today because we did that yesterday.

We can get free here from many things that held us in thrall when we were on the other side of the walls. Fra Elbertus is helping to make men free, inside of prison and out, and in his efforts to free others he has pretty nearly gotten freedom for himself. That is his reward. He is going to talk to you about something that is mighty close to your hearts—you all think about it every day because fate has forced upon you the other thing. He will talk to you about freedom! I introduce to you Fra Elbertus, the prisoner's friend.

It was a regular little gem of a speech—no hems or haws—no apologies—no feeble jokes for the feeble-minded. There was dignity and earnestness and manhood in the ring of the man's voice. A murderer, you say. Well, yes, if you choose to call killing murder. Then war is murder. But with this difference, in war you kill men who never harmed you—whom you do not know, and you kill all you can, if you have the true San Juan spirit.

The man in prison for killing, nine times out of ten, has killed one person and usually a person whom he thinks has wronged him. He killed the only person he wanted to kill. Don't you know a few people—certain lawyers, possibly—who need killing? Stokes killed Jim Fiske, and slept in a room with a light ever after. Stokes never killed anybody else, and is now a successful hotel-keeper in New York City. He belongs to the John Burroughs Club and hunts with a camera. The man who kills another man is very seldom a criminal either by nature or habit. A criminal is one who is a thief by nature and a disturber of the peace by profession. Folks who steal should steal according to law and raise hell only with those who have no legal redress.

Jackson, Michigan, has the only penitentiary in the United States where the prisoners play baseball, and to see and hear the inmates root when a visiting club arrives and is trying to punish the horse-hide, is worth going miles to see. When a return game is played the visitors have to come back. " We are no good off our own grounds, see!" said a ten-year ex-burglar to me. Let me say right here that for general excellence, to my mind, the prison at Jackson stands first in America.

Relax your discipline too much and you get disorder. Hold your men too tight and you get a spirit of insubordination.

Warden Vincent seems to have found the just mean. He keeps his discipline out of sight—there are no armed men on the walls; the guards do not carry guns; in the dining-room and chapel, the guards remove their hats, and in the chapel they do not even

carry their canes. The lock-step is abolished. Corporal punishment is a thing of the past.

Out of eight hundred prisoners there, but ten are now wearing striped suits, the others wear gray or blue. And over five hundred of them are now wearing the blue in token of the fact that for six months or more they have conducted themselves like gentlemen. This blue suit is made to measure, and with the jaunty military cap, gives a good appearance, which must surely communicate itself to the spirit of the man. The striped suit means that the man has been guilty of insubordination, and six of the men who now wear it at Jackson are surely mentally unsound. At Jackson the " silent system" does not prevail. The men converse with each other and conduct themselves just as men do in any well regulated factory. They shave their beards as they choose and the tight hair-cut does not prevail. Individuality is not dead at Jackson and the men who enter there do not leave all hope behind.

The noble humanitarian spirit of this man Vincent moves through the place. Evidently, he has selected his own guards, for they are not the usual timber that often drifts into this position at the behest of a political boss. They are quiet, kindly, intelligent men. Several of them conduct night classes for the prisoners and teach a good many of the things that are taught in high schools. Vincent has caught the true Jailor Whitman Spirit, for only a brave and manly man can be gentle without being weak. The strong man shows his excellence by his choice of assistants. It was Napoleon's marshals who fought his battles for him.

Vincent has a quiet talk with every man that comes there, and it is always something like this: " My dear boy, you have been sent here to become one of my family. I want to make it just as pleasant for you as I can, and I want you to help me to make this a model institution. You can help me by just looking after one man—govern yourself. If you have made mistakes outside,

here 's the place to correct them. You can be a man here, and please bear in mind you are among friends."

There is not a prisoner in the penitentiary at Jackson who would not fight for Vincent. They respect him and believe in him. Vincent never loses sight of the fact that he is dealing with men, not cattle. John B. Foote, the Deputy Warden, is really as fine as Vincent, and Doctor George Pray, Physician to the place, looks after the physical and mental welfare of the " family " with the same solicitude he would regard the welfare of rich patients. And the test of good sanitation and hygiene lies in the fact that, taken the year through, less than a dozen men at Jackson are in the hospital at a time. When you consider that very many of the men sentenced to a State Prison are diseased, this is a most remarkable showing. An hour a day out on the campus for every prisoner has helped Doctor Pray eliminate prison pallor.

The intent of prison rule at Jackson is not punishment: it is restraint for the good of the prisoner, and the good of society. The hope is to improve the physical and mental condition of the man —they do not attempt to break his spirit nor turn his heart to stone ❧ ❧

Warden Vincent has done much to introduce the handicrafts, so the men may learn trades and become skilled and self-supporting. But in this line, he has not only had to educate the prisoner, but his real task is to educate the community at large, so public sentiment will back him up in his work for betterment.

Many of the prisoners are men who are where they are because they have confiscated the result of other men's earnings. And now the State steps in and confiscates their earnings. So not only do we detain and restrain the man, but we rob him of the results of his labor as well. Feeling the wrongness of this, Warden Vincent has devised ways whereby his prisoners may earn money for themselves. There are men in the penitentiary at Jackson who send regular remittances home to their families and parents. One

man, a marble-cutter, has saved as high as three hundred dollars a year, and sent it to his wife. Vincent hopes to see the day when every man who is in a penitentiary will be paid for his labor and encouraged in every way to lay up a competence that will stand him in good stead when he gets outside. So there you get the ideal—reformation, education, independence.

There is no capital punishment in Michigan—this is where Michigan is ahead of most states. Where one man kills another, Michigan does not imitate the wrongdoer. Killing the murderer does not stop murder. As yet, where a man steals, Michigan, like all other states, steals from him, but we will get over this some day. We often take an eye for a tooth, and call it justice. The laws of Moses were for the Mosaics. Moses lived three thousand years ago, and so far as I can see, he had no intention of making rules for all eternity. We ought to reflect honor on Moses by improving on him.

We can't reform all wrongdoers, certainly not, but what an achievement to take men who are a burden to their friends, keep them a few years, and send them back to society—even but a few—competent and self-supporting!

A Little Journey To Servia

THE kingdom of Servia has about the same number of inhabitants as the State of Ohio, and in size the kingdom is about as large as the State of Maine. That is so say, its population is five million, and its territory is thirty-four thousand square miles.

One half of this territory is rocky, sterile, unproductive, save for scanty pasturage. The other half is valley and dale, laughing hillside and rich bottomland, which blossoms like the sunflower, and has since one Cæsar marched through here with his Tenth Legion. Afterward Cæsar wrote in his *Commentaries* about the flowers and fruits, and the grapes that rivaled the grapes of Canaan when the Israelites went to spy out the land, and found Philistines who produced grapes, a single bunch of which, slung on a pole, was a burden for two strong men.

The valleys of Servia impressed Cæsar; he beheld the grapes and the pomegranites; he drank the wine which he found in goatskin bottles, hung up in caves; he tasted the maize and the melons; and he saw the great droves of wild hogs that rooted among the vines and grew fat on the masts and nuts that fell from the trees. So pleased was Cæsar with these valleys that he planted Roman colonies here, and the native swineherds showed his people how to divert the mountain-rills so nuggets of gold could sometimes be found in the beds of the streams. And there, even to this day, men and women labor with pick and shovel and sieve to find the shining particles, just as the Chinese work the abandoned placer-mines of California.

Cæsar refers to this barbarous people who tended the vines and pomegranites, who searched, barelegged, for the shining nuggets, and who rounded up the wild hogs betimes, as " Sus" or " Serbs." The words, " vassal," " slav" and " su," mean literally, " the

people who produce." Cæsar liked them on that account. And he took from them his own, as was his wont.

He did n't take all they produced—just a reasonable amount. He was kind to them, for he left soldiers to protect them, and he also left tax-gatherers who collected the tax to pay the soldiers who protected them.

The anglicized word " Servia" means just what it says—the people who serve, who produce.

Cæsar's plan of leaving soldiers to protect the people who produce was not covered by copyright. It was adopted before his time; it has been used since. The Romans pressed many Servians into their army, just as the English in India recruit the natives into the ranks of the redcoats.

When the power of Rome turned to dust, Servia slipped back into her patriarchal form of government, and the soldiers and taxgatherers went to work. They had to.

So glided by the eternity that lies behind.

In the Fourteenth Century Belgrade was a city of fifteen thousand people. There were three of these cities in Servia, built up by the annual fairs, when merchants came from the East and displayed their wonders. The people made their pilgrimages to the cities, just as they did when Christ was born in Bethlehem. The whole family went, all bearing the riches they had produced: dried fruits, cheese, hides, wine and oil, to be exchanged for other things they could not make.

Thus were the cities made. But in the Fourteenth Century Belgrade was touched by the spirit of the Renaissance. Poets sang, musicians played, painters painted, and sculptors carved. So the years went by, time turned into the Nineteenth Century, and we find Napoleon marching in from the North, as Cæsar had marched from the South, and the people were for a time " protected " exactly as the Romans had protected them.

But about the time we bought from France the Province of

Louisiana, Servia was traded off, somewhat as Spain sold the Philippines, and the rule of the Turk began—Servia became a province of the Ottoman Empire.

Servia and Roumania are Christian Governments so called, and between them and Mohammedan Turkey there has always been trouble ❧ ❧

That country is best governed that is governed least. " Make your government too strong," says Emerson, " and you shall have no government." The Turk overdid the thing, and the peasants arose under the leadership of one Kara George, " Black George," and the Turks were driven from Servia's borders. Kara George was a swineherd, a man without education or personal ambition, but a natural leader of men. All he wanted was to make his people free. Nominally the Turk capitulated with Kara George, but the peasant was not versed in diplomatic wiles, and in his desire for peace he allowed the Sultan a Servian foothold ❧ ❧

Kara George was too strong a man, too patriotic and too pure in purpose to let live. The Turks plotted his undoing and gave the promise of rulership to another swineherd, Milan Obren. Kara George was assassinated, and " Milosch Obrenovitch," Milan Obren, became the Governor of Servia.

The Sultan thought Obren would be an easier mark than the blackamoor George, but he proved to be nearly as stern stuff—he was stubbornly honest. He won the sympathy of Russia and actually freed Servia from Turkish rule for the second time.

A court grew up at Belgrade; an army was formed; all the machinery of a monarchy was evolved—and the people who produced had to foot the bills.

The King seeing discontent abroad in his kingdom sought to show his unselfishness by abdicating in favor of his son. But this was not enough, and in Eighteen Hundred Forty-two Alexander Karageorgevitch, the son of Kara George, was made King.

And this man having lived long in Paris and other capitals was possessed with the idea that a court with all of its costly flummery was really a necessity to the well-being of the people. All there was between him and his illustrious father was the name.

And there came a time when the dagger did its work and he had to go, and an Obren again sat on the tottering throne.

Then a few short years slipped by, the scepter is jerked back and forth a few times, and the son of this Milan Obrenovitch, grandson of Obren the Great, appears—King Milan.

Milan married the now famous Natalie, and their son Alexander it was who was assassinated on June Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred Three.

The story of Servia's Court is a comic tragedy, the equal of which has never, so far, been pictured by the players on the opera-bouffe stage

King Milan, father of King Alexander, ascended the throne in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight. He had been educated at Vienna, Saint Petersburg and Paris—I trust you understand what that means. In order to do his work, he had to be taken away from his work, and live for six years among a people who had nothing in common with the people he was to serve.

Milan assumed the Kingship with a most intimate knowledge of Parisian accomplishments and polite profligacy. In Servia the people are plain, simple, unpretentious. The railroads run to a ravine, and there everybody gets out and walks down the hill and up, and takes another train on the other side. Life is primitive. There are no manufactories. King Milan did n't trouble himself to produce technical schools, art and manufactories among his people. He simply maintained a Court, modeled after that at Saint Petersburg, recruited a large army, and one Schenck of the United States taught him to play a game called draw-poker without any special loss to Schenck.

Milan married Natalie Keschko, daughter of a Colonel in the

Russian Army. Natalie was a beautiful woman, and never for a moment forgot it. She was artistic, impressionable, religious, literary, hysterical, gracious and much in evidence. Queen Natalie was descended from the ancient family of Buttinsky, and had all the characteristics of the tribe. The type is fascinating and not uncommon: you will find it on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, West End Avenue in New York, North Street in Buffalo, the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, and Commonwealth Avenue in Boston: the woman not to the manner born, who would be every inch a queen—who writes bad poetry, paints worse pictures, plays Strauss' music on the piano, and patronizes the poor.

The gray mare was the better horse—everybody said that. Milan was "educated," but was neither artistic, literary, musical, religious nor scientific. He gradually took to gin-fizz. He occasionally went to bed at sunrise with boots on—he always wore spurs—and when he and his beautiful wife appeared in public, the populace noted that her cheeks were stained with tears—this was what she wished. Queen Natalie was very patient, very loving, very loyal, and found time to keep the political pot boiling. She was a favorite at both Berlin and Saint Petersburg, and wherever she went she created a small sizzing Number-Six sensation.

So matters went on, with constant efforts being made by the Queen to both conceal and reveal the King's peccadillos—it made her shine by contrast. Some said she wanted to rule alone, and rival Victoria of England.

But Milan was unaccommodating, and would not die—he just got plain drunk. Yet he was a favorite with the army, looked well on horse-back, and signed the papers his ministers laid before him ❧ ❧

Ten years and more had gone. Natalie was in Paris, taking a well-earned rest from social duties, and Milan, temporarily relieved from domestic supervision, gave a select banquet where

the waiters were all on horseback. Toward the last of the feast the waiters were sent away, and the ladies present took their place. Draga Machin, a widow who wore black lingerie in memory of her husband who had committed suicide, impersonated Lady Godiva for the edification of the guests. The banquet was a great success

But when Queen Natalie returned she was told what had occurred. Other things, too, had been happening—several of them. And Natalie applied to the courts for a divorce.

Milan abdicated in favor of his son Alexander, a boy just entering manhood. Natalie expected to remain as Queen Regent, but the people had tired of her, too. She went to Paris—Milan to Carlsbad. Draga Machin, she of the sable underwear, was a Lady-in-Waiting at the Court of Natalie. It was Draga who informed Natalie of the scandalous things done in her absence. Draga was beautiful, diplomatic, modest at the right time, and all that Natalie was, only more so. She was the daughter of a swineherd with the instincts of Connecticut.

When Natalie left Belgrade, Draga traveled with her. Later, Alexander went to visit his mother, and Draga Machin made love to him and he to her. He was only sixteen, and she was twice this, but ripened charms are very alluring to a certain type of youth. Besides that, Draga had been the mistress of his father, and thus had proved her fitness.

Natalie sought to break the bond, and even ordered Draga to leave her house—and Draga did, going back to Belgrade with Alexander. Alexander had inherited all his father's vices, but lacked the gentlemanly dignity which Milan at times displayed. Max Nordau refers to King Alexander as "the child of a debauch," and points out his wondering eyes, his misshapen ears, and the inequalities in the two sides of his face as proof of his degeneracy. But Nordau is a Jew, and hated both Alexander and Servian pork, while it is well known that Alexander detested all

Jews, so perhaps we should deduct a small per cent, say ten, five and two—make it regular—for prejudice. Alexander used to have his soldiers fight duels for fun—he himself occasionally carried challenges—and in various ways relieved the tedium of army life, and gave work to the undertaker.

Draga showed him how to increase taxation by placing a cordon of gendarmes around every village and collecting a duty on everything that went out or in, and also how to seize a certain percentage of all pigs because they rooted on government land. Like Li Hung Chang, she became an expert in taxation, and kept a goodly percentage herself to cover expenses. She became rich in her own right; and look you! She invested her savings in New York Central preferred, buying through a Paris broker. She was the canniest woman who ever wore a straight-front corset.

Along about Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six, agents from Belgrade canvassed Chicago and called up Pittsburgh, looking for a suitable wife for Alexander. Finances were low, and it was hoped that a managing Mamma with ambitions might be found; but the pork-packers were wary, and the steel magnates had read Max Nordau, copies having been sent them by Draga.

Then came an unofficial proclamation to Belgrade put out by the widow Machin, to the effect that the throne of Servia was shortly to have an heir. A Paris physician certified to the fact. Now was the time to make this heir legitimate. Alexander and Draga were married. Belgrade bellowed with disapproval, and the agents in Chicago and Pittsburgh were cabled to come home.

Months went by and there was no heir-apparent. Alexander was stubborn—he affronted his ministers, and avowed his purpose to follow his own sweet will. Draga led him a merry dance, they quarreled, and then kissed in public and made up.

And all the time the taxation continued, and small lots of Lake Shore common and New York Central preferred were purchased, and these facts got out.

Draga disappeared for several months. When she came back, she rode through the public streets in an open carriage with a white-capped nurse carrying a baby, that was held up to the populace. That evening Draga stood on the balcony, the baby in her arms, and cried to the assembled multitude, " Behold the future King of Servia! "

Some of the people were delighted, and others were not. And when an unkind editor went to work and found out where this baby was procured and who its parents were and told all about it, Draga threatened him with banishment.

And Belgrade laughed.

It is not for me to tell the horrors of the night of June Eleventh, when soldiers of the Servian Army assembled at a summer-garden, and at two o'clock in the morning burst into the palace and butchered the King and Queen. The tale has been told by the ready writers of the yellows in bold-face, once for all.

Are such things terrible? Yes, but not more so than lives given over to Conspicuous Waste—which exists on the bones and blood of men and women who labor in the fields and toil and sweat to provide for a riot of the senses that some miscall life.

Peter Karageorgevitch, who sits on the throne, is close on to seventy years of age*—time has tempered him—and having exhausted his capacity for sin he assumes the pose of virtue. The ministers who support him are men of age and experience, representing the best financial interests of the country, but these men will soon pass to the realm of shade, and others will fill their places ❧ ❧

Has Servia yet learned that Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure are built on blood, bought with the price of souls? We shall see.

* This article on Servia, found among Mr. Hubbard's unpublished manuscript, was apparently written in the year preceding the Pan-European conflict.

San Francisco and the Fair

IT is the unusual that gives opportunity. Genius consists in snatching success from the jaws of defeat. The men of the world who have done big things, extraordinary things, unexpected things, and thus carved their names deep in the granite of time, all at times faced tremendous odds. Ed. Geers wins his races on the homestretch, and often within fifty feet of the wire.

An earthquake need not be an object of quest, but when it comes the folks who do not run away are the winners. Financial, domestic, theological, social, pedagogic earthquakes, rightly accepted, lead on to fame and fortune.

In truth, nothing less than an earthquake will shake most of us loose from the dead past.

Blessed be earthquakes—provided, of course, that we do not contrive to get buried under the debris and stay there.

San Francisco is setting the world a pace in architecture, commerce, ethics, and physical and municipal well-being.

Her so-called disasters drove out the unfit—the weak, the sickly, the cowardly—all those with lime in their bones and uric acid in their ego. Free transportation and good riddance were given them. Thousands embraced the opportunity. They regarded San Francisco as a good place to get out of, and so recommended it.

¶ Those who remained banded themselves into a sort of unconscious brotherhood. As the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church, so does calamity cement human hearts. It was the danger of the Persian Invasion that united Greece and made the glory of Athens possible.

The petty, the absurd, the trivial, the whimsical, disappear in time of stress.

Trouble tries us.

The strong are always those who have stood by open graves, and heard the clods echo on dead hopes and treasures priceless. ¶ The earthquake is heroic treatment for melancholia. If it does not kill the patient he gets well.

An earthquake stops introspection, and makes corns, toothache and that tired feeling matters of the dim and distant past ☙ Lassitude and a torpid liver do not exist during the seismic season ☙ ☙

The San Francisco fire burned up a great accumulation of old junk. It destroyed old joss-houses, outworn idols, thieves' quarters, ancient mercantile habits—musty, dusty and old. The things that men and women could not throw away, Fate freed them from in an hour. Business men cling to the dead and outworn, quite as much as do housekeepers—or the clergy. In San Francisco, destiny ordered a new deal. And there on the Pacific a new life, a new civilization, has begun.

Just one point in way of positive proof: San Francisco now has a lower death-rate than any other city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants in America. Fire has purified her. The winds from the West sweep over her. Water and tears have washed her streets. She inaugurated a campaign of rough on rats that destroyed every rodent rogue. Most hopeful signs of all—it was a doctor who led the charge on the rats, and he did not write his prescription in Latin ☙ ☙

All the doctors in the city were pressed into the service.

San Francisco has not only shown us how to get rid of rats, but she has shown us how to make use of doctors. The way the parties with the pointed whiskers charged the rats was beautiful to see! Every house and building was examined. Floors were ripped up and replaced with concrete. The wooden sidewalk, that first proud achievement of the pioneer town, was sent by the board. The prejudice against rats that existed in the mind of Hamlet, now lives in all San Francisco.

Next to rats, the modern Franciscan hates a grafter. The man with a taint on his methods has no show now in San Francisco. He may have been on the bias once—that is forgiven and forgotten—today he must be on the dead-level, or his fate is one with the rodents.

There is no room in San Francisco for either a rat or a rogue. This does n't mean that San Francisco has turned Puritan and is a sort of Zion City. In fact, she is quite otherwise.

The ethical change is not one of emotionalism.

The whole *Zeitgeist* of the town has declared that the man or woman who preys on society is on the wrong tack, and has got to cut it out or get out.

Graft is a fool policy. Help yourself by helping others, or it 's you for the rat-biscuit—and you yourself supply the biscuit.

I here give it as my private opinion that while this grafting business in San Francisco was doubtless bad enough, yet it was n't as bad as some newspapers and some politicians tried to make out ☙ ☙

If San Francisco had been morally worm-eaten, she would not have shown the resiliency she has.

She must have been sound at the core.

The grafter was exceptional. There has been much of the loud and brazen ballyhoo about the graft prosecutions.

The chance to shine as a saint and make capital by showing how bad other men are is a very old proposition. It is a sort of negative kind of virtue, at the best. Alone, it will never make a small city great, nor set the sails of the Ship of State. Success does not consist in showing how bad your competitor is. The things that make San Francisco great are her commercial ideals, aided by her art and architecture. The Governor of California is a hundred-point Commonsense man. No other city of her size in America has so many complete and beautiful buildings as this city at the Golden Gate. No other city in the world has her oneness of

ambition and aim. This high aspiration and youthful health are the mintage of misfortune. Courage is her clean-up and this courage has given her an almost unlimited credit in the business bourse of the world. She has siphoned every good thing her way, as the right mental attitude always does.

San Francisco has eliminated the weak and the superfluous. She has conserved the best. The fittest have survived.

So here we get a combination of so-called disasters, bravely met, transformed into a condition that evolves and fosters the highest good ❧ ❧

There is one feature of the 'Frisco fire which I have not seen commented upon. It is this: The first effect of the disaster was to drive people out of the city. Families used to affluence lived in tents in the parks and among the hills that line the bay. Instead of hardships and discomfort, lo! they found the simple life not only endurable, but happy and healthful.

The shack gradually took the place of the tent, and now the cabin is giving way to the bungalow. Hundreds who once lived in mansions, now wonder why they ever did.

The result is, there are no congested districts in San Francisco. From a tenement to a tent lessened children's diseases one-half, an eminent physician told me.

The moral seems to be that to get rid of your rotting tenements, use the torch. Thousands of San Franciscans own homes now who before the fire were paying rent. A cabin and God's Acre all your own are better than an imitation palace owned by the other fellow. To own yourself you should own your home.

This scattering of population has exercised a very healthful influence on the price of San Francisco real estate. Business blocks are worth now simply what they are worth. Here 's to the men and women, everywhere, who meet misfortune with a smile!

The year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen is the Centennial of the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon was a Dictator—a beneficent tyrant. And by the way, all tyrants have ever regarded their rule as beneficent.

The year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen is to mark the Rule of the People. It is also to commemorate the completion of the greatest engineering venture ever attempted—a work of the People, by the People, for the People.

The building of the Chinese Wall is the only engineering feat in history that actually rivals it. The French are supposed to lead the world as civil engineers. They made their plans for a Panama Canal. They spent untold treasure and twenty years' time, and then abandoned the attempt as impossible.

The Panama Canal will be the actual realization of the short passage to India, sought by sailors and navigators for centuries. Columbus, Balboa, Magellan, Cortez, Sir Francis Drake, Henry Hudson, all lived and died in ignorance of the fact that when the Northwest Passage was realized it would have been made by the hands of man.

To commemorate this mighty achievement is worthy of our highest, noblest and most dignified efforts.

No Midway Mardi Gras Carnival with its dancing clowns, prancing nymphs and showers of confetti will suffice.

It is America's opportunity to usher in the New Era—the Epoch of Brotherhood and Universal Intelligence.

It means a blossoming of intellect and love that will give America a new birth of prosperity, heretofore unequaled.

Archimedes said, " Give me a place on which to stand and I 'll move the world."

San Francisco has a lever and she has a place upon which to stand. She has moved the world to admiration for her recovery from calamity, and she will now, with the help of the world, give the world the greatest object-lesson in science, economics, art and industrial betterment that it has ever seen.

She has the money, the location, the climate, the water, the

sunshine, the men and women—the willing brain and the strong and helpful hands.

San Francisco now asks Congress for official permission to invite the world to come to her House Party in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen ❧ ❧

San Francisco does not ask Uncle Sam for either an appropriation or a loan ❧ ❧

All she asks is for his smile and nod of recognition.

San Francisco has now pledged and at her command seventeen million dollars to finance the Panama World's Exposition.

This is a larger sum than any World's Fair has ever had.

Governor Sanders of Louisiana, before a Congressional Committee, well said, "The Panama Canal is not a Louisiana project nor a California affair; it is the work of the whole United States." Good words and true! And the World's Fair that commemorates this superb event must be of a character and kind approaching the greatness and grandeur of the land in which we live ❧ ❧

People who do not know the Rocky Mountain country do not know America. I want the East to be siphoned through the West as a matter of education. San Francisco can reveal America at her best, and this is just what must be done. We must educate our boys and girls to the great and splendid resources that are here, practically untapped.

The march of civilization is a zigzag course.

There are times of harvest and times of famine, times of plenty and times of depression, times of grief and times of gain. The world grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. Pain and loss seem to pave the way for joy and prosperity. There are a few dates in history that stand out like big beacon-lights—times when humanity seemed to awaken from sleep, and to arise in its might. These Times of Great Awakening are not so numerous but that we can plainly distinguish them.

The first Great White Milepost is the year Four Hundred Fifty before Christ, when Greece was at her height.

At that time there lived in the little city of Athens thirteen men, says Sir Francis Galton, the equal of whom the world has never since seen scattered over the whole earth at one time.

Athens had only one hundred fifty thousand inhabitants. But under the leadership of Pericles, the world's Master Builder of all time, Athens made such strides to the front that, before its noble example, the world now stands uncovered.

Architecture, sculpture, poetry and the drama reached perfection, if ever.

The next great date we call the year One, when there was born in a Roman province a man so supremely unselfish, so loving, so noble that we date time from His birthday. But at the time He lived or circling around it, there lived all the great names that made Rome illustrious.

It was the Age of Augustus—the golden time of Rome—and Rome ruled the world. To a certain man convicted of crime, Augustus said, " Go free, but remember that wherever you may wander, you are the prisoner of Rome." This meant, simply, that Rome ruled the world, and outside of her jurisdiction there was nothing

Rome, during the Age of Augustus, did for Italy in architecture and sculpture what Athens had done for Greece.

The Third Great Awakening centers around the unforgetable year, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

We call it the Italian Renaissance. And to the Italian Renaissance modern civilization traces a direct pedigree.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Michelangelo, architect of Saint Peter's, one of the most noble structures in the world, and the one building that has been copied most of all buildings that now endure.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Leonardo da Vinci,

architect, sculptor, painter, engineer—the most accomplished man this world has ever seen.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Martin Luther and Erasmus

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, or just preceding it, ushering in that mighty time, lived Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. And of all human inventions, beyond dispute, the art of printing from movable type has influenced civilization most.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Christopher Columbus, who turned the prow of his caravel to the West, and persistently sailed on, and on, and on. He gave to the world a continent, and died in chains. Says Joaquin Miller:

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak, and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

The next great date we call Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, at which time lived George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams.

These are the men who, in the words of our beloved Lincoln, gave to the world, under God, a New Nation.

The fifth great date in history is the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six.

At that time was held the first World's Fair in America. The Centennial Exposition, and the work leading up to it, was the greatest educational factor of the century.

It aroused people to an appreciation of the greatness and magnificence of our country. It brought folks together from all over the world, and literally we joined hands across the sea. We ceased calling to each other over gulfs of misunderstanding, and having begun to know each other we grew to respect each other.

The Philadelphia Centennial Exposition inspired and fired the minds of inventors, writers, artists, builders.

America was born again.

We had new ideals, new ambitions, new aspirations.

Business prospered. Railroads were constructed, bridges built, mountains tunneled. We were given fresh courage and renewed strength

At the Centennial Exposition was first exhibited the Typewriter, the Incandescent Electric Light, the Trolley-car, three things that have helped to transform the world.

At the Centennial Exposition was first publicly shown in America the practical working philosophy of the Kindergarten. And the Kindergarten has revolutionized the business of schoolteaching, showing us the value of play and revealing to us the divinity of the child. It has abolished the rod and ferule as a means of grace, and taught us that love is the one necessary adjunct in pedagogy.

¶ The Centennial Exposition ushered in the Great American Renaissance—the time in which we live now. It is a time that will stand out in history with the times of Pericles, of Cæsar Augustus, of Michelangelo, of Thomas Jefferson.

In many ways it surpasses any and all of those named, as indeed it should, since the lessons of the past are our precious heritage. All the ages that have gone before make this time, and this place—our beloved America—possible.

In Nineteen Hundred Fifteen is to be held in America a great World's Exposition, to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal. This Exposition will mark a new birth of Civilization. It will be a milepost on the path of progress.

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six America has doubled her population, and her wealth has trebled.

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six we have evolved a New Education; a New Practice of Medicine; a New Science of Business; a New Theology.

The religion preached now from every pulpit is the Brotherhood of Man

The attempt is not to storm the gates of a Paradise in the skies, but to bring about Heaven on earth, here and now.

No preacher of any denomination dissents from the assumption that that which is best here is good in every star; that what is best here is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

Three words now loom large. These are Co-operation, Reciprocity, Mutuality

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the One-Price System has become an actual fact. And the One-Price System is simply the idea of keeping faith with your customer and telling him the truth, and nothing else but truth. It is a somewhat curious fact that the world of Business introduced Truth as a practical working maxim

Doctor Eliot is right when he calls the love of Truth the new Virtue

What we used to work for was victory.

Now we perceive that victory at the expense of Truth is dearly bought

Above and beyond all places in America, the city of San Francisco has taught the world a lesson of what man can do when they join hands for a common good.

Swept by fire in April, Nineteen Hundred Six, she today, after four years' time, has the most beautiful business district of any city in the world.

Her architecture is the last word in the builders' art.

He who would see what iron, concrete and brick can do, when cemented by Human Brotherhood, must see San Francisco. Here courage and love loomed above calamity, and men with no tangible resources were given credit without limit.

Why? Because they deserved it.

San Francisco is the largest city on the Pacific Ocean.

The marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific should be celebrated on the Pacific.

And San Francisco is the one and only fitting place.

If the Exposition were a matter of advertising and helping some particular locality, other places might have our consideration. But in selecting a location for a great World's Fair we must consider the needs, wants and requirements of the world—and especially the needs of the whole United States, not omitting Canada, for Canada covers more square miles than do the States, and from Canada we have much to learn.

The proper education of the East demands that she should see the prairies, plains, valleys and mountains of the West.

The journey to California is a continual panorama of delight. I have made the trip every year for ten years, and each time I enjoy it more. Travel stimulates, educates and inspires.

The overland trip will do the average New England boy or girl more good than a year of College.

San Francisco is the supreme expression of the New Science of Business or Human Betterment.

No architect, builder, landscape-gardener, electrician, educator, artist, business man, can afford to miss San Francisco.

The one big lesson the world needs most is the lesson of Confidence

Man must have faith in man.

Prosperity is only possible where men believe in other men.

Credit is the life blood of commerce.

The way the people of San Francisco stood by each other in those hours of calamity—and since—redeems the race from some indelicate aspersions on the human race that we used to hear.

This is essentially an Age of Faith—go to San Francisco and see what man hath wrought!

"The heart of a people is revealed in their architecture," said Pericles

Exactly so. Cheap people build cheaply. The badge of superiority is to build for the future.

"Lay hold on eternal life," wrote Saint Paul to Timothy, the Bible says. But a later translation gives it thus, "Lay hold on the age to come!"

That is, build for the generations that are to follow, and leave this world a better place than you found it.

The new San Francisco is built for centuries. It is fast becoming the modern Athens, thanks to the devotion or genius of her architects and the men of money who employ them.

There is nothing of the New San Francisco that is cheap, tawdry or commonplace. It is quiet, solid, simple, effective and wondrous beautiful

Use and Beauty have joined hands to make this one modern city, where disaster was smelted and melted into power and purpose

It is a city of steel and concrete, beautified with bronze, granite and marble.

Earthquake and fire taught the Franciscans life-lessons and they have been quick to learn.

Loss and calamity are the great teachers. Disaster cements human hearts as nothing else can, and fellowship—Divine Fellowship—gives the courage to do, dare and overcome.

New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin give San Francisco unlimited credit.

While the fire was still raging, a San Francisco merchant telegraphed to New York: "Have lost all. Store, stock and home are gone. Insurance doubtful. Will start business as soon as you can get me goods. Ship anything."

In less than twenty-four hours, ten carloads of goods were en route to this man of undaunted faith and unfaltering courage.

¶ The world takes a man at the estimate he places upon himself

If you believe in yourself, the world stands ready to back you. The moral is—but never mind that!

California is eight hundred miles long, and two hundred miles wide. It stretches as far as from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida ❧ ❧

California is the second largest State in the Union. Counting bays and inlets, it is washed by fifteen hundred miles of sea, where the tide ebbs and flows.

She has the climate of the tropics, and mountains upon which the snows never melt. In San Francisco there are no hot, muggy days, nor humid nights. The average Summer temperature is fifty-nine, and the Winter is only seven degrees less.

In the production of oranges, California stands first.

In gold, silver and copper, first.

In its big trees, first.

In waterpower and electric possibilities, first.

With San Francisco's appropriation of five million dollars for concrete docks, it stands first in harbor facilities.

In the production of wheat, California was first until the Dakotas got busy. But in California you can see twenty-four and sometimes thirty-six horses, driven by one man, to a machine that cuts, threshes and bags the wheat.

In the raising of blooded horses, sheep and cattle, California is well to the front.

San Francisco has a hundred or more good hotels. Many of these are so excellent in their appointments that, if situated in cities, say, like Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Louisville or New Orleans, they would rank as first-class hotels.

In truth, they are first-class hotels.

But beyond these San Francisco has three hotels that outclass anything the hotel line in America—Chicago and New York City, only excepted.

These three palatial San Francisco hotels are The Saint Francis,

The Fairmont and The Palace. Paris, London and Saint Petersburg have nothing finer, nothing more complete. They challenge the admiration of the world.

California is a land of sunshine, a land of health, a place of wealth, where the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.

In no locality in the world is skilled labor paid as much; in no place in the world is existence so simple and the necessities of life so cheap.

On the other hand, if you want to loosen up and let 'er go, you can waste money here, just as you can in Paris, London or New York. But the lavishness of Nature and the mildness of the climate put comforts within the reach of the proletariat.

In the San Joaquin Valley, in many villages I saw cantaloupes and watermelons growing in the streets; figs, grapes, raisins, peaches, oranges overhung the sidewalks; no garden had a wall, no farm a fence, and no farmer a bulldog.

At Tulare, they loaded my automobile so full of flowers and fruit that the chauffeur could not find his accelerator.

California has everything which men prize. God has smiled upon her as upon no other State in the Union.

Me For Texas

TEXAS is the biggest state in the Union—don't talk back to me: I know.

The upper part of the Pan Handle of Texas is nearer to Chicago than it is to Galveston.

Texas is as wide as the distance from Chicago to Boston, or from St. Louis to New York City. That is to say that from Texarkana to El Paso it is eleven hundred miles ❧'❧

There, did n't I tell you, you did not know how big Texas is? Bob Ingersoll said that the only objection to Rhode Island was that it kept the people dancing around all the time trying to keep inside the state. Texas is not open to this criticism.

When folks tell you that you can set all of New England, New York and Pennsylvania inside of Texas, and they will rattle around like peas in a pod, you still do not know how big Texas is, for you do not know the size of New York, but distance we can all appreciate. Just allow your mental process to Fletcherize on what I tell you about Texas.

I called on one farmer whose house was right in the middle of his farm. We tied our horses at the man's front gate and walked thirty-two miles to his house.

People who have not seen the South-West during the past five years can not by any description realize its progress. What is known as " the Santa Fe Country " can feed the world.

The fare from Dallas to New York is forty-one dollars, and from New York to Dallas it is forty-eight. When I asked why this was, a railroad man told me people were loath to leave Texas, but when it came to getting back, money was no object.

Texas has three million folks; ten million cattle; twelve million sheep; and three million horses. One horse, you see, for every man, woman and child in the state! That is one reason why I like

Texas. As a matter of happiness, if I ever get to heaven, I would trade six harps for a horse—even though it were a " skate, " to use the classic phrase of old Bill Graham.

In Texas there are no skates—just horses.

" When do you break your horses? " I asked a ranchman.

" Pardner," was the solemn answer, " pardner, we have no time to break horses in Texas, we just climb on and ride them. "

¶ Then he handed me a lariat, pointed to the corral and said, " Take your choice. "

I signified my choice, but gave the lariat into the hands of a silent, freckled, lanky, corn-fed youth, for reasons of my own.

¶ However, I rode the horse, and liked him, and better still the horse seemed to like me. Then just for a joke the ranchman told his blacksmith to make a brand in the shape of a Roycroft trade mark, and this was done. Then they branded the horse on both front hoofs and shipped him to me prepaid to East Aurora. This is a sample of the way they do things down in Texas.

Everybody rides horseback in Texas. And I am glad to say that the ladies ride in the way God intended—man-fashion, while little girls ride astride and boys still ride a-straddle.

One lady I met was sixty-seven years old, and insisted on riding on the bias. She was bred in Ol' Kentucky. She told me confidentially that any woman who rode a man's saddle would bear watching

Perhaps this is true—really I can't say. "As for myself, " said the old lady with spirit, " I ride a side-saddle and I never hunt the leather either. My boy and me rounded up two hundred steers yesterday and only wasted six, and we would n't have done that if the barbed wire had n't leaked. "

At a horse race in Houston the winner was a nag known as " Flying Cloud."

" Where is that horse from? " asked a native Texan of an Eastern man seated near. " From Michigan," was the answer.

The Texan mused a moment, and then said, " Stranger, what county in Texas is Michigan in? "

And the Easterner is n't sure yet whether the Texan was guying him or revealing his ignorance.

Six years ago you could buy in Texas a thousand sheep for a thousand dollars. Now a thousand sheep will cost you eight thousand dollars.

In 1899, I knew a man at Pecos who shipped a train load of sheep to Chicago. The sheep were sold and the brokers drew on the Pecos man for the balance to pay the freight. The man replied he had no money, but to compromise, he would if desired, ship some more sheep

But all that is changed now, for I was assured, and I have no reason to doubt it, that in Texas " sheep is sheep. " We have ceased using the term " sheep-man " as an epithet, for the reason that now a sheep-man has money to incinerate, and we always touch the forefinger of the right hand to the man who has the coin

There are legends, based more or less on truth, that in Texas men used to tote pistols, and occasionally use them. Now there is a law against carrying concealed weapons. The tax is one hundred dollars or a hundred days in jail. At Fort Worth when I landed from the train I saw two large red-faced men moving among the passengers on the platform, and rapidly administering gentle spanks to all the passengers of the male persuasion. I was favored, like the rest, and when I asked after the thusness of the wherefore, I was told they were searching for shootin' irons.

At Dallas there had been a little careless shooting, and a few months before a gun-man was made to look like a pepper-box, all over a theological dispute, which is still unsettled. The man who did the shooting was being tried, and I looked into the court room, being somewhat interested in the law as a pleasing puzzle.

¶ A worthy Baptist by the name of Frank Irvine was on the

stand. He swore he saw the defendant with a pistol in his hand, and that there were three shots fired in rapid succession—" bang, bang, bang,—just like that."

" Where were you when the first shot was fired? " asked Ben Hill who was conducting the cross-examination.

" Standing on the steps of my office, about ten feet from the man with the pistol," was the reply. " Where were you when the second shot was fired? "

" I was at the Union Depot, half a mile away."

" Where were you when the third shot was fired? "

" I was at the Fair Grounds, two miles out of town."

This set the court room in a roar—even the prisoner burst into a laugh and the judge ducked behind the desk.

The man was discharged, it having been shown that he was only shooting at a target, the other fellow having walked right in the way, and besides that he needed killing anyway, having terrorized a train load of passengers only a few days before.

The acquittal of the shooter for killing the shootee, who was also a shooter, may have been bad law, but it was justice, and we get justice sometimes by evading the law.

As for pistol toting, it is just a bad habit. More people are killed by the accidental discharge of firearms than are ever saved from burglars by the pistol. The handy man with a gun in Texas is a thing of the past.

Disorder is no more common in Texas than it is in Ohio.

Courtesy, kindness and good cheer are everywhere, in town, country, on trains, on the wide plains where men who have never met before grasp hands as brothers.

At Dallas dozens of people came for two hundred miles and more to hear me speak—good, sane, sensible looking people, too. ¶ Everything was mine for the asking and without, and when I bade my friends good-bye and started northward, I involuntarily shed a few Texas tears, and murmured, " Mizpah."

The Mission Inn

WHEN you cross the Simplon Pass, that wonderful roadway laid out across the Alps by Napoleon, you will stop for dinner at a Monastery.

This Monastery is the home of a Saint Bernard Brotherhood, and the good Brothers are assisted in their housekeeping by a full dozen Saint Bernard dogs. ¶ As the stage approaches, the driver lashes his horses into a run, and the boots blows his horn with needless unction. And then it is that the dogs rush out to give us greeting. ¶ They come like a charge of the Scotch Greys at Balaklava. The dogs want nothing, they just do this for fun, and we enjoy it too. It seems such a brand-new experience, after the slow, dull drive of the day. It 's all a kind of a play, and did n't Shakespeare say we are all play-actors?

Then as you descend from the stage, a sandal-shod and halo-crowned monk beats back the dogs.

The monks do not regard it as a play. To them it is life. For when the snow blows, and the storms of winter come, these men and the dogs often have their work cut out for them.

So you enter the Monastery, and find a great, long, barren room with tables set, and benches along the tables. You climb over the benches and help yourself. The shaven monks, in horsehair robes and rope girdles, wander around and pay little attention to the visitors.

The dogs, however, make up both for the silence of the Brothers, and their seeming inattention. The dogs lick your hands, and bark, and are duly rewarded with scraps from your plate. In fact, a visitor seated next to me told me that the dishes here needed no washing, and he passed his plate back to a big, shaggy Saint Bernard, who proved the proposition, and then licked his chops and wagged his tail as much as to say, " If you ever get lost in the

snow, just press the electric button and I 'll come a-running." ¶ There are rows of stone cells, very sparsely furnished, but probably comfortable if you are tired, so if you want to stop over a day and rest, you can do so.

However, there was a trifle too much dog for comfort, and I moved on with the stage. But the hour spent with the Saint Bernard Brothers and their dogs is one of the unforgettable things in my memory.

I also well remember a lady visitor, a fair, young and impulsive creature from Chicago, who said, in a sort of divine ecstacy, " Oh, what bee-u-ti-ful, big, yellow dogs! They belong to the monks, I suppose, and the monks are called Saint Bernards because they have these great big Saint Bernard dogs. Is n't it bee-u-tiful! "

During the Middle Ages, the hospices of the monks were the only places where the traveler was made welcome. The hotel or tavern or inn was a thing to come.

Dan Chaucer explains that the word " Inn " placed over a door literally meant " Come In." It was the sign of the public-house where the tired traveler could find food and shelter.

These first " Inns " were kept by the monks, whose duty it was to serve humanity. The brother in charge was called the " Master of the Inn."

At Riverside, California, is a Mission Inn that no traveler to the Pacific Coast should miss. Frank Miller, the Master in charge, has absorbed the spirit of the old-time Mission Fathers, until he is able to give the traveling public a new thrill.

Frank Miller has no competitor in the world, for the patient study of detail, the taste, knowledge and love put into that quiet and beautiful place can never be duplicated by another.

It has been a life-work. Here we find the old-time Mission Hospice, reproduced with every feature of modern comfort, luxury and art added.

It is a show-place, of course, just as that Simplon Saint Bernard Monastery is a show-place. Only Master Miller has no dogs. The Mission Inn is as quiet and subdued as the plumage of a brown thrush in an orange-tree. It has the art that conceals the art. No mortal monk who ever wore cope and cowl made a place as beautiful as this at Riverside.

This is because Frank Miller has had the help of great and good women. This Inn is lavish without being loud.

It entertains you—thrills you—inspires you with its beauty of service and economy.

There are the mission walls, the mission bells, the bubbling fountain in the bright oasis of fragrant greenery, the cloister and the hearth ❧ ❧

And the most recent addition is a chapel, quaint and curious, with a wonderful organ, where every morning a simple service of song and praise is held. Even the Philistines enjoy this.

This chapel or church is a part of the hotel, built right into it, and with all of its fittings is true to the historic type of the Missions of two hundred years ago. Various priests and church dignitaries have taken a hearty interest and lent their aid in fitting up this last feature of the Mission Inn.

Now, who else in all the world could have combined sentiment and hotel-keeping to this rare and delicate degree, so to give a delight to gentlemen and worthy women of every creed—or no creed—binding all into an historic, artistic and esthetic whole!

¶ If you have n't seen beautiful Riverside and Master Frank Miller's Mission Inn, you do not know your California.

I have spoken.

Los Angeles is a cross-section of Chicago, transferred to a section where there is climate but no weather to speak of. The genus boomer is the same wherever you go. The limit of his belief in his bargains is the credulity of the public. No doubt, often the boomer is absolutely honest, but he may be self-hypnotized.

It is all right for Jim Hill to say, "Buy land and buy it anywhere;" but take a look at it first. Also, in buying, don't forget that the price you pay has a little bearing on the subject.

Los Angeles breathes an air of prosperity. In truth, all California is prosperous. Not only is she producing wealth from the forest, farm, mine and the sea, but Eastern wealth is being poured in. Visitors to California leave a vast treasure.

He who does not know California does not know America.

Riding out of Los Angeles at a leisurely auto pace of fifteen miles an hour, with Harry Kellar, Magician Magnus, we saw hundreds of teams digging out sand from the river-bed.

Sand is sand in Los Angeles; and all gravel is pay-gravel.

The City of Angels is fast becoming a city of concrete, steel and plate glass. The last buildings being built are the best. This means not only prosperity, but permanence.

No city in the world has better pavements and finer suburban roads than has Los Angeles.

California not only buys all the new automobiles she can get, but she also absorbs a hundred thousand secondhand machines, rebuilt, painted, refurnished, sent there from the East and picked up by ranchmen and farmers.

The automobile has been the biggest factor in the evolution of California. The business of the automobile is to annihilate space and cancel distance. If you live on one of these beautiful Southern California roads, twenty-five miles from town, you are right in the suburbs. You can go to town almost as quick as you can telephone. This means the building up of the country.

Fortunately, California has vast oil-fields. And under most of the soil everywhere, water in unlimited quantities is to be found.

If you pump it by hand, of necessity this water is going to be a costly product. If you rig up an automatic engine and use cheap fuel, you have turned the trick.

At Riverside I saw an artesian well that was throwing a stream

of water sixteen feet in the air, at the rate of more than a hundred gallons a minute. This stream had been running for a year with no sign of diminishing strength. As we moved out of Los Angeles and the road ran steadily under our machine, we saw beautiful vegetable-gardens, flat as a floor, tilled to a degree of perfection rarely seen in the effete and dreamy East. And with a wave of his hand, my host said, " That 's what the Japanese do for us." Then I asked my good friend this question: " What 's the matter with the Japanese? "

" Nothing especially, that I know of, except that no white man can compete with them," said he.

And then he continued: " Yes, they are superior to many European nationalities that we admit to citizenship — superior in their intelligence, their physical strength, their patience, their persistence. They are sober, self-contained, mind their own business, curb their tempers, and carry civil tongues.

" We object to them on account of their virtues, not on account of their vices. We have nationalities here that are proverbially lazy, shiftless, diseased; and the Japanese are none of these. The only reason California objects to the Japanese is because the Japanese set us a pace in industry, intelligence and productive activity ❧ ❧

" In this country you hear a loud cry against the Japs from the land-hogs—that is, the men who buy up great tracts of land, fence it, and hold it against settlement, waiting for a rise in value. There are at least forty men in California, each of whom individually owns more land than all of the Japanese in California combined possess.

" Japanese do not buy land and hold it for an increase in value. There is only one excuse to a Jap for owning land, and that is that he may make it productive."

I visited several of these little Japanese communities at Los Angeles, Fresno, Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco.

The Japs buy mostly in five-acre and ten-acre lots, for garden purposes, always near a city. On five acres of land, where there is water at hand, the Jap will get an income of from one hundred to five hundred dollars an acre, producing potatoes, corn, cabbage, onions, melons, lettuce, radishes, cauliflower, celery.

The individual who knows how to produce foodstuff is the one who gets rich. We eat three times a day.

The Japanese brings to bear intelligence on his miniature farm. He knows the value of fertilizers; knows about rotation of crops; knows how to apply the water. He works from daylight until dark. More than that, his whole family works—men, women and children. Their wants are very little. They waste no time in talking, idling, carousing.

Not being able to compete with them, we want to drive them out. And if we did drive them all out, it would be to the great loss and disadvantage of all California, and would mean an immediate jump in the cost of living. The Japs do not go into the raising of fruit on a big scale. These things require large investments, machinery, teams, and a capital on which you can live for several years.

No frost can ever catch all of the crop of a Japanese, simply for the reason that the crop is coming along straight through every month of the year. He knows how to diversify and rotate. The secrets of intensive farming are his.

Incidentally, the Jap is a proud little fellow. His sense of honor is a thing that Americans do not understand. He smiles, no matter what you say to him. And if you hit him, he smiles just the same. I once knew of an American who so far forgot himself as to strike his Japanese servant. Perhaps he had cause for irritation. Never mind that. He struck the little Jap with the back of his hand a resounding smack on his smiling, yellow face. And the Jap still smiled. He backed away, and there ensued a silence that could be felt, and that also could be heard.

The man knew he had done wrong, perhaps, but no white man likes to apologize to a heathen Mongolian.

The Jap smiled—one of those mysterious grimaces—and from a bronze, his complexion grew livid. The change in hue pictured his emotion, but it did not obliterate his smile.

He reached into the recesses of his jacket and slowly drew forth a glittering dagger. Then the American started forward, but something in the face of the Jap made him change his mind, and he backed away.

The Jap moved toward him, dagger in hand. And the Jap said: " You struck me. I have drawn my dagger and I can kill you; for when a Japanese draws his sword, he draws it for one purpose, and that is to use it. My honor is at stake. You are my master, and therefore I can not kill you. And so this dagger is for myself! "

The wicked steel circled in the air, gleamed and glistened, and the blade struck deep into the bowels of the little brown man.

The servant fell forward dead at the feet of the man who had insulted him. He had had his revenge.

The Japanese as a people are without fear. They do not fear death, because they are taught that if they die in the Emperor's cause they are bettering their condition.

The Californians are sure that they know their own problem. However, there are a few people in California of big brain and conscience of a quality unchallenged—say men of the David Starr Jordan type—who affirm that the popular clamor against the Japanese is a matter of trade-unionism and an echo of the oratory of the sandlots.

It will not do to assume that because a Californian is on the spot he understands the situation. The man on the spot often is so close to it that he lacks perspective. If the men on the spot were always right, then we would have to defer to Caiaphas, the High Priest, and Pontius Pilate, the Judge.

And so we go on in our automobile, circle and wind past the

miniature farms of the Japanese, by beautiful bungalows, well painted, artistically kept, with out-of-door sleeping-porches, and hedgerows of roses—roses—roses—roses—red and white roses; tumbling, nodding roses.

Then there are stretches of sand and mesquit and cactus, and now and then, towering yuccas—sentinels of the plain.

But all along where labor is applied to this land, it is redeemed and the desert blossoms like the rose, and the waste places are made green.

Such rollicking, frolicking flowers and gardens are to be seen nowhere in the world as here. Where water, sun and land co-operate, you get a wealth of beauty, and that simply absorbs our surplus supply of adjectives. Quails scurry across the roadway, cottontail rabbits run ahead of our machine; brown thrushes sing a song of welcome; larks make the morning melodious. Then we come to a long line of orange, lemon and grapefruit orchards—dark green, dignified, solemn, impressive—where the air is laden with the perfume of orange-blossoms.

Now and again we see colonies of bees—hundreds of hives—sheltered from the Western winds by great rocks which Nature has left here after the centuries of violence and revel.

Some of these beekeepers are quite as curious as their bees. It takes a peculiar kind of man to raise bees. They are a little like sheepherders, often fluffy in the alfalfa.

Nevertheless, the bee man in an orange country, where there are big fields of alfalfa only a little distance away, and roses everywhere, does not go much wrong.

The bees work for him. They do not work quite so hard as they work in the North and East, but they work longer hours and more months in the year.

I was told that you can increase the activity of a hive of bees by carrying the hive up on the mountain a little way. Altitude encourages and stimulates man and bees.

Mountaineers of the genus *homo* are not apt to be wholly shiftless. The hills form a source of strength. " I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help."

There are canyon roads through which one passes on his way from Los Angeles to Riverside—beautiful, romantic, winding roads that lure and beckon. And out among the alders, the willows, the live-oaks and the cottonwoods, there is a road that was once an Indian trail and which later became the path of the pioneers. This road clings to the cliff skirting the mountainside and looks down on the dashing, rippling, running stream of water which comes from the far-away mountain, hastening to the sea. ¶ All along one sees ditches where this water is diverted; and down in the bottom-land the happy gardens smile and the alfalfa grows green and lush and lusty.

California is an expanding, growing, evolving empire. The United States is looking in this direction.

The world has always had a short supply of fruit. Also, it has had a short supply of poultry. The family that is willing to stifle its pride, and get down to business and raise poultry and study the ways of the Japanese, will profit here immensely; for any one, though owning but a small farm, if he tills the soil thoroughly and well, is bound to get rich in California.

The only unhappy people here are those who are idle. Many come here with money, accumulated in the East, and retire from business, hoping and expecting to enjoy the blue of the sky, the mellow sunshine, the diversity of mountain and plain. The fact is, however, that we are happy only as we mix with Nature, work with Nature, love Nature, study Nature, utilize and control Nature

Nature looks to man to do things which, unaided, she can never do

You hear of people here with nervous prostration. You see sanitariums, doctors rushing around in automobiles, and hospitals

well built on hillsides that should be consecrated to a better purpose ❧ ❧

The people who fill these hospitals are, for the most part, Easterners who come here trying to run away from their maladies. But even the California sunshine can not minister to a mind diseased, nor pluck from memory a rooted sorrow.

Care rides on the crupper, and all you have in life is what you carry with you, and what you give away.

Riverside is in the heart of the orange-belt. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, English walnuts, grapes and pear-trees, transforming themselves into climbing vines, grow here thrifty to a degree not seen anywhere else, perhaps, in the civilized world. Riverside is a city without saloons, without a gambler and without a drunkard.

At Riverside no one is absurdly rich. The people here are people who have made investments and planted groves, but they have to exert themselves in order to keep their investments productive. Riverside, California, has barely twenty thousand inhabitants, but it is a regular little metropolis. No city in the world of its size has more paved streets, more individual homes, a better public library, a finer hotel, than Riverside.

In its high intelligence, its right intent, its smiling activity, with all features of the boom town eliminated, Riverside is a gem. In some ways it seems to token the possibilities of what the race in time will be ❧ ❧

Of course, Riverside is not complete, because anything that is finished is dead and is already dissolving.

Activity is the law of life.

Riverside has a civic center, consisting of a courthouse, a post-office, an inn, a library, a Y. M. C. A., and a non-sectarian church —all blended after one general design and pattern. The towering palms, the roses, the wistarias and the masses of foliage everywhere make this civic center a thing to remember long.

No man could have built up this city, but in degrees. Frank Miller and his Glenwood Mission Inn have keyed the place.

Miller's father kept a tavern here in stage-coach times. This tavern was built on the site of one of the old-time missions. The old Glenwood Tavern was a distinguished institution. But it is now grown to a proportion unrivaled and to a state where it incorporates in itself more conveniences, more luxuries, more beauty, more of the humanities, than any other one hotel in America

The great hotels of the cities are built after one general plan and pattern. You can not distinguish one from the other. They represent a composite type, and are a collaboration of a vast number of men working together and finally fixing on a conventional plan.

But they are without individuality, and the men who run them, no matter how skilled they may be, represent a composite type of man, and this man is exactly like many men you meet in other cities

At the Glenwood Mission Inn you find individuality. A certain kind of man will build a certain kind of house.

We make our environment, then our environment reacts on us. As you enter the cloistered walls of Glenwood Inn, ornamented with overhanging arches, formed by the palms, the live-oaks banked by masses of flowers and shrubs, you will, mayhap, be welcomed by the bells which in the olden time called men to prayer. Chiming with the bells, you will hear mocking birds and the gentle twitter of wrens and robins as they circle in and out, intent on their housekeeping.

The Glenwood Mission Inn has an atmosphere all its own. It tokens leisure, and yet it mirrors industry—but it is an industry that is never out of breath, hot or over-ambitious: cool, refreshing, restful, kindly—with a magnificence so subdued that it spells simplicity

The place is a monument to the good taste and the restless brain of Colonel Frank Miller. It is trite to say that any man who does a task beyond the average succeeds because he gets other people to do his work.

The actual working manager of the place is Alice Richardson, sister of the master of the Inn. Brother and sister work together, each with special gifts in the way of ability.

Mrs. Richardson is smiling, low-voiced, gentle, friendly, appreciative, seeing everything and nothing. No guest is overlooked, none is loaded with attention. You have everything you want, and the things you do not want are not forced upon you.

Alice Richardson is one of the great housekeepers of the world. She can feed a thousand people with the same ease and grace and excellence that the average intelligent, well-bred and well-brought up woman can feed and care for three, four or five. Only the great mother-heart could ever look after the guests that come to Riverside, in the same superb way that Mrs. Richardson does. She is a sort of superwoman. Nothing seems to annoy her. She has no troubles, and although she must carry great responsibilities she carries them well balanced.

The Glenwood Mission Inn supplies exquisite service. Cuisine, beds, furnishings, baths, music-room, art-gallery, all reflect the consecrated spirit of the Mission of the olden time lifted to the *n*th power by American moderns. Not to know Riverside and the Glenwood Mission Inn is not to know California; and not to know California is not to know America.

One of the big men in Riverside is Ethan Allen Chase, formerly of Chase Brothers Nursery Company, of Rochester, New York. Chase is eighty-three years of age, slim, straight, slender, intelligent, strong, a tree-planter by parental tendency and by habit.

¶ More than to any other tree-planter and engineer, Riverside is indebted to Chase. He has taken mountains, fallen upon them with a force and energy heretofore unknown, cleared them of

their tumbling rocks until there was a soil, soft, mellow, rich, warm, lacking only water to make it laugh a harvest. Chase brought the water down from the mountains, and where ten years ago only stubs of trees could be seen, now there is a forest of vegetation, rich, luxuriant, productive, beyond the dreams of avarice ☙ ☙

Raw land that cost Chase, say, ten dollars an acre, is now worth a thousand dollars an acre, and yields an income on this valuation. Ethan Allen Chase has brought up three sons—strong, able, capable men, who reflect their father's nature.

When that frost came and hit this country a broadside, the news went out that the entire orange-crop was ruined.

Chase and his sons, however, did n't take anybody's word for it. Some of the shippers gathered the oranges immediately after the frost and began shipping them East. It was discovered, however, that frost-bitten oranges were short of moisture. The virtue had gone out of them. They were bitter, dry, stale. On the outside, however, you could not tell the bad orange from the good one. There was only one way to tell positively, and that was to cut the orange open, and after the orange had been cut in half, I am told that it is of little value for shipping purposes.

It was discovered, however, that a frost-bitten orange lacked the weight of a good one. It was simply a matter of specific gravity, and any one with a good sense of weight in his finger-tips, by "hefting" the orange, could tell whether it was luscious and sweet, or flat, dry and bitter.

However, it took a man who was more or less of an expert to distinguish by the sense of touch. Men who are used to handling gold can at once distinguish between gold and silver by the weight. And while oranges could be sorted out by men of intelligence, yet it is a slow process, because each individual orange had to be handled. In fact, it was found to be impossible to sort these oranges out with any degree of rapidity.

Warnings had come from the Eastern markets that no frost-bitten oranges would be accepted. The Health Department of Chicago confiscated a dozen carloads of frosted oranges, and all the shipper had was the fun of paying the freight.

Comes in then one of the Chases and makes a discovery. He follows it up with an invention so simple that one laughs to think that the world had never thought of the thing before.

Chase picked up the oranges from the trees in bushel-baskets and dropped them into a tank of water. The frost-bitten oranges, being light in weight, swam on the surface, and the good ones sank. Chase then skimmed off the top oranges and kept the good ones, and on examination found that the gravity test was absolutely true and correct, that the oranges separated themselves in the water with unfailing intelligence—the good from the bad, the sheep from the goats.

Then Chase rigged up an arrangement of wooden slats, and set this framework in one of his little irrigating ditches, allowing the slats to come up to within three inches of the surface of the water ❧ ❧

On shoveling the oranges into the ditch above where the slats were placed, the frost-bitten oranges, or those light in weight, were carried by the current straight down the stream, and the good ones sank and were held by the slats. Then all you had to do was to fish the good oranges out with a long handled net. It was a perfect system of sorting. Chase made a model of the machine, sent it down to Washington, and was granted an immediate patent, there being nothing else in the entire Patent-Office designed for a similar purpose.

Chase gave his neighbors full permission to use the idea. Not only that, but he sent for them to come and see how it worked. Not only that, but he told them to bring their oranges; and they came bringing oranges by the wagonload and sorted them out right there with Chase's apparatus.

There was no gain in this for Chase, but much to the farmers who availed themselves of his generosity. This simple scheme saved Southern California several million dollars.

In many instances, the orange-growers found that fully one-half of their fruit was untouched by the frost.

Chase's attitude in this matter sort of mirrors the general Riverside quality of mind. You will find at Riverside the universal desire to help, to join hands, to be of service, to cut out the grouch and give the other fellow a lift.

The splendid quality of oranges that we are now getting in the East comes mostly through the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. The plan is to ship nothing but perfect fruit. Here we have an instance where big business is vastly benefiting both producer and consumer—thanks to that very able co-operator, G. Harold Powell.

He who gets the Orange Habit will live long.

ELBERT HUBBARD AT THE GRAVE OF TOM PAINE

Thomas Paine Lecture

Address Delivered by Elbert Hubbard at the Centennial Commemoration of the death of Thomas Paine, June 5, 1909

FRIENDS: Not long ago I was reading a little book by Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled *The Life of the Bee,* and in that book I came across this proposition: That a bee, separated from its hive, taken four miles away, is lost and undone and can never get back. A bee alone makes no honey. A bee alone has no intelligence. But a hive of bees has a great and magnificent intelligence. A hive of bees knows things that man will never know. The hive is very close to some of the great secrets of infinity. Man alone has no intelligence. A man separated from his kind is lost and undone. A very few hours of absolute separation, and reason reels and mind totters. All of our actions in life have other men in mind. A man who says, " Go to; I will succeed," does not succeed. We succeed only as we work with other people; and the badge of sanity is the ability to co-operate with other people. When you are unable to work with other people—to co-operate with them, there is one or two places they will send you: They will send you either to Matteawan or Sing Sing. There is no reason for sending a man to either place except through his inability to work with other people.

Not long ago I visited the State Hospital at Utica; and I telegraphed my friend there—the Superintendent—that I was coming to see him. And when I got off the train, a man came up to me and said, " Are you Mr. Hubbard? " and I said, " Yes." He said, " I was sent down from the hospital to see you;" and I thought he was a doctor. He had a sort of professional look—he looked a little like Dr. Slicer—and I am always embarrassed when I meet great men; and I did not know what to say to this man. I made some feeble attempt at a joke, as is usually done on

occasions of this kind. "From the hospital?" I asked. "Yes;" he replied, "a patient." "You are not insane?" I said. "Not all the time," he said. You know, insane people are not insane all the time any more than sane people are sane all the time. Then we got into a carriage that was waiting. "We never contradict anybody," he said. "We endeavor to use the remnant of sanity they may possess; and if a man can do anything for anybody else, he is on the highway to recovery." "Why, you don't talk like an insane man," I said. "What is your trouble?" "It is religion." "Well," he said, "what is yours?" Then I saw he was as much in doubt about his errand there as I had been about who he was. He said, "What is your trouble?" I said, "I want to do away with all the doctors, the lawyers and the preachers." "Well," he said, "I think you are in for life."

That evening I spoke to eight hundred of these insane people. They are called "patients." They do not call them "insane." They do not use the word "asylum." It was a Quakeress—little Elizabeth Fry, a woman—who struck from the British records the word "madhouse." She said, "They are not mad, these people; they are sick. They need our love, our care, our protection." Aye, a woman! And I spoke there that night to these sick people. And I said to the Superintendent, "What shall I say to them? I never talked to insane people before." He said, "You do not have to talk insanely. Give them the best you have. They will understand. You will find they have a lot in common with you." I talked to them; and there was only one interruption. I had talked about half an hour, when an old lady in the audience arose, and her voice rang clear above mine, and she said, "My God! I can not stand this foolishness any longer!" And she walked out. The doctor told me afterwards that this was the first sign of returning sanity that the woman had shown.

Now, the great change that has come about in our view of insane people, and tired people, and orthodox people, has largely traced

itself, and does trace a pedigree to the Quakers—a word flung in contempt. I like the word "Friend" better. Thomas Paine was a "Friend." His religion was Friendship; and I do not know a better religion than that. He did not make a profession of Friendship. He did not want his office made exempt from taxation because he was a Friend. He did not go into the Friendship business. He did not go to a college to learn the divine art of Friendship. No; because you will never find Friendship in a college, any more than you will find God in a divinity school or a church. "If you want to find God," says George Bernard Shaw, "you must go to the church when the priest is not there."

Thomas Paine's mother was a Friend. "The voice" came to her. And one of the distinguishing features of the Quakers is this: They believe that God speaks to women just the same as to men; whereas priests and men who go into the business of divinity, believe that God is masculine. There are no women angels! God is a bachelor! His stenographer, Gabriel, is a bachelor! Paul was a bachelor—a confirmed bachelor! And I imagine that he was confirmed by a woman, because he had very violent prejudices on the subject of headgear.

Thomas Paine, if you will read the inscription on one side of that monument there, speaks of "the gratitude of men and women." He knew that the fight will never be won, nor can be won, by male man alone. Men are only half the race. And this great truth, taught by the Quakers, he drank in with his mother's milk. I love him for this: That he did not believe in making an institution of Friendship. We should all be friends and we should all be priests. I love him for this, and I love him for the ideas of equality that he expressed—not only the equality of men, but the equality of men and women.

Not long ago, in Dresden, I visited the great art gallery; and standing at the foot of the great staircase, I looked up and saw a picture at the head of the stairway. And I stood and looked. And

out of the picture, I saw riding a man—right in the center of the picture. He comes riding squarely upon you—a man mounted on a big bay horse, a man with whitened hair and furrowed face. And I looked again, and I saw the face of the Imperial Cæsar, the greatest man of initiative the world has ever seen—Pope of Rome, head of the Pagan Church, and at thirty-eight tucking his papal robes in his belt and leading his armies to victory. And out of the canvas rides the Imperial Cæsar. His face, white and anxious, looks right down past you, through you, and beyond you. On the other side of this man, you see another figure—a man riding a little white horse. And this man wears the cocked hat and the great overcoat of the little Corporal. You see at once that it is Napoleon. And he rides the little white mare that he rode at Austerlitz, where, Balzac says, " The hand that rules an empire patted the mane of the little white mare." And Napoleon looks with white and anxious face down past you. He does not see you; and the caress of the horse is only a habit—he has forgotten the horse. And the little mare pushes gently at her bit and lifts her feet high. And then, on the other side of Cæsar, rides a man on a black horse— a youth, a boy of twenty. Dark lines of dissipation are beneath his fine eyes. He rides that big black horse Bucephalus —the man-eating horse. And you see that this is Alexander. And the horses come slowly. They lift their feet high and seem to put them down so carefully; and you wonder why they come crowding upon each other and why Bucephalus reels as he walks, like a tired horse coming home when the day's work is done. And your eyes grow accustomed to the dim light, and you see why the horses come so slowly and lift their feet so high. They are riding over dead men. Far as the eye can see are only the dead stiffened hands that reach up and grasp the empty air. And over the dead ride the living—*The Conquerors*. And the spell falls from you; and you understand that these men have gained nothing but the detestation, the hatred of mankind; and the horses they ride are

happier far than they. They have conquered nothing but the dead ☙ ☙

My friends, the world will be conquered. It will yet be conquered but it will not be conquered by male man. That is the blunder of the age. Woman is one-half the race. Do you dispute the proposition? I will give you another. Woman is the mother of man. And a woman's children partake of her nature. And the subdued, repressed, uneducated, enslaved woman, will have boys perhaps; and if she does, they will partake of her qualities. We have bred a race of cowards that is cruel and corrupt; and we will never have a free people until we have a free womankind.

I believe in financial equality. I believe that when a woman earns the same as a man, she should be paid the same. I believe that woman should be economically free.

Thomas Paine was once asked by Dr. Benjamin Rush where he was born; and he said, " I was born in a coffee house in Fleet Street, London, the night I first met Benjamin Franklin." If you ask me where I was born, I will tell you it was in Peoria, Illinois, the first time I heard Robert Ingersoll speak. I believe as Robert Ingersoll did: That we must make women free in order to be free ourselves. " What kind of a man is it that wants a slave for a wife? " says Robert Ingersoll. Do you know that Judge Landis has recently ruled on a very great and delicate question? It is this: That in case a married woman exploits the trousers of her sleeping liege, she is only entitled to one-third of the find. Did I say one-third of the find? She is only entitled to the use of one-third of the find. That is all.

Robert Ingersoll, I remember, on that particular occasion, said this: " What kind of a man is it that wants his wife to beg him for a dollar: and then asks, ' What did you do with the dollar I gave you last month?' Can that man ever hope to be free? "

I am glad that our dear friend here called attention to the fact that it was Thomas Paine who first voiced the words, " The

United States of America," and who prophesied that we would yet have a " United States of the World."

But Thomas Paine realized that we have a very long distance to travel. We are tainted with the superstitions of the past. And today, here, I heard the satisfaction expressed, or thought I did at least, that the other side of the door was chalked. I wish they had chalked the opposite side of it; and I wish the hangman of England had caught that man. Then, instead of being a handful of us here this afternoon—just a few hundreds, there would be thousands, and this world would be a place of pilgrimage.

Thomas Paine made the great mistake of living too long, and of dying in his peaceful bed. My friends, you want to look out for that. I tell you, if you are acting a part in history, you must not live too long. It is an offense to live, and they will never forgive you until you die.

Now, not long ago—a year ago this month—I rode from Torrington to Litchfield, sixteen miles. A friend of mine wanted to take me from this town to that. I said, " Very well." And as we rode along, that beautiful June day, on the hillside we saw flowering laurel. And I thought I had never seen so much nor such beautiful laurel in all my life. I never had much laurel coming my direction; and we love the things we have not got. But if I get a little money ahead, I am going to invest in laurel! I am going to get my fill of laurel! And so I looked at the laurel; and I said to my friend, " Why has God been so lavish with his laurel here?" And he said, " Don't you know? " And I said, " No." " Why," he said, " it is because John Brown was born at Torrington, and Henry Ward Beecher at Litchfield, sixteen miles away."

And out of Torrington, in the year 1809,—1809, that unforgetable year, walked John Brown, nine years old, bare of foot and bare of head. It took him fifty years to walk to the foot of the scaffold in West Virginia, surrounded by thousands of troops. At the foot of the scaffold, they offered to assist him up. He refused the

assistance offered him. He said, " I can walk alone." And they adjusted the rope around his neck; and they pulled the black cap down over his eyes; and shut out the sunlight forever. And John Brown said, " I am ready." And in a moment, the lean, bony body of old John Brown dangled between earth and sky. Did that dispose of John Brown? Oh, no! You can not dispose of a man by killing him if he has a few ideas. Those ideas still live. You can not dispose of him even by letting him live to be an old man, as Thomas Paine did. No; the ideas live. But if you want to scatter these acorns, you want to put this tree down quickly. Did they dispose of old John Brown by hanging him? No; they did not. I see before me this afternoon a host of marching men. These men, in a few months after the death of old John Brown, were marching southward; and as they marched southward, in every city of the North, the bayonets gleamed in the sunshine, and the flags waved in the breezes; and as they marched, they sang. And what did they sing? You know what they sang. They sang:

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave—
But his soul goes marching on.

The soul of every man goes marching on who lifts up his voice for freedom. There is only one thing worth living for, worth writing for, worth fighting for, and that is liberty for man, woman and child. And so the soul of Thomas Paine goes marching down the centuries. He was one of the saviors of the world. I class him with Jesus of Nazareth, with Socrates, yea, with Robert Ingersoll—men who have lived and loved and died that we may live. The world is a better place because they have lived. Yet I want to address to you just one word of warning this afternoon. Let us imitate, if you please, the religion of Friendship. Let us prize this religion of Friendship: and let us not, my friends make the mistake of being dogmatic liberals. Let us be liberal and loving liberals. Do you know that the preachers are men, that the lawyers are men, that the doctors are men, that all these members

of the learned professions are men? We should have pity for the three learned professions, because they all know so many things that are not so. We have got to educate them. We are only in process. That is, the six days of creation have not yet begun. Yet the East is all aglow. Man is only in process. The religion of today is the religion of monism. It is the religion of Thomas Paine: that there is only one thing in the world, and that is Divine Energy, and that man is a manifestation of Divine Energy. We are only in process, but we are making head. And I will tell you why. A few years ago there was only one learned profession; and that was the profession of the priesthood. Then division of labor came in; and now we have the doctors, the lawyers and the preachers. And the result is this: that the preachers have taken possession of our souls, the doctors of our bodies and the lawyers of our property, and our business is to get the goods back.

Now, I believe in the divinity of man,—in the religion of humanity. We are here. The preachers tell us where we are going, but the only thing we really know is that we are here. I hope nobody will dispute it. We are here. What are you going to do about it? Thomas Paine says, " Let us make the best of it and get out gracefully, without making a fuss." Let us not make life any more unpleasant for others than we can. Soon death, the kind old nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep, and we had better help one another while we may. And I am sure, my friends, that this power that has cared for us here, that has sent us the splendors of this world, will not desert us. The world needs more saviors; and this power, of which we are a part and in which we are bathed, will never desert us there.

Reported for the Paine Memorial Association by F. C. Sturm.

Northeast vs. Northwest

IF the Pilgrims had landed on the northwest coast of what is now the United States, I doubt me much if we would to-day use New England for even a goat pasture. Prof. Shaler in a recent lecture said: "The natural economic resources of the western coast of the United States as compared with the eastern coast are about three to one."

At first thought this seems like an exaggerated statement, but conservative estimates by conservative men endorse the assertion and regard it safely inside of truth.

The states of Washington and Oregon are larger than all of New England when you have added to their square miles the area of New York and Pennsylvania. The New England states are rich and always will be rich, but their wealth has come from their manufactories, and the capital to run the manufactories first came from commerce with foreign countries.

New England never could have grown rich from wealth produced within her borders.

The world has paid tribute to the cunning of the Yankee brain, and therein lies the secret of her wealth.

America surely has produced the men and women. The Yankee genius for trade was well illustrated at the Pan-American Exposition, where a concessionaire from Connecticut carved wonderful wooden nutmegs and sold them for watch charms and bangles. His trade increased until the demand exceeded the supply, and straightway this son of a Puritan hied him to a wholesale grocery and bought a half-bushel of genuine nutmegs which he sold to the curious as the bona-fide wooden article.

And everybody was happy.

New England's best product has been her men and women.

Her wealth is an importation, drawn into her domain through the

shrewdness of her citizens. Yet let the fact remain, she has produced some great men. But let the further fact be stated: the great men of New England purchased immunity from grinding toil, like Emerson, who was "the culminating flower of five generations of New England clergymen." It took hundreds of years to produce them, they bloomed for an hour, like the century plant, and now they are gone, and gone forever.

The great men of Concord are all in Sleepy Hollow. Concord is a graveyard where hucksters prey upon the pilgrims, and sell souvenirs of greatness gone.

Amesbury is moss-grown, and Cambridge has no poets save sophomores, who lisp in limping rhyme 'neath the casements of Radcliffe, or seek inspiration at terpischorean festivals given at Bowdoin Square.

When Boston sends out missionaries, the hold of the ship that carries them is ballasted with booze, and the esoteric maxim of her merchant-marine is that the saloon follows the flag.

Boston crunches the bones of South Carolina's white children, and the lavish luxury of Commonwealth Avenue comes from the copper mines of Montana and Lake Superior. Every miner at Butte pays one-third of his product into the lap of Boston, as license to live.

Boston is the clearing-house of Industry. Her poets are dead, her philosophers but memories, and the descendants of her thinkers and doers live their lives on copyrights which have now expired, explaining to the non-cogitabund how this great essay or that sublime poem was written on yonder table with this nibbed pen ❧ ❧

New England has thousands upon thousands of pestiferous creatures who own a little C. B. & Q. preferred, left them by a saving ancestor, who do nothing and are nothing but walking negations. Their days are given over to sharp-nose hunting after other people's faults, and carrying tidbits of scandal to their ilk, possibly now

and then making little pretences at literature to keep alive the tradition. Virtue to them lies in abstaining from every human attribute, and in doing no useful thing. Read any of Miss Wilkins' books and you will see them pictured. These people know all about God and His works, and they know all about their neighbors. The word " relativity " is not in their lexicon—theirs is a doctrine of absolutism. The scene of *The Scarlet Letter* could have been laid only in New England, and the drama is being played to-day, with slight variations, just as when Hester Pryne stood on the scaffold in the market-place and held her babe close to her throbbing mother's heart, her lips silent.

In New England everywhere you will find the idea that God is a tyrant. Man creates his god in his own image, and where the soil and climate are tyrannical you will get tyrannical people, for man is a part of nature just as much as are the trees and rocks. Man is a movable tree. You can transplant a tree within certain prescribed limits. You can change the nature of the tree by placing it in another soil, and all of our most beautiful flowers once grew somewhere, wild.

Man can be transplanted, but not very far north or south. All of the great men that this earth has produced have come from a little strip across the north temperate zone. Go too far north and mankind is stunted, dwarfed. Theirs is a fight for existence, and among them there is no evolution. Go south to a point where men need no bedclothes but the clouds and where by lying under a banana tree, food will fall within reach, advancement ceases because there is no struggle—no exercise. Slavery can flourish only south of the track of the glacier, because there, forever, is the inclination to get some one else to do the work.

In a climate where the winters are cold and the summers pleasant, men will work, and through this work they grow strong in body and in resource. But in New England, nature slightly overdid it. The winters are very cold—the thermometer may drop to forty

below zero—all livestock must be housed—deep snows may come, so houses and barns usually join. Fuel must be gathered and stored, and food must also be banked. Only one crop a year can be produced, and there is even a risk about this on account of unseasonable frosts or droughts or floods. It is a struggle for existence—life is a warfare, and in the midst of life you are in debt.

¶ This uncertainty of existence, and the toil demanded to obtain the bare necessities of life from a parsimonious soil has produced a parsimonious race of people. Uncertainty makes them timid, and the most sensitive spot in New England is in the neighborhood of the pocketbook. The New Englander is sharp, astute, wily and suspicious. The reason he thinks folks are trying to get the better of him is because he is trying to get the better of them.

Like all men, the New Englander creates his god in his own image. A man who snoops, always pictures God as the great snooper. The typical New Englander's god is small, mean, snooping, quibbling and tyrannical. This god is everywhere at once and knows what everybody is doing, even in the dark, and he has an angel secretary who writes it all down. He is going to damn everybody who does not love him and acknowledge him in meetin'.

¶ But the New Englander has virtues—a good deal of the granite gets into his blood, and when you transplant him into a more friendly soil, you may produce a Lawson pink or something.

¶ So let us swing back to Puget Sound and take a little look at the transplanted people. They are most of them New Englanders, or descendants of New Englanders, who made their way by easy stages to New York, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota—and Washington

The western portion of Washington has a climate like that of the south of England. Very seldom does the mercury drop to freezing, and in summer the heat is never oppressive. The gentle humidity in the atmosphere makes a country of perpetual green. The state flower is the rhododendron, but it might better have been the

rose, for while roses do not bloom in Washington all the year round, yet they require no special care for winter, and in summer in the park at Tacoma they form a forest of blossoms.

There must be a happy mean of climate, just enough to make exertion pleasant—and it seems to be in Washington. In a more severe climate, where there are strong winds, there is as much of the tree under ground as there is above. In Washington much more of the plant is above ground than is under. Where the mistletoe, the mosses and ferns flourish, all vegetation flourishes. The eucalyptus is everywhere and it is a great scavenger—it purifies both soil and atmosphere. There is no miasma in Washington, no mosquitoes, no more snakes than in Ireland. Where there are poisonous snakes and insects, there man must fight; he not only fights these, but he fights other men—witness Central America in a state of Mt. Pelee revolution and much of South America set on a hair-trigger.

In Washington you must work to make Nature give up her treasures, but she is so lavish in her returns that men naturally grow lavish and generous, too. What think you of four crops of alfalfa a year on the same field? or one crop of asparagus, one of watermelons and one of turnips? In the Yakima valley, land that lies " under the ditch " is worth often three hundred dollars an acre, simply because it will pay fifty per cent return or more on the investment ❧ ❧

Apples raised in the state of Washington are sold on the markets of New York City and Boston, and melons by the carload go to St. Paul and Minneapolis, completely cutting off this market from the South.

Through what is called the arid belt of Washington—the eastern portion—vast herds of cattle, horses and sheep live out of doors the year round and thrive to a wonderful degree.

New England has neither coal, iron, copper, gold nor silver in her hills, but Washington has all of these, besides mines of lead,

arsenic and borax, from which quiet working men are now lifting fortunes ❧ ❧

As for forests, such trees exist nowhere else on the continent as on the western coast. The spruce gets much of its nourishment from the air—the climate must be moist, kindly, equable, and free from violent storms, or it will not grow. Its hold upon the soil is comparatively slight, but it literally towers to the skies. Spruce trees in Washington often cut eight feet across the butt, and if you want a stick a hundred feet long, any saw-mill will supply it. ¶ As for water, the city of Seattle simply built a dam at the snow line of the Cascade Mountains, thirty miles away, and has a gravity pressure that would be dangerous were it not strongly controlled, and in quantity there is a supply for a city of a million people. This supply can never be contaminated, because humanity will not live above the snow-line, and as for economy in the use of water—why, western Washington will laugh at you.

Puget Sound is a natural harbor, land-locked for two hundred miles in length, with an entrance from the sea twenty miles wide. ¶ The harbors of New England are dangerous to enter, and are sometimes death-traps to the ships inside—read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' stories of Marblehead! Boston Harbor can be entered safely only in calm weather. Nantasket Beach is a vast graveyard of dead ships, and the fate of Margaret Fuller off Fire Island has been oft repeated. If an ideal environment will ever produce an ideal people, and an ideal people make an ideal city, I think the suburbs of that city will be near Puget Sound.

Getting a Start in Vaudeville

THE success of modern vaudeville, from the salary point of view, has turned the heads of a good many girls at the glove counter.

My old friend, Billy Gould, is running a weekly article in *Variety,* headed, "Getting a Start in Vaudeville." The curious thing about Billy's very entertaining dope is that he never tells how to get a start. Probably the reason he does not tell is because he does not know. Anybody who knows will not tell. Those who can, do; and those who can't, start a Dramatic School.

The fact is, there is no formula for getting a start. The thing all turns on personality. You can, or you can't ! And those who can, can not tell how they do it. But depend upon this, the people who get big pay render a big service—in vaudeville or anything else.

¶ I know dozens of people who can give just as good a performance as Alice Lloyd—and they admit it—but we would all pay them good money to desist.

I suppose that every one meeting with a degree of success on the vaudeville stage is being constantly importuned by the would-bes. The would-bes are very sure that the managers have it in for them; just as most young writers regard publishers as being in conspiracy against budding genius.

The fact is, publishers are always on the lookout for good stuff; and the people who hire vaudeville talent are praying hard that they may make a find. Any one who can do anything a little better than anybody else is going to get a quick hearing and a big contract. My advice, however, to any one about to enter vaudeville would be this: Don't !

Seemingly the pay is large for the service rendered. People say, "Only twenty minutes afternoon and evening ! What do you do with all the rest of your time ? "

The fact is that twenty minutes afternoon and evening burns up all your phosphorus, and between times you are getting ready for that awful twenty minutes and getting over the last. No good player ever grows blasé and calloused. The twenty minutes is standing right out before him from the moment he awakens; and the better you play, the more the thing stands on the footboard and leers at you.

Life insurance actuaries tell me that actors are the most hazardous risk they are called upon to carry. There is only one profession that involves a greater physical risk, and that one you would never guess in a thousand years, and so I will tell you: it is the office of Catholic priest.

A ripe old age to a priest or to an actor is a positive miracle. The actors do not die young for the same reason that priests do. The priests die young because they are good—and for a few other minor reasons. The actor dies young because he is mentally short-circuited. During that intense twenty minutes he is carrying ten thousand volts on a line that is only built for a thousand.

¶ In vaudeville there is very seldom reciprocity complete between the audience and the actor. The actor stands out there alone and does his stunt without the collaboration that art requires. This is why he is emptied and exhausted with his effort of twenty minutes. The pressure is not the same on the outside that it is in. He is doing his work in a vacuum.

You say that one hundred dollars a week is big pay for this little bit of fun and frolic. I think one hundred dollars a week is very small pay indeed; and depend upon this, the man who gets five hundred dollars a week in vaudeville does not get a cent more than he is worth.

When you get one thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand dollars a week you are then not only doing the work but supplying the usufruct, or the cumulative good name and good will of a life that has done big.

That is, when they pay Uncle Joe Cannon three thousand dollars a week, they pay not only for his performance, but for the use of his good name and his record—with the momentum of great thoughts, great deeds, and big, bitter fights in the imminent deadly breach.

In vaudeville the intensity of the work makes the business decidedly narrowing. Any one with mental ambitions and aspirations can not afford to go on the vaudeville stage. The leisure, the peace, the equanimity, and the big, broad out of doors are to such a one lost and tabu forever.

You live in this narrow world of the mime, and your little life is bounded by the boards—the footlights to the South, the wings to the East and West, and North of you is the olio.

Above, in the clouds, partially overhanging you, with grim-set faces, sometimes pickled in alcohol, crouches that thousand-headed thing called the gallery.

Inside, you are ready to burst. Outside is the vacuum which you, yourself, are obliged to fill, or else be smothered through the lack of reciprocal pressure which holds the planets in space. A vaudeville audience, having paid its money does not laugh until forced to. But if the patrons of vaudeville would limber up and help the players more they would get a deal better show. Try it !

¶ I know one splendid man and woman who have done one sketch for fourteen years. They do their work superbly well, but they can never do anything else. They have dreams of an ideal play, and they work at it in fractions and sections, but they will never get it together and put it over. A booking-office can not exactly turn them down, so they are given work one week out of four or one week out of six. You see, they have worked the territory until they are no longer a novelty, and other and younger people have come along and are pushing them to the wall.

Vaudeville, like all acting, is not a good preparation for old age. The continual travel fixes the wanderlust in the being in a way

that it can only die with him. I am glad to see, however, that there is a tendency among some of the best vaudeville people to invest their money in real estate and have a farm somewhere in the hills, that they can turn to as a refuge. Billy Van, for instance, has never let the stage cheat him out of his love for the soil. Mr. and Mrs. James Barry are also country folks; and dozens more could be named similar to these. Most vaudevillists dive into the game and play it with such abandon that they die in it like dear, old Harry Lee—Whitehorse Harry—one of the handsomest and most impressive men it ever was my good fortune to meet. Harry was planning big things; and while on his way to meet an engagement the doctors ordered him to the hospital. In a week he was dead—the new play in manuscript under his pillow ❧❧

I noticed there was very little jealousy, if any at all, among the vaudeville players; whereas, in the legitimate drama it often happens that each actor thinks that everybody else in the play is working against him. In vaudeville, however, you do your own work, and each act is chopped off separate and complete from what has gone before and from what follows.

You stand on your own merits, sink or swim, survive or perish. There is only one man who can unhorse you, and that is the leader of the orchestra. Every good vaudevillist who requires music in his " turn " hates the orchestra leader with an undying scorn. Always and forever as the breathless and irate actor rushes from the stage, he informs the onlookers in the wings, thus: " He crabbed my laugh, he crabbed my laugh!"

That is to say, the leader played too fast or too slow, and smothered the applause to which the act was legally entitled.

The poor leader certainly has his work cut out for him. Not only does he have to stand as the butt of the jokes, and pass up the prop bouquet; but if things go well he gets no credit, and if they go ill it is simply because he could not read music if it was a foot high.

The next antipathy of the vode is for the legit. All vodes, if they are working at all, have money. Very few legits do. Whenever a vode has a week off, he goes and hangs around the theater where he played last. This is his home, his inn, his own familiar dwelling place, and the stage-hands and actors are his family and friends ☙ ☙

When a legit strays into a vaudeville house it is only for one purpose, and that is, to borrow money. I was just tugging at my collar, getting ready to go on, when in walked Scream Welch—his own act out of the way and therefore ready for conversation. He sat down on my trunk, and turning his Ben Butler eye toward the ceiling remarked, "Damn the whole bunch!" and then relapsed into silence.

I knew he wanted to tell me something, and so said, "Who are you talking about, Scream?"

"Oh, the legits!"

"What has happened now?"

"Well, one of them was just out in the hall and wanted to see you. I told him you could not see him and would not see him under any conditions, but if he would tell me what was the matter I would try and fix him out."

"He wanted to borrow five, and you loaned it to him," I said.

"Certainly! You can't let people starve, can you?"

I offered to pay Scream back the five, but he scorned to touch the money. It gave him such a delicious secret pride, this ability to minister to the starving legits, who doubtless had scorned him in days agone.

Many stories at the expense of the legit one hears from the vodes. These are samples:

A legit playing heavy parts was busted in a town. The villagers took up a collection and sent him on to the next place. Here he was going to retrieve his lost fortunes, and had arranged to put on the play of *Hamlet*. He arrived with his fur collar turned

up around his ears and his nerve with him, for hope in the heart of a legit never dies. He climbed on to the village hack with the driver, and looking toward the hill a mile away, remarked: "What a beautiful sunset! What a most beautiful sunset!" ¶ And the yap who drove the hack remarked: "That haint no sunset. That's the opery-house burnin' down!"

Another legit starts an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* show — Shakespeare no longer being appreciated. The treasurer runs away with the box-office receipts. The heavy ham who owns the show has an idea he will sic' the bloodhounds on the absconding treasurer. So they start the bloodhounds on the trail, and they chase the treasurer twenty miles over the hills and far away. There they catch up with him; but he, being on good terms with the dogs simply feeds them and starts an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* show of his own. So the legit is not only out of money, but loses his dogs ❧ ❧

Stories like these, picturing the discomfiture of a legit, are accepted everywhere behind the scenes with relish.

These things are here mentioned to show that vaudeville players are but human, after all.

In Saint Louis, something happened at one of my appearances which was not down on the official program.

I am booked to speak for twenty minutes, but I have discovered that twenty minutes, straight off the reel is a little too much, and so I divide the thing up into a first appearance of twelve minutes—when I fire off a final skyrocket and bow myself off the stage under cover of the smoke.

Usually there is a burst of applause; although on one occasion when I anticipated the applause it was not there, and when I came out to respond to the encore I appeared embalmed like black beetles in an amber silence.

The stillness engulfed me; and right at my elbow in a box three feet away, I heard a lady's shrill voice shoot up above the orches-

tra, and the words she said were these: "Is that all that man does?"

This started a laugh, so I got my applause just the same, as I sent a sidelong grimace at the inquisitive dame and opened up my stops for Part Two.

But usually the appearance and the disappearance, off and on, now you see him and now you don't is a great psychological move.

¶ So, in Saint Louis I had given my little twelve minutes straight, bowed off, jumped on again—for fear the applause would die away—ready to give the second edition. But, to my great surprise, as I appeared the second time, I bumped into a fat man who had already taken possession of the stage. This man had stepped out of a private box, in the interval of five seconds that I was gone

There he stood, and the audience was applauding him, not me.

¶ The man who had jumped my claim was William Marion Reedy, writer, speaker, philosopher and dairyman. I had not seen him before, although I was afterward informed that he was seated in the shadow in the right-hand box next to the stage—but here he was now, facing the audience.

He looked to me as big as Jack Johnson. In any event, the audience was interested in him—as an audience is always interested in anything else than the actor if it has the ghost of a chance. Any harmless, unnecessary cat can get a hand at any time if it strolls on the stage.

And there stood Bill! He waved a big pudgy paw at me, motioning me off the stage. I retired, not knowing what else to do; and standing there in the wings I listened to him make this little speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my painful duty to inform you that the clever individual who has just entertained us is not Elbert Hubbard. He is somebody made up to impersonate him. I know Elbert Hubbard well, and I want to vindicate his good

name here and now. Who this man is that we have just seen I do not know, neither do I care; but I denounce him as a fraud and an impostor." And he retired from the stage.

There was an interval of silence, then a wild yell of applause, and cries of " Hubbard! Hubbard! " I came out, but the audience was so full of jamake that I was not allowed to speak for a full minute. In the interval, I was cudgeling my brains what to say, and when I did speak I said something like this:

" Ladies and Gentlemen: I do not know who this strange individual is who has come forward and explained to you that I am not Elbert Hubbard; but I wish now to make the frank confession that although I am not Elbert Hubbard, I am something just as good. My name is William Marion Reedy."

The point was a little too subtle; it was what you call a slow joke, but it finally got going, and the curtain fell as the orchestra started up with a crash and bang for the next act.

To show that I did not get the joke over as well as I hoped, the box-office told me afterward that there were over twenty people came and demanded their money back, as they came to see the real Fra Elbertus—not a fake.

The sissy at the box-office tried to pacify them by explaining that the real Fra was a fake any way. But it would n't go.

A Little Civic Pride

NEW YORK CITY is the great gateway into the New World. New York City is hostess to thousands of strangers, many of whom do not even speak her language ❧ ❧

And the emigrants find opportunities for earning, not only food, but better clothing and shelter than they had ever dreamed could be theirs.

And New York City receives them. Here they eat their first meal, sleep their first night in this new world.

New York is the great, eastern port of entry to the United States ❧ ❧

How has New York taken care of this cosmopolitan, human swarm that comes uninvited to be her transient guests? Wonderfully well ❧ ❧

No other city in the world can do what New York does in caring for this polyglot mass of people who come bewildered, inexperienced, uneducated, unsophisticated in the world, full of fear, distrust, desire, hope.

But New York has thrived because of being this great, distributing center of human beings. Unorganized herself, as is every city, every country and the world, she has, in a way, sorted and classified, chosen and kept what she could use, and sent on their way to the West, always to the West, those who do not belong to this metropolis. If you want to see the poor of the peoples of the world, go to New York. If you want to see any people, born in any country of the world, go to New York.

If you want to see a cosmopolitan city, go to New York. If you want to see the best, the most alert, the most energetic examples of American liberty, go to the City of New York.

Foreigners have brought their climate, customs, habits with them, modifying all of these only as necessity dictates.

They speak their own languages, sing their own songs, build their own temples, weep their foreign tears, smile the half-smile which the servitude of ages has evolved.

These people are foreigners. They will never become Americans.

¶ But their children will. Young people are perpetually emigrating from New York City, into all American towns. From there, many go to other cities, and become first citizens, eminent businessmen in the financial and professional world of the United States.

When people from little cities want to boast of badness, they say significantly, " I have been to Gotham "—as though New York City was the synonym of sin.

But New York City is the synonym of hospitality, protection, wisdom, patience, endurance, efficiency. It is concentrated energy, a dynamo of work, a center of art and literature, a financial power in the world.

You are safe in New York City—as safe as in your own town.

¶ The discovery of one den of thieves, the advertising possibilities in a few systematically planned murders, are used as news which make interesting reading, even in towns where the same kind of events occur, only in miniature and lacking in picturesqueness.

¶ The marvel is that New York represses, holds in check, dominates, controls vice-inclinations as she does. The marvel is that New York City turns the inestimable power that she has into industry, commerce, art, business.

It is well that America's Metropolis is symboled by the Goddess of Liberty, which first meets the sight of every foreigner who comes to her shores.

It is well that she is symboled by the great, powerful mother-heart. For like Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, she has the desire and the ability to protect, guide, foster, utilize the energy of multitudes ❧ ❧

Winnipeg

THE Canadians? Yes, I know them—they are the folks who come over here in gangs on May Twenty-fourth, wearing ice-cream trousers," said a citizen of Buffalo to me.

Beyond this he was not especially interested. He did not know that the British possessions in America are greater in square miles than are those of the United States. If he had been asked to locate Canada, he would have described it as that strip of country lying just north of Lake Ontario and extending west to Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair; where we cross over at Windsor or Sarnia into God's Country.

¶ Canada, like a Barrett Wendell proposition, falls naturally into three parts. There is the eastern portion valuable chiefly for its French-Canadian dialect stories and its crop of hirsute poets of which Bliss Carmen and Charles G—D—Roberts are specimen sheaves. Then there is the central portion given up to easy-going, hard-headed, orthodox farmers who send their sons to the University at Toronto and later welcome them back to the blanket. Then there is the western portion, known until very recent times under the very general title of the Hudson Bay District.

The city of Winnipeg lies seventy miles north of the North Dakota line, at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. There was a settlement here as long ago as 1812. Very early the Hudson Bay Company had here a trading post. The location naturally recommended itself, for boats could navigate the river to Lake Winnipeg, and then north on this beautiful sheet of water for upwards of three hundred miles; and southeast the distance to Lake Superior was only a few hundred miles, and this gave an easy route to tidewater and across to England.

And a ship-load of furs was worth some money—I guess so!

¶ In the winter, dog sledges ran their Limited Express on the

ice. Into Lake Winnipeg empty hundreds of streams and goodly little rivers. On the banks of these the red men lived and hunted, fished and trapped.

The Hudson Bay Company was a chartered English concern patterned after the East India Company. It was a beautiful monopoly. It actually governed the land and made its own laws. One of these laws was that any person, not an authorized agent of the Hudson Bay Company, caught dealing in furs should be hanged ❧ ❧

And they were hanged.

As in England poaching and smuggling were once the supreme offenses, so was trading in furs here. For a while adventurous Americans occasionally went over from Lake Superior, but when caught, their goods were confiscated, their lives paid the forfeit and their bodies were left swinging from the gallows-tree as warning to all who were evilly disposed.

Crime is that which interferes with your business.

The Hudson Bay Company covered a territory over a thousand miles square. It bought furs and set its own price, paying for them in calico, glass beads, tobacco, knives and guns. It was a system of pure barter carried on with much astuteness. At first, whiskey was one of the commodities, but after the Indians had overstocked a few times and cleaned out the traders' stores at their own price, reversing the usual rule, the Hudson Bay Company joined hands with the W. C. T. U. to save its soul alive, for corporations have souls whether individuals do or not, heaven being a joint-stock close corporation.

All whiskey is good, but not in redskins—or buff.

In 1849 a man was tried at Winnipeg for dealing in furs. He was found guilty, but the judge did not sentence him to be hanged, because a mob of a hundred men (all but ten in the community) had sent word to His Honor that if he attempted to punish the prisoner, the judge himself should swing.

This was the last attempt to punish for the crime of "illicit dealing in furs."

The law is still on the books, but law not backed up by public opinion, is obsolete.

All government is in the nature of a monopoly—it arrogates to itself the exclusive right to tax. If persons, companies or institutions wish the right to tax, they have to secure the privilege from the government, for a consideration or division.

The Hudson Bay Company turned over to the English Government a certain percentage of its profits, and all English officials above a certain rank wore fur overcoats and had sealskin sacques for their wives.

Addition, division and silence!

Taxation is a fine art. Around it swings that sublime thing we call statesmanship

Tax too severely and your subjects will rebel. Tax too conspicuously and it is the same. Hence comes the tariff tax, paid nominally by the importer but in reality added to the price and paid by the consumer.

This is all right until the consumer grows intelligent enough to see the hocus pocus.

Every government exists by the consent of the governed, and people get about the kind of government they deserve, because they get what they want.

People fit for self-government, have it. Independence in men or nations is an achievement, not a bequest.

When the people in Canada came to recognize that England had no divine right to declare who should trade in furs and who not, they sent their little note to the court tied with hemp, and lo! the law was a dead letter.

In taxing the Indians the Hudson Bay Company showed much astuteness. It never demanded that the Indians give up their furs and pelts for nothing at all. Instead it presented every squaw,

papoose and buck, glass beads. The Indians reciprocated with skins, and then the whites gave calico and tobacco. It was a matter of friendship and good-will. Here the missionary played in well, and if he were wise and diplomatic, he fastened his religion upon the red man without actually making him give up his own, and all in the name of love.

In dealing with the Indians the English people have seen the wisdom of buying the favor of the savage rather than fighting for it. In dealing with white or redskins this is well.

Powder and bullets are an expensive form of litigation, to which the English traders and settlers did not resort.

In 1862, when there was a Sioux uprising in Minnesota and many whites were massacred, the Indians fled across the border into Manitoba, where they disturbed nobody.

Force, like Helta Skelta, and other Battle Creek productions, may be all right for White Folks, but it is a bad thing to try on Injuns. Injuns are very much like Whites in this: they reciprocate in kind—what you pass out you get back.

Thirty-five years ago the city of Winnipeg was a hamlet of two hundred inhabitants.

Now it is a thriving city of a hundred thousand people, with everything in way of betterment which we count as civilization. Moreover, it is a rarely beautiful city, with its wide boulevards, parks, open squares and miles of paved streets. The buildings are mostly of substantial brick and iron, tokening that Winnipeg has passed out of the pioneer period and has taken its place with the great centers of life and trade.

The land around Winnipeg in all directions is as flat as a floor. You can not have picturesque scenery and fertile soil. In Manitoba the soil is black as Uncle Tom, and as strong as Jim Jeffries. It is a loam deposit of vegetable and animal matter that was once the bottom of a vast lake. This prehistoric lake which naturalists have named Lake Agassiz was, say, a thousand miles square.

Drought is never known in Manitoba and while the season is short, the summer days are long, and they have about as many hours of light in the year, as they get four hundred miles south. At Manitoba, for several weeks, the sun rises between three and four o'clock, and they play baseball up to ten o'clock at night.

During this short season the thermometer often registers a hundred in the shade—" It 's a short life and a merry one," says Mistress Nature. You can see things grow. But it was only late in the Seventies that it was discovered that a certain kind of wheat could be raised here at less expense than any place on earth

The season is too short for corn to mature. Fruit is much the same. Cattle have to be housed and fed during the long winter. But " Number One Hard " produces at the rate of from twenty to forty-five bushels to the acre. Dollar wheat means a cent a pound. A wagonload of wheat is only worth twenty dollars, and as long as crops had to be hauled five hundred miles to St. Paul or Lake Superior, wheat in Manitoba was practically valueless.

Then came the Canadian Pacific Railroad and tapped this granary of wealth. About the same time James J. Hill was sending his streaks of steel across the Dakotas. People said Jim Hill and Donald A. Smith were visionaries. But such did not know Hill, Smith, nor the country.

It was just a mathematical calculation—sure as the multiplication table. Here was the land ready fertilized for a century. God sent His sunshine and rain without fail.

Hill and Smith were not so very great nor wise.

They just knew that every hundred and sixty acres of this land would support a dozen people; and in time make them rich if they worked

And they made enough of the moneyed men of New York, Boston and London believe it, so they built their railroads.

In New England opportunity knocks once at each man's door,

but in Manitoba opportunity gets after you with a club, and you give in or get out.

Twenty years ago the Canadian Government sold land, proved up, for ten dollars a quarter section—sixteen cents an acre. ¶ Such land near a railroad is now worth forty dollars an acre. ¶ Hundreds of instances can be found where settlers have cleared twenty dollars an acre in a single season.

This land, for the most part, is flat and treeless. You can plow a furrow as the crow flies, for miles and miles.

Since wheat-growing came in, the prairie chickens have increased so you see them every few rods as you travel across the stubble. In the spring, wild ducks, geese, crane and brants actually cloud the sky. Outside of this vast number of wild fowl there is a monotony that almost appalls the visitor. But the settlers soon get used to this, and farms paid for, with bank balances for every one who will work while it is called the day, are for all.

It 's Canada of course! They worship Ed and we bow down to Uncle Sam, and one is about as real as the other.

And a curious thing I saw was that agricultural implements, notably self-binding reapers, plows and threshing machines made in the States are sold at a lower figure in Manitoba than you can get them for in Illinois. Just why this is I leave to my brothers Alfred Henry Lewis, John Brisben Walker, Lyman Chandler and other wise statisticians and economists. If they do not know, possibly Ida Tarbell can enlighten them.

Canada has a railroad company that owns its line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This road carries wheat to China and Japan or Liverpool or all. And within a year, we have seen the peculiar spectacle of millers buying wheat in Winnipeg to grind into flour at Minneapolis, Buffalo and Rochester, paying for the wheat a dollar a bushel and a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel besides. In 1884 the Canadian Pacific hauled out of Manitoba four million bushels of wheat.

In 1904 the shipments had increased to fifty-two million bushels. ¶ This represents not over ten per cent of the productive power of the country. Five hundred million bushels of wheat from the Canadian Northwest or " Middle West " as they call it, in a single season is not far away.

Canada can feed the world.

I make the prophecy that stock-raising will yet be one of the features of the Canadian Northwest. Just now they are in the stage similar to that we were in, when we were slaughtering the buffalo for their hides.

Excepting, of course, it will take time to exhaust this wonderful soil, which Buffalo Bill did for the buffaloes quickly. Twenty consecutive crops have made no seeming difference in Manitoba soil, but all things have their limit.

In Manitoba the farmers do not remove the manure from the stables. When things get where the horses can not enter the door without scraping their backs, the farmers move the barn.

When the time comes that animal and vegetable life in the Northwest equalize each other, the real sure-enough crop will be produced

In Western Kansas and Colorado it takes ten acres to pasture one steer. In Manitoba an acre devoted to ensilage will feed and fatten ten steers for a year.

Figure it out, ye wise economists!

Canada will not really begin to get rich until she exhausts her capacity to raise wheat, just as Michigan did not begin to grow until she had exhausted her lumber interests.

There are now three trunk lines of railroads operating in Canada: the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk—all are rich, passing rich. But there is a very strong feeling that the people should own the railroads.

This feeling is growing.

The railroad interests of Canada are too vast to leave forever in

the hands of private companies—even the railroad managers occasionally admit this.

Just why Canada should always pay tribute in railroad dividends to the lords of London, is a question that Canada herself is sure to answer within twenty-five years. Absentee landlords and absentee bond-clippers have nearly had their day on this continent.

¶ In the meantime, if you hear any Philosopher of the grocery talk about the United States annexing Canada, just rest assured that his knowledge of the United States has been gotten largely from the Fourth of July orators, and his idea of Canada has been gained on a fishing trip to Dunnville, Ontario.

Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba do not recognize Ontario excepting as a poor relation.

Indeed, in Winnipeg they talk about Canada annexing the United States ❧ ❧

They have already secured as residents a good many thousand Americans. Of course, I admit that we borrowed James J. Hill from Canada but then we supplied the Canadians that very excellent man, Sir William Van Horne.

Possibly this influx of Americans, to a great extent, accounts for the Canadian boom—bless my soul!

In Colorado

USUALLY, in times of disturbance, the constabulary or the police handle the situation. If the disorder gets beyond the power of the police, the Governor calls out the militia.

If there is danger of the trouble extending beyond the State, so that other States may become involved, or if the State is unable to cope with the difficulty, the President, as head of the Army, may order Federal troops into the danger zone.

During the past year, my work has taken me through the war district in Colorado, six times. In each instance I have seen troops, visited with officers, with coalminers and coalmine operators, and talked with scores of businessmen.

In Colorado you may search for days before you find a person who sympathizes with the " strikers "—just as in New York, you will need the services of William J. Burns to find a person who sympathizes with the I. W. W.

In very truth, the trouble in Colorado was not a " strike." ¶ A " strike " means that certain men have quit work and refuse to return until certain things are granted them.

The " strikers " in Colorado do not intend to work, under any conditions—and many of them are not miners.

In fact, they are not even working people, any more than those people were wage-earners who paraded in front of Twenty-six Broadway, and went up to Tarrytown, flying the red rag of anarchy

The army of unemployed men in New York that marched into churches and disturbed the services could not be bribed to work. They were unemployed because they were unemployable. They said they wanted " turkey, champagne and five dollars a day "—but this was conversation.

Work at any wage would break their hearts. Mother Jones is not a working woman, and never has been. Her profession is something else ❧ ❧

The question in Colorado was not a question of wages, nor conditions of labor, nor working hours. It was a matter of changing the form of government of the United States.

The coalmining business in Colorado is comparatively insignificant ❧ ❧

The highest number of workers that have ever been employed is approximately twelve thousand five hundred.

At present there are ten thousand men at work, and these are able, by the improved methods in use, to take ample care of the fuel needs of the people. No one is suffering, not even the men on strike ❧ ❧

There are only two thousand of these strikers, at most.

Many bona-fide miners left the territory, fearing to be mixed up in the strife. But their places were taken in the strike ranks by adventurers, "Weary Willies," and quite a number of college men (strange to say) who called themselves "Students of Economics," and "Comrades of the downtrodden proletariat." ¶ Colorado has an eight-hour day, and no miner works longer than this ❧ ❧

The average wage is over four dollars a day, with work three hundred days in the year. Several miners I met have incomes of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

There is now on deposit with Mine Operators, over four hundred thousand dollars, in the form of savings-bank accounts, that belong to employees.

In Nineteen Hundred Eleven I spent a week at the Orpheum Theater in Denver. On this occasion, some Denverites, wishing to show me something about industrial conditions in Colorado, took me on a visit to the property of the Sunnyside Mining Company. Here I saw a Clubhouse for miners.

There were hot and cold water tub-baths, shower-baths, a library, a reading-room where all the principal magazines were on the tables, a piano, phonographs, billiard-tables, a gymnasium and a schoolroom where night classes were held, with instruction free.

¶ All the sleeping-rooms had steam-heat, and were furnished as well as most country hotels. The place was cleanly, well kept, and revealed a goodly degree of art.

I dined with the miners, and enjoyed a meal equal to that which often has cost me a dollar. There were Chinese cooks and Japanese waiters

"And is all this just for coalminers?" I asked.

And the answer was, "Just for coalminers."

The strikers want one thing—and one thing only—and that is recognition of the union. This "recognition" means that no operator or company shall employ any one who is not a member of the United Mine Workers of America.

It also means the inauguration of the "check-off" system.

¶ That is, all dues, fines and assessments that the union decrees, shall be held out of the wages and turned over to the treasurer of the union

Here we get a condition where the Mine-Operator and the "business agent" or "walking delegate" combine in order to rob the union

This system, once put in, would mean millions for union labor leaders, with funds to maintain a strike in any part of the country.

¶ Continued, it means a chain system that would take "labor" captive over the world.

And this is exactly what the I. W. W. and the United Mine Workers of America want—and nothing else.

The literary and oratorical ability of the striking miners and their champions deserves the admiration of every lover of the noble art of expression.

These publicists even deceived the President of the United

States, as to the facts at issue. The President, in his innocence, appealed personally to John D. Rockefeller to stop the strike.

¶ If John D. Rockefeller should endeavor to make the employers of the United States accede to the demands of Upton Sinclair, Mother Jones, Harry Kemp and Frank Tannenbaum—he would deserve the execration of every lover of liberty in the land.

¶ Besides this, Mr. Rockefeller has n't the authority, or the power, to bring about any such abdication.

The Rockefellers own a minority interest in one Colorado concern—that is, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. In addition there are forty-two other companies involved in the controversy in Colorado, all of which have stood as a unit from the first against the demands of the anarchistic strikers.

And with these companies, the Rockefellers have nothing to do. These mines in which the Rockefellers have no part nor lot represent by far the largest portion of the Colorado output.

The attack on the Rockefellers was because they are in the public eye, and have been involved in lawsuits with the Government. In putting John D. Rockefeller in the fight and bumping him up against the President of the United States, the strikers revealed great skill. It made the strike a national issue.

Emma Goldman, Doctor Reitman, Colonel Berkmann and Upton Sinclair have never been accused of working anything but a typewriter and their submaxillary muscles and vocal cords.

¶ But they are adepts in their line.

When they wore mourning-bands on their sleeves, and got themselves arrested for blocking traffic on Broadway, they secured one end of the Associated Press wire.

And the world listened, agape.

The President, his Secretary of Labor, several Congressmen, a Senator or two, all cried, " Terrible! "

The " tent cities, " of which we have heard so much, were a war contrivance, invented since the strike began.

These Colorado mines are not vertical—they are horizontal—running into the coal from the sides of the deep gulches or canyons ❧ ❧

The tent cities are at the mouth of the canyons, where all miners have to pass night and morning.

Every miner is spotted. He is insulted with cries of "Scab" from the women and children, and often assaulted; and in several instances, miners who wanted to work were killed by those who not only would n't work, but would n't allow others to do so.

The tent city is a strategic war move, and filling these tents with women and children is another.

Mother Jones is protected through the fact that she is aged, and a woman ❧ ❧

Here we get a diplomacy that moved even the District of Columbia to tears.

The right to quit work is undenied.

So, also, is the right to join a union.

But to intimidate, coerce and finally murder men who wish to work, and destroy the property of employers—these things are something else.

Some years ago, in Chicago, a frail and innocent maid got up a scheme of her own. With her pretty personality, aided with a hat-pin and a bottle of muriatic acid, she canvassed the big offices of the buildings. When she found a man alone, she opened up her mitrailleuse. And she usually got what she wanted, which was merely a ten or twenty dollar bill, mebbe.

If the man was unreasonable or rude, the girl backed off, opened the door and screamed wildly, in soprano, for help.

This brought a crowd, and in the rush the fair one escaped.

¶ In one instance, a man in reply to her hat-pin and acid argument, pasted her on the nose, so the claret flowed.

The result was, the mob seized the man and actually got a rope around his neck before the police rescued him.

The cries of " Stop Thief! " and " Murder! " from these Colorado anarchists have succeeded in turning attention to Mr. Rockefeller until certain editors nearly got a rope ready for him.

The inkfish is the most wonderful animal in Nature.

To becloud the issue, and escape under cover of the fog is a fine art

Great is Publicity, wonderful is Oratory—sublime is the Brochure, miraculous the Pamphlet.

When men and women who have never worked, take up the cause of the workingman, and win the politicians who work the people, the noble art of expression is surely coming into its own.

In Colorado I met Adjutant-General Chase, of the militia. Chase is a businessman, and an individual of genuine worth and quality. The people of Colorado believe in him.

I have also seen the Colorado militia in armory, in barracks and in the field.

They are a fine body of men—intelligent, strong, able, well disciplined—and would charge, if ordered, into a regiment of wildcats

Left alone, they could have controlled the situation as easily as the New York police said to the I. W. W. mob, "Quit your kiddin'! " and used their locusts with effect.

The strikers were armed with high-power rifles. They pretended to disarm, but the fact that a deal of their shooting was done after they " disarmed " tells its own story. These armed anarchists were too shrewd to fire on the United States troops. With the Federal soldiers they played the humility dodge, knowing perfectly well that if they resumed their original tactics, they would at once forfeit the sympathy of Washington.

So we have hypocritical sighs of sorrow, execrations for " Jondee," the inane, insane mouthings of Mother Jones, the occasional eruptions of Upton Sinclair, the lurid lightnings of Emma Goldman, and the rolling thunders of Colonel Berkmann.

The facts in the Colorado situation are not hard to find, nor difficult to understand.

To muddle the truth is the business of the muckracking press. Hysteria, sickly sentiment and jaundiced journalism have played a big part in Colorado Publicity.

I have read the speeches of our brothers Moyer, Haywood and Upton Sinclair. I also heard, in New York, addresses by Doctor Reitmann and that great and good man, Colonel Berkmann, who had the misfortune to serve fourteen years in Moyamensing Prison for an attempt on the life of Henry C. Frick.

If you accept the premises of these parties, you must also accept their conclusions. But their premises are based on the hypothesis that the United States Constitution is an obsolete document, and that this Government is founded on fraud, and that the flag symbols tyranny and oppression.

The claim these men make is that the mines of Colorado and elsewhere rightfully belong to the miners, that the managers and legal owners of the property are usurpers who feed fat on the labor of the miners.

Allow these parties to carry their tactics to a logical conclusion and the rights of property in America go by the board, and our Government becomes a thing of the past.

In the *Congressional Record* for Monday, June Fifteenth, is a speech by the Honorable George J. Kindel of Colorado. Mr. Kindel has been a miner himself. He is a workingman brought up to handle a pick and shovel.

As stated in his speech, the sympathies would naturally be with the miners, and not with the owners or operators, but he now gives figures and facts and gives resolutions adopted at various mass-meetings in different places throughout Colorado by the citizens assembled ☙ ☙

He presents the life-history, in tabloid, of certain of the agitators, men and women. He then gives lists of names of miners, stating

where they work, when they worked, and the amount of money that they received per day, these figures being taken from the payrolls of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and corroborated in many instances by the testimony of the miners themselves.

¶ Mr. Kindel finds that the earnings of the miners were satisfactory; that the conditions under which they worked were not onerous

It was ascertained that many miners earned on an average of between four and five dollars a day, and that none fell below $2.80 a day. Some earned as high as six dollars a day. Mr. Kindel found men who could not speak the English language who made five dollars in an eight-hour day. They were making more money in a single day in Colorado than they had made before in Europe in a week

The average daily wage of all of the miners employed was $4.27 a day. The working-day was eight hours as a maximum, and the number of hours worked averaged six hours.

These miners were paid in gold and silver coin twice each month.

¶ The miner was privileged to trade at the company's store, if such store existed in his neighborhood, but he was not obliged to trade at the company's store. He could buy wherever he wished.

¶ Nevertheless, in the face of these conditions a convention was held by strike-leaders and a strike was declared.

Before a strike was declared, however, firearms were purchased in large quantities by a few of the miners.

At no time were a majority of the miners in favor of a strike.

¶ The Colorado strike was not inaugurated by the men actually at work, nor was it caused by any dissatisfaction on the part of the miners

General conditions in the mines were exceptionally favorable to the miners

Mine-operators are not fools. They know perfectly well that if they do not pay their men well, and treat them properly, they can

not hold them. It is the business of an operator to do what he can to keep his men reasonably contented. Selfish interests alone would dictate a policy of this kind.

Coalminers today are by no means the ignorant, whipped-out, repressed and depressed peons that they have been pictured. ¶ They come and go at will.

They know all parts of the United States. If they can not get work in one place with proper treatment they will go to another. In order to hold his men a mine-operator has to look out for the health, happiness and prosperity of his people.

The United Mine Workers is dominated by Marxian Socialism, and this of a most shameless, lawless and disorderly character. ¶ There are two kinds of Socialism—the Socialism that gives and the Socialism that demands.

As an ideal theory Socialism is correct, but as long as Socialism is in the hands of anarchists, men who love liberty and reverence the flag will hate and detest a " Socialism " that stands for red revolution

Trade-unionism has much to commend it, but there is no organization that I know of which stands for disorder as does the United Mine Workers.

The people of Colorado are fighting for liberty. They are fighting for the maintenance of the open shop, and it is not a local issue, either. They are fighting for the constitutional right of a man to work, when, where, and upon what terms he sees fit to accept. ¶ The operators in Colorado who are standing for this principle deserve our respect and encouragement.

The men out on a strike are mostly soldiers of fortune. Many of these fought in the Bulgarian-Grecian War. When they came to Colorado they were fighters still, and finding arms ready for them, they succumbed to habit and entered easily and quickly into the strife

But these men are not Americans. Neither do they symbol the

things for which America stands. Very few of them are American citizens. They are Greasers in type and temperament.

The value of the coalmines of Colorado, comparatively, is not great, the money invested trivial, and the number of employees insignificant. The issue involved, however, is great and far-reaching ❧ ❧

The majority of people in Colorado are eminently intelligent, thrifty, capable and fair in their dealings with one another and with the world.

The industry shown by the revolutionary agitators in the line of publicity is worthy of a better cause, and that politicians and various publications should band themselves in sentiment with the lawbreakers is one of the appalling things at this particular time ❧ ❧

Even men high in the Government have lost their mental poise and seen things out of focus. Happily, however, sanity is coming back and hysteria has tired itself out.

The plain, simple facts are that the coalminers quit work because the operators would not agree to the demands of the Union. ¶ Immediately after quitting work the miners began destroying the property of the coal companies and assaulting the peaceable workmen who desired to remain at their tasks. The owners of the property, being unable to protect it, appealed to the local authorities. The sheriffs found themselves unable to control the situation, and they in turn appealed to the Governor, and the Governor then called out the militia. Many men in the militia, hesitating to fight the entrenched strikers, Federal troops were sent, and these have controlled the situation.

We should all bear in mind that the owners and operators of the mine did not annoy, attack or interfere with the striking miners. ¶ If these striking miners did not want to work, it was their right and privilege to quit and find jobs elsewhere.

Instead of this they organized camps in the vicinity of the mine

and began to do all they possibly could in the line of making life miserable for the men who wished to work. The rioters had machine-guns and high-power rifles, with quantities of ammunition ❧ ❧

Money was sent to them from confederates in various other places, and if they had won out, then the money contributed by the Colorado miners, and collected by the mine-owners in deductions made from payrolls, would have been sent to various places in the United States, and the same policy continued until the whole of the United States of America would have been a chain of revolutionary centers, and life and property would not have been safe anywhere.

Congratulations to the people of Colorado who have fought this thing to a finish!

Any one wishing to get the actual facts in the matter would do well to write for a report of the Commanding General of the Colorado National Guard to the Governor.

Also, they should read the speech of Congressman Kindel as published in the *Congressional Record*.

The facts enumerated in these two documents have not been answered or even denied.

The conspirators have spent themselves in a fog of words and vacuous accusations against the private ownership of property and the devilish character of men who employ their men and pay them wages ❧ ❧

The dangers of secession are as nothing to the villainous attack by these conspirators on the Red, White and Blue!

Here 's to the prosperous and beautiful State of Colorado and the sweet liberty for which she stands!

The New Canada

THE Canadian Clubs to be found in almost every city of the Dominion, form an institution which the United States would do well to study and take on

I suggest an American Club, run on similar lines in every town in the United States of a thousand people and more, with women eligible for membership.

The term " Canadian Club " is chiefly known to us as the name of a choice brand of booze; but it is worth noting that the by-laws of various Canadian Clubs forbid the sale or use of strong drink in any form at the clubhouse or at club meetings.

This is a matter of local option.

The Canadian Club is not primarily a social affair; it is civic, economic and educational in scope.

One of the most successful Canadian Clubs is the one at Vancouver, British Columbia. Here no wines, beer or liquor are served at the lunches or banquets, although no special rule has ever been adopted on the subject. They simply cut it out and let it go at that, without talking about it.

A Canadian Club is made up of the best business and professional men of the place. Any man of good character is eligible, and the dues are nominal, it being the intent and policy of a Canadian Club to lead the simple life and eliminate fuss, feathers and frills.

¶ Of course the quality of any club turns on the character and caliber of its members. But my experience in over a dozen of these Canadian Clubs where I have been a guest, is that a high ideal of integrity and intellect is maintained.

In the newer towns of the Northwest, every Canadian Club is essentially a Board of Trade where everything pertaining to welfare of the town is fought out and discussed with great frankness

The result is that any project endorsed by the club goes, and the thing it frowns upon shrivels and dies. A Canadian Club is the spokesman and the Common Council of the Municipality, for no Common Council dares fly in the face of its best citizens when welded into a whole. The lawyers, judges, business men and preachers are members, and the result is a municipal solidarity that reflects public opinion.

Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, says that the weak spot in a democracy is lack of interest, which allows the evolution of a democrat into a boss, and the boss into a tyrant.

Every Canadian Club is a restraining influence on the bounder and the boss.

To grab and graft would be impossible when there is an organized jury of from one hundred to a thousand men who meet and frankly discuss the actions of their public servants. At times, the Canadian Clubs have been known to invite before them certain town offenders and catechize them in an unofficial way. The result has been that the man either got out of town or reformed his ways. Was n't this better than to punish or disgrace him?

The work of a Canadian Club is manifold, but I would say it is primarily for the education of its members. Next, it is for the local good of the community, and next for national betterment ❧ ❧

From Halifax to Vancouver, four thousand miles, there is a string of these clubs, and in great degree they co-operate with one another. My friend, A. G. Halstead, of Vancouver, said to me, " Oh, everybody knows everybody else, all along the line of the C. P. R! " ❧ ❧

And the peculiar thing about that pleasantry is that it is true. Winnipeg is fifteen hundred miles from Vancouver, but to run over to Calgary, half-way, and then on to Winnipeg is nothing but a pleasant little outing. Folks in Toronto often go to Winnipeg, a thousand miles, and back, for a week-end change, the trip being

an easy and luxurious one, thanks to the enterprise of the C. P. R.

¶ The Canadian Clubs pass every good thing along.

A membership in one club is a passport to all the rest, for to get into one of these clubs you must be somebody worth while and you must be doing something for yourself and others. The neutral's name would never be proposed.

To a certain extent it is a revival of the old Hanseatic League, a combination of business men who did what no nation could do—drive the pirates from the seas. And the Canadian Clubs have nearly driven the gamblers, sharks and commercial pirates from the Northwest.

Some of these Canadian Clubs have no social clubhouse; they simply meet from time to time in a hall. Usually there is a monthly lunch or banquet, where an address is given on some vital theme by a member or guest.

The plan of the Canadian Club entertaining each eminent visitor that journeys thither is especially good.

The Club entertains the guest and the guest entertains the members of the Club, and thereby is liberated much spiritual radium.

The Vancouver Canadian Club is a typical one. It entertains at least a dozen eminent men every year. Each address is taken down in shorthand, and at the end of the year these speeches are printed in a book, and every member has a copy.

During the year just passed, the Vancouver Club entertained James J. Hill, Lord Strathcona, Earl Grey, Oscar Straus, Senator Bourne, Sir William Van Horne, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and dozen others who are in the lime-light and have done and are doing things. To get in touch with such people is an achievement and an education, and it surely must open up the mental pores of everybody and prevent provincialism and the prejudiced ways of the average snug, smug, self-satisfied villager. So we find Vancouver an eminently cosmopolitan city, touching finger-tips with the wide world.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, the town was burned, with the exception of one single house. Now we find a city of a hundred thousand people with every luxury and comfort you can find on Broadway or Piccadilly; a city where lumber is cheaper than in any other place on earth, but whose entire business district is built of concrete, brick, iron and granite. The look of the boom town is conspicuous by its absence; it seems like a long-established trade-center, where the inhabitants are building for the future.

¶ Vancouver has many points that interest the visitor. Her situation is picturesque beyond compare. Snow-capped mountains line the horizon on East and West, with dense masses of green foliage at the base, that reflect themselves in the deep, dark blue of her placid waters.

The scene from your hotel-window recalls Switzerland and Lake Lucerne. And while perpetual snow is in sight, the climate is that of Southern England. In summer the thermometer never goes above eighty-five, and in winter it seldom shows a freezing temperature. Roses in the door-yards at Christmas are the rule.

¶ This warm humidity is the result of the Japan Current that here skirts the shores of the Pacific.

The rainfall of Vancouver is only about the same as that of New York, but the rain coming in the form of a gentle mist feeds a flora that is as profuse and lavish as in the tropics. Apples, plums, pears, apricots and berries grow in a profusion that they do nowhere else in the world, unless irrigated.

Stanley Park at Vancouver is a tract of about a thousand acres of virgin forest that is within the city-limit. I know of no park in the world to rival it in growth of trees, plants, vines and flowers. And yet the expense of it to the city has been comparatively light. They have simply cut foot-paths, bridle-paths, carriage and automobile roads, through this vast tangle of vegetation preserving and giving access to the lavish gifts of nature.

Here towering spruce-trees two hundred, three hundred feet high,

spear the sky. Now and again these great giants of the forest have fallen and over their trunks now run vines in a profusion that paralyzes one's vocabulary to attempt to describe.

Out of great stumps grow big green trees, and often fifty little trees—say twenty feet high—fasten their roots in one big, long rotting log. There are places where foot-paths follow along great logs with a hand-rail along one side. To know the length of a log you have to walk it. To traverse one of these forests of British Columbia with a horse would be absolutely impossible, and to get through on foot is fraught with much difficulty.

The Indian trails all ran along the banks of streams, and man has forced his way through this wealth of woods from these points of vantage, fighting the vegetation inch by inch with ax and torch.

¶ There are parks and parks, but there is no park in the world that will exhaust your stock of adjectives and subdue you into silence like Stanley Park at Vancouver.

During the past six years nearly two hundred thousand people from " The States " have severed allegiance to Uncle Sam and sworn fealty to Great Britain.

This seems a very strange performance to most Americans, and they are often inclined to suggest the advisability of a " writ de lunatico inquirendo " for the erring ones.

Yet Mayor Douglas, or Sir William Van Horne might talk to you this way: The British possessions in North America are greater in square miles than those of the United States. In population Canada will never equal the United States, counting numbers, any more than the United States will equal China in this same particular

The children of such will be rich. We have fewer very rich men than you, but our average of wealth is greater, because the submerged tenth of such cities as New York and Chicago is unknown.

¶ Our rate of taxation is less than yours because we are more economical in our methods. Graft here assumes only a petty form.

Such stealings as you have had in the building of your State Capitols at Albany and Harrisburg could not occur in Canada. Not, perhaps, because we are more honest at heart, but because the would-be political boss is early retired to private life and his machine thrown on the junk-pile before he gets up speed.

We have learned in Threadneedle Street how to audit accounts, so one department checks another. Our banks are largely in chains, and are supervised in a way that yours are not, so they are safer and more secure. Consequently, our savings-bank deposits are larger per capita than yours.

Canada has the largest virgin forests and the greatest available lumber-supply of any country in the world.

Canada has the most extensive water-power of any country in the world

Canada has the only line of railroad under one management that runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, excepting the Panama Railroad. The Canadian Pacific carried the past year over ten million passengers without killing one.

The C. P. R. is the Northwest Passage to China, which Henry Hudson and so many other explorers sought. It connects England with Vancouver, India, China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand under one transportation management.

Canada has the largest horse and cattle ranges of any country in the world

Canada has the greatest and most prolific fishing-grounds in the world

Canada has the largest and richest wheat-producing area in the world

Being under the sovereignty of Great Britain, Canada has thus far got along without a navy and a standing army. Her military system is a play-spell, a source of discipline and education to her young men.

The schools and colleges of Canada are the equal in effectiveness

of those in the United States. Every liberty that you have, we enjoy. Every desirable thing which you possess, we also have. Our per cent of illiteracy, outside of the single Province of Quebec, is less than yours.

Your tariff is mostly to meet the terrific expenses of your general government. You are obliged to raise annually over seven hundred million dollars to meet this necessity, and of this vast sum seventy per cent is for war, the results of war and war appliances. And all this in a time of peace!

Your Civil War would never have occurred had you not rebelled from Great Britain. First, because Great Britain knew how to do away with slavery on a peaceful basis, and you did not. Runaway slaves were safe in Canada long before they were in your Northern States. The sin of slavery with you had to be wiped out with blood and tears, and a burden of debt followed, under which you yet bow ❧ ❧

No part of Canada could make war on another part, even if it wanted to. England would not allow it. England would have saved you from the Civil War. The South would not, and could not have made war both on England and the North at one time. Second, the South would have had no excuse for doing so, since England would have bought and freed the slaves before Eighteen Hundred Forty, as was her fixed policy.

The demands of the American Colonies, in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, were just and reasonable, and would have been met but for the weakness of George the Third. However, you were needlessly impatient. All that you asked for and fought for, Canada has received without argument.

The tendency of the times has curtailed the power of the King, until he is one now only in name. His duties are largely social. We sing " God Save the King," because the King symbolizes solidarity and brotherhood. Canada is loyal to the King, because she knows that unity means strength.

You have had much difficulty with your Indians, and your record is one in this respect that can not be read without shame. Comparatively, we have had no trouble with our Indians.

You have had in your Western country many " bad men," while with us the bad man was unknown.

Lynching is common with you, and you have within the past ten years burned numerous men at the stake. Such atrocities are beyond our imagination, simply because we have a respect for law which you have not. Behind our law stands the power of Great Britain, and this is what gives us ballast.

When Great Britain becomes supreme the peace of the world will be assured. And had you possessed your souls in patience, instead of resorting to violence on the demand of fire-eating politicians, the English-speaking people would now stand shoulder to shoulder and possess the earth. A coalition between America and Great Britain would be invincible.

Great Britain moves slowly, but she is very sure. Her hope now lies in her colonies, and these are a United Brotherhood.

Canada helped subdue the Boers, not because we hated them, but because we loved England and the peace which a British solidarity lends. We could not let the Boers go, any more than you could let the South go. A principle was at stake. United we stand, divided we fall ❧ ❧

British Sovereignty supplies us a Court of last appeal which you do not possess. Therefore we are stronger than you and our government is less of an experiment.

The Premier of England has less power than your President. And no Premier we ever had was obliged to carry the awful burden that you imposed upon President Lincoln.

Three of your presidents were assassinated.

No violent death has come to a Governor-General of Canada, a Premier or a Regent of England during the same time.

We are a kingdom in name, but a democracy in fact. You are a

democracy in name, but you are ruled by a combination of the demagogue and plutocrat.

Your federal legislation is mostly a matter of trade and barter between political leaders. The people are considered in the light of how much they will endure.

Self-reliance is well and beautiful and right up to a certain point, but beyond that we get what you have called the law of diminishing returns

Absolute independence is impossible.

We are all dependent upon the good will of those about us. ¶ We are dependent upon society, on the state, and upon the bounties of nature. To achieve absolute independence one would be an outlaw, an anarch, or a law unto himself. Obedience is a very necessary lesson to learn, for we must, in any event, obey nature and reason.

The man who will not obey is not fit to command. When men take the law into their own hands and go out to get even with their enemies, or mete out justice to the erring without regard to law, you get self-reliance gone to seed.

In Canada there is occasional violence, but almost without exception it is the work of very ignorant or insane men. With you it is somewhat different. Your lynching parties are led by your pillars of society. At various times men occupying the high position of United States Senator have taken the law into their own hands. You have " gun men " now in your House of Representatives. Prosecuting Attorneys, Judges, ex-Governors who have killed their man are not uncommon in the States.

The Philistine once told of a Judge who killed three Baptists before breakfast, in an encounter during the closed season. ¶ The Judge was not arrested, because it was assumed that when the Baptists went gunning for the judicial ermine, they asked to be perforated, and they were.

So killings should not necessarily be blamed upon the man who

does the killing. That is not the question. The man may have acted strictly in self-defense. The point is this, somebody started the trouble, and the man who did was afflicted with the microbe of independence, carried to its logical limit.

Very much of your law practice is an evasion of the law. The original idea that a lawyer is a servant of the court, and is assisting the King or the People to arrive at justice exists with you only in a rudimentary form. It is bad enough with us, but you are worse. The law-breaker in America who can get off gets a paying position in vaudeville, is looked on as a hero, and so regards himself. This spirit of independence, of which you are so proud, brought about your Civil War.

And it may dissolve your government.

One of your great States elected for its Governor to execute the law, a notorious fighting man. This Governor shot at least one man on the public street in sight of women and children, thus proving his contempt for authority. Everybody knew that this man "toted a shooting-iron." He was a sort of popular hero on account of his American spirit of independence.

He who lives by the pistol shall die by the pistol—perhaps. ¶ This man was picked off by a Winchester fired from a window in the Court-house—a most ironical pleasantry, while justice, blindfolded, surmounted the dome.

The Governor died, and a feud followed, with a million dollars' expense to the State, trying to fix the blame, which was never done ❧ ❧

Crime statistics of New York City last year give the number of murders at two hundred forty. For these murders sixty-five arrests were made, thirty-three alleged murderers were placed on trial with the result of twenty convictions, two were condemned to death, three others received life-sentences, leaving over two hundred unsolved murders.

London, England, in the same time, with double the population,

had twenty-four murders; twenty-two arrests were made, twenty were tried, found guilty and punished.

One very beneficial law, making for industrial peace and security, which we have that you do not, is known as "The Industrial Disputes Conciliation Act." This law provides that in case of a strike or a lockout, one side or the other, or the Government alone, can bring the parties into court, and compel them to appoint a Board of Arbitration. Each side names a man and these choose a third, and the case is tried. When the parties are heard and the Board gives in its decision, the parties can go on with their lockout or strike, exactly as before.

No coercion is used to enforce the verdict. The case is ended. But the result is that Public Opinion, that silent but invincible force, in every instance pushes the erring party into line—and both parties are usually at fault—and they abide by the verdict. The decision, you see, is not really that of the court, it is a decision of the People, through their legal representatives.

You have immense resources and your citizens possess great activity and initiative, but to say that you are invulnerable is to ignore the lessons of history. Your assured safety lies in an alliance with Great Britain, and a closer bond with Canada.

Thus might speak Sir William Van Horne, born in Illinois, now a citizen of Canada, knighted by Victoria in recognition of his great work in building the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Sir William is Taftian in proportions, big in body and big in brain. He could wear our President's shoes, overcoat or hat. He is approachable, simple, modest, frank, friendly, kind and withal artistic. He paints acceptable pictures, writes vivid English, and speaks with precision and eloquence.

Besides, he is a great financier and organizer. Also, he is a philosopher. We may not like his reasoning, but possibly that is our fault, and anyway I hope it will not hurt us to hear a little of the other side ❧ ❧

On a twelve days' visit to California, I came across the Continent on the Canadian Pacific from Toronto to Vancouver, without a change of cars.

And Toronto is just a half-day's ride in a Chalmers-Forty from East Aurora ☙ ☙

It is a great country that we live in, neighbors, a land of magnificent distances, but he who is appalled at distance with modern conveniences would ask to be carried to Paradise on flowery beds of ease, and then kick.

I would like to write about the noble scenery we saw skirting the North Shore of Lake Superior; of wonderful Winnipeg, metropolis of the prairies; of the stretching miles upon miles of Manitoba, where money is being minted out of wheat, at a rate no Eldoradian ever dreamed; then comes Saskatchewan and British Columbia, both worthy of a book. To tarry in Vancouver is a temptation —a city North of the North Line of the United States, that yet has a semi-tropical climate, a park with flowers, trees, plants and vines so diverse and varied in their tangled magnificence that it defied the pen of Rudyard Kipling to describe, and he fled merely muttering, "Wonderful! Wonderful!!"

At Vancouver, if you can tear yourself away, you can take passage for Alaska to the North, or hie you Southward by numerous steamship-lines or go by rail, taking your choice of the C. P. R., Great Northern or Northern Pacific. Or you can do what I saw a tired and blasé Englishman do. Here is what that Johnny Bull did.

There was a smart taxicab standing in front of the Canadian Club at Vancouver, bearing the legend, " For Hire."

The Englishman was the typical globe-trotting Britisher, wearing a helmet, a monocle, a check-suit of tweed, a trifle loud, and carried a cane.

I had met the man in the Club, and we had had a ginger-ale or something together.

Incidentally, I had told him I was on my way to Seattle.

As we walked out of the Club, his eye spied the sign, " For Hire."

¶ " Come on, I sy, Old Chap, we'll go to Seattle in this bloomin' trap, you know, by Jove! "

I held back and protested that Seattle was two hundred miles away ❧ ❧

"Aw, now, my word, you Yankees are so queer. It is n't as far as it is from Suez to Khartoum, and I rode the distance on a bloody camel—come on."

I still declined.

In disgust, he stepped into the motor-car, settled himself back, and as he lighted his briarwood pipe, remarked to the chauffeur one word, " Seattle! "

The chauffeur stared, and asked him to repeat it.

" Seattle, you bloomin' bloke! "

The chauffeur without saying another word cranked his machine, took his place at the wheel, and as they shot around the corner the Englishman called to me, " I sy, Old Chap! Good-by! I 'll meet you in Piccadilly, you know! "

The next evening, when I lectured in Seattle, there on the front row sat the Englishman, and by his side the chauffeur, a redheaded Scotchman ❧ ❧

After the eloquence, this son of 'appy Halbion explained to me that the ride from Vancouver was the only rest he had had for a year—" Travel is usually such a beastly bore, you know."

He and Pyles, for that was the chauffeur's name, had struck up a friendship ❧ ❧

Pyles had been in the British Navy, and the two were quite chummy. They had telegraphed the owner of the car and gotten permission to go on down to San Francisco. There my friend was going to load Pyles and the auto on the steamer and send them back home to Vancouver.

A week later, when I lectured in San Francisco, in a box sat Pyles and Me Lud, grinning a welcome. During the spiel they

cried, " 'Ear! 'Ear! " at various old Joe Millers, with needless unction ❧ ❧

This little story happens to be literally true, not needing even to be hand-illumined. It has no special point, and I insert it here merely to show that distance is a matter of mind—a point of view—and that Immanuel Kant, who lived to be eighty, and was never ten miles from home, undoubtedly missed a lot of fun.

In the Copper Country

I HAVE been up to the Lake Superior Copper Country

To reach the Copper Country, expeditiously, say from Lansing, you have to travel steadily by fast train for twenty-four hours, and traverse Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. ¶ Michigan is the only State that you have to go out of in order to get into.

Isle Royale in Lake Superior is the largest island surrounded by fresh water in the world. Isle Royale is a part of the State of Michigan. To reach it from the Copper Country I had to travel through Wisconsin and Minnesota and turn the corner across Canada

Any person who can draw a map of Michigan deserves a Carnegie medal

By all geographical rights the Upper Peninsula of Michigan belongs to Wisconsin and Minnesota. It seems that in the time of Henry Clay, Michigan owned a part of what is now Ohio, where the city of Toledo stands. Ohio wanted this, and as a compromise Michigan signed off, and was given in return a generous slice of " The Arctic Zone " along Lake Superior, which Henry Clay declared in frenzied phrase was a " worthless waste of wilderness. " Since Henry Clay's time the " worthless waste of wilderness " has produced iron, copper and lumber to an amount exceeding five hundred million dollars.

Connecticut once owned a tract of land in Ohio known as the Western Reserve. At that time, for a State to own land at a distance from its capital was the custom, just as Virginia owned Kentucky

For convenience' sake each State has been trimmed of her subsidiaries, save Michigan alone.

And Michigan will never consent to any more land deals in the interests of consistent geography. Her boundary-lines are fixed. The Copper Country is too precious a gem to let slip.

Lots of good folks " Down East " think of the Copper Country as wild and woolly.

The first note of disillusionment to the traveler comes when he boards the "Copper Country Limited," a palatial train that leaves Chicago every evening in the year, and heads straight North for Copper Harbor five hundred miles away. Here lies a little empire all by itself.

The ignorance concerning the Copper Country is dense and widely diffused. In the first place, the district is off the beaten line of travel. Here is where the railroad ends. It goes as far as it can and stops

We have heard this country spoken of by the newspapers as " a mining-camp." The term was first applied in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-one, when a company of Cornish miners begun work here, and the place has occasionally been called a " camp " ever since. Descendants of miners who lived here in the classic year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six are to be found here now. ¶ All Cornishmen are " Cousin Jack." One of these " cousins " came to my hotel, and insisted that I should come to his house and have supper with his family. Why? Oh, I 'll tell you: because my daughter is a student at the University of Michigan, and he, too, has a daughter at Ann Arbor.

This family lived in one of those log houses that you have recently heard so much about. It was a very good house, warm, comfortable and sanitary. There was a cellar in which were five hundred bushels of potatoes, raised on a two-acre garden-plot back of the house

Here I met three generations of men who all work for one mine. Their wages average a little over four dollars a day, each for an eight-hour-shift. This gives plenty of time to cultivate your mind

and the garden. Also, it affords time to fish, hunt and get in wood for Winter ☙ ☙

Modern mining began in the Upper Country in Eighteen Hundred Forty-Six. Then the "Quincy" was opened, a mine that has never missed a dividend in sixty-eight years.

The famous Calumet and Hecla has one hundred thousand shares at a par value of twenty-five dollars. Only twelve dollars and a half a share has ever been called for.

Calumet and Hecla is worth today four hundred thirty-five dollars a share. And it has been as high as one thousand.

¶ I met one miner who owned ten shares that his father had bought at par. The Calumet and Hecla has not skipped a dividend since Eighteen Hundred Seventy. It has paid out in dividends one hundred twenty-five million dollars, and in wages it has paid out more than one hundred eighty million dollars.

This is the mine that has filled the heads of speculators with verdigris ☙ ☙

When the promoters give you mining figures they flash up Calumet and Hecla.

The fact is there are forty-four separate mining companies here, and only six are paying properties. The Isle Royale Mine has paid just one dividend in fifty-five years.

That was immediately before the strike, and that lonely dividend is likely to be historic. The success of the Calumet and Hecla has not turned alone on its rich lodes—it has been very wisely managed. Alexander Agassiz, son of the world-famous Swiss scientist, put the mine on a paying basis.

He put Scotchmen in command, and these men made money when less able men would have lost it.

James MacNaughton, the present manager, is the son of a miner and was brought up in the business. MacNaughton worked his way through Oberlin and Ann Arbor. He is an evolved man, big, generous, intelligent, able.

At college he played successful football, and in life's scrimmage he hits the line hard. His employers hold an insurance-policy on his life for a half million dollars. This is a sermon in itself.

The president of the Calumet and Hecla is Quincy Adams Shaw, of Boston, a Harvard man and quite the same type as MacNaughton

In fact, these men look and act very much alike. One was born a Boston blueblood, and the other the son of a Scotch-Canadian laborer

I also met Max and Rodolphe Agassiz, sons of Alexander Agassiz —very able, active, intelligent men.

An uncle of Quincy Adams Shaw was the gallant Colonel who led that colored regiment, fought freedom's fight, and was killed in the early days of the War. The famous Shaw monument by Saint Gaudens fixes his memory in the minds of humanity.

The Lake Superior country is not the wild and rocky region that many in the effete and cultivated East imagine.

It is for the most part wooded with as lovely forests as you ever saw. Much of the heavy timber has been cut off, but the second growth has come along, and save in those rare districts where forest-fires have occurred, the country is as picturesque and beautiful as a poet's dream.

Spruce, pine and hemlock abound, and these with the white birch give the land a look in Winter that is lovely beyond compare

The general features of the country are not unlike those of New York State—hills, ravines, streams, wide, fertile valleys.

Vast tracts are to be seen that are as rich in farm possibilities as the Genesee Valley or the Valley of the Mohawk.

I saw many farmers who last year raised from two hundred to four hundred bushels of potatoes per acre within ten miles of Houghton

Near Calumet are many Finnish farmers, who work in the mines

in Winter and farm in Summer. Most of these Finns are also expert fishermen; and between mining, farming and fishing they put money in the bank.

These people, and others like them of various nationalities, account for the fact that the Copper Country banks show deposits of nearly twenty million dollars, in a population of less than ninety thousand people.

The standard of life in the Copper Country is high. The best is none too good for a miner. Tropical fruits, oysters, and delicacies in a thousand forms abound. I ate with the men in one of the bunk-houses of the " Quincy," and we had as good roast beef, and as fine an assortment of well-cooked vegetables, with tea, coffee, fruit (and pie like mother used to make), as you could get in any first-class hotel in America.

The success of a lumber-camp turns on the artistic qualities of the cook, and it is the same in a miners' boarding-house. Any one who will work never suffers for food in the Copper Country. The danger here really lies in overeating.

Houghton does not boast of being a city—it is only a town, a town of less than seven thousand people. Yet it has a distinct cosmopolitan atmosphere, with its well-paved streets, cluster lamps, modern street-car system, splendid hotel, beautiful and ample club, public library, high school, and many smart shops.

These Copper Country folks travel. They go down to Chicago to the opera, attend the horse-show in New York, are familiar with San Francisco, keep a jealous eye on Butte and Denver, and generally regard the world as their oyster.

No town of the size in America can compare with Houghton in the big generous view it takes of things. People do not exist here—they live. Incidentally, they work. The air is charged with ozone, and health abounds. These are an out-of-door folk. They ski, skate, slide, glide, dip, and play hockey.

Houghton, Hancock, Calumet, Red Jacket and Laurium are

tied together with an excellent and well-paying electric-railway system. Fine residences abound. The houses of the miners usually have vegetable gardens back of them.

The Calumet and Hecla own eight hundred houses that they rent to their workmen at the uniform rate of a dollar a room per month. These houses have from four to twelve rooms.

I visited a dozen or so of these houses where the occupants paid five dollars a month rent. This included running water, and various services in the way of repairs, removal of ashes and garbage, snow-plow, etc.

Some of the houses owned by the mines had steam heat, electric lights, and hot and cold water, and for these a moderate extra charge was made.

More than twelve hundred workers in the Calumet and Hecla own their own property. The poorest houses in town are owned by private parties who rent to "tramp miners." Some of these houses have been photographed as typical miners' houses, all of which was part of a cheerful libelous propaganda that has been recently carried on concerning this country. In one case a shack, built by boys as a camp, was photographed and palmed off on a New York magazine as a miner's home.

Calumet has a thoroughly equipped hospital, where miners, or any members of their families, are cared for at sixty cents a day, which includes all medicines and surgical attendance. I was glad to see that this hospital was "running on short time," with only six patients, and a capacity for a hundred.

At Calumet I visited the High School, a completely equipped modern teaching plant. Here young folks are not only taught all that any good high school teaches, but there is a vocational department that was most interesting—blacksmithing, cabinet-work, weaving, wood-carving, designing, electric equipping. In the girls' department there were big and enthusiastic classes in sewing, cooking, serving, dressmaking.

This school was built at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars by the Calumet and Hecla, and the school district pays for it a nominal rent on a ninety-nine-year lease.

Over a thousand pupils are in attendance.

The teaching force is paid about a third more than we pay, say, in New York State—this because only picked teachers are employed and secured, for the Copper Country is supposed to be near the jumping-off place.

However, the inevitable happens here, as elsewhere, and I was told that very, very seldom does a young woman teacher leave this country. They marry engineers, mine-captains, foremen, and, in fact, the descendants of these make up the best society here. This may account for the large number of highly intelligent people you meet here. Thomas A. Edison's mother was a schoolteacher ❧ ❧

Schoolma'ams make great mothers: why not? If you doubt it, Terese, let me tell you this—but what 's the use! If you do not know without my giving instances you would never believe it anyway. Take that!

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six there was a bill up in Congress to make the Upper Peninsula of Michigan a separate State, under the name of Superior.

Later, another bill came up with a like purpose, and the proposal was to name the new State Copperland.

My suggestion is that, whether the Upper Peninsula is made a new State or not, it be called Cloverland.

No section in America produces bigger and finer crops of clover than this Lake Superior Country. From the Soo to Duluth—a country, say, four hundred miles East and West and two hundred North and South—clover does n't grow: it just luxuriates.

One thing, of course, that makes the clover laugh in glee is the amount of wood-ashes that have been given to the soil through clearing the land.

Calamity Jake says that unless the farmers feed the land with more wood-ashes these enormous clover-crops will not continue. This is n't true.

Rotation will do the business. Corn does not ripen, but it grows fast and furious, and is just right for ensilage.

Oats often run fifty bushels to the acre.

Two crops of clover with ten tons to the acre are not uncommon.

And as for potatoes, they only need a few Houghton farmers here to show 'em how.

At Sidnaw, on the shores of Lake Superior, lives my old friend Walter S. Prickett, owner and manager of a farm that has the record butter-producing cow of the world.

The name of Prickett's ranch is " The Roycroft Farm." Oho and oho! As a peace-offering Prickett sent me a Berkshire boar, as fine a specimen as you ever saw. When you come to East Aurora you will realize that his Lake Superior Pigship has profoundly influenced porcine society in our vicinity, and caused a moral uplift and social betterment all along the line.

But any man who has a better farm than I have is welcome to call it Roycroft, and grow bristles of pride.

Prickett raises registered Jerseys, registered Berkshires, potatoes that are eligible, and his pigs are always in clover. Just these—cows, pigs, clover, potatoes!

Cows eat clover and give milk; pigs eat potatoes and drink milk; livestock enrich the soil; so the land laughs a harvest, and clover, cows, potatoes, pigs and Prickett prosper.

My brother in well-doing, Cleveland of Houlton, Maine, gets five dollars a bushel for potatoes. They are bought for seed, and go to Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, it having been found that Northern-grown stock, transplanted, is a good investment.

¶ By the same token, Prickett gets from a hundred to five hundred dollars each for calves, and pigs in proportion. Transplanted products produce.

As for Prickett, personally, he is a holluschickie, without a help-meet. I apologize to all good suffragettes for saying this—but we are dealing in truth, and only the actual goes! Prickett has built up a finer farm without a wife than any man in Michigan has with one ❧ ❧

This means of course that if Prickett had been married to the right militant, his Berkshires would have taken on double the adipose and would have been three times as black.

However, Prickett, I am told, has n't given up hope. The man is not as young as he once was, but his ambition has not waned. He has a kissable bald spot, a genius for work, and a love for order, pigs and poultry. He has a kindly disposition, can cook flapjacks perfecto, enjoys music, reads *The Fra* with unction, and has memorized the *Essay on Silence*.

Only a woman who is bigger than weather need apply. Accept no substitutes. Send for literature. The address is, Roycroft Farm, Sidnaw, Michigan.

The people in the Copper Country eat well and dress well. Yes, indeedy! ❧ ❧

Many of the young miners are decidedly dandies. Their socks match their neckties, and the latest fashions prevail. Hart, Schaffner and Marx find a big market here; Stetson is represented; Corliss, Coon and Company have an agency, and Wayne-Knit is in active demand.

At every mining-shaft there is a house called a " Dry," where the miners change their clothes. At most of the C. & H. shafts the " Dry " has individual lockers, shower-baths, a lavatory, a reading-room, and the whole place looks like a Y. M. C. A. clubhouse. ¶ Going down everybody looks alike, but dressed for the street these miners show a deal of style.

The miners are spenders. In fact, everybody here is a good sport. At the Douglass House I looked over the bill of fare and decided on whitefish, remembering that I was in a fish country. And

instead of a piece of fish, what do you think I drew? A whole whitefish on a plank three feet long!

It certainly got my Angora. Of course everybody is n't as lucky as I am, but I only mention this incident to show the way these folks do things.

The fish was brought in by John Mann, the landlord himself, and the discoverer of planked whitefish. Here they produce both planks and fish. The fish they served me was caught the day before, and the plank at that time was in the tree.

There has never been a bank failure in the Copper Country, and during the strike there was not a single failure among the merchants

Man was made for disporting on the surface of the world, not for burrowing down into its depths.

And as for going down in the ground a mile, the thing is a new and modern venture in exploration. Having hunted out every part of the top of the earth and gone to both the North and the South Pole, we are going through the Earth to find out what there is at the core. The drum-taps of the British Nation not only greet the rising sun the round world over, but the sons of Happy Albion go where no sun shines.

Prehistoric man mined on the surface or dug into a mountain horizontally, and thus made a cave.

But we go down perpendicularly, or else slip down at an angle of forty-five degrees, following the tilt of the strata, down a hundred feet, a five hundred, a thousand—half a mile—a mile!

Long before the days of the North American Indians, there was a people who worked these copper-mines. Who they were, where they came from, what ever became of them—of these things we know nothing.

They made spear-heads, knives, saws, cups, and various utensils, we know, for these things are found here embedded in the drift or, at times, cached in caves.

In working the copper, hammers, chisels, mallets and saws were used. Also, they used steam, for they dashed cold water on heated rocks and thus liberated the nugget of copper.

The copper implements and utensils were carried South and East for hundreds of miles, and sold or traded.

In Sixteen Hundred Thirty the missionaries along the Saint Lawrence learned from the Indians of the Copper Country, and one of these missionaries wrote a book on the subject that fired the hearts of various European gentlemen adventurers.

But these prehistoric miners only worked the outcrop. They did not go down into the bowels of the earth. Their work was limited to excavations.

One such that I saw was a great chamber thirty feet high and a hundred feet long.

In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-one, the Cornish miners here went down vertically a hundred feet, and pulled the ore up in buckets with the help of a windlass.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-six, for the first time, the steam-hoist came in, and mining began in earnest.

The copper-bearing ore is found in a vein that extends up and down—a sort of fissure, a crevasse, through which volcanic action sent up a surging mass of lava. This lava carries the copper.

¶ Occasionally, there are masses of solid copper found that weigh from a thousand to ten thousand pounds. To get such deposits out is a problem. Dynamite will not break it, and to cut it out with chisels is a very laborious process.

There is reason to believe that the first attempt to utilize copper was the cutting off of pieces of these solid masses. But today a mass of copper is n't as valuable as the broken ore, simply because it is so difficult and costly to handle.

There are three distinct operations in getting copper out of the ground and sending it to market.

First is the work of securing the ore, which is found in vast

crevasses. To get this copper-bearing ore out, it is drilled and dynamited. The ore then runs in form from sand to chunks that weigh fifty or a hundred pounds.

The men who drill and dynamite are miners.

The men who shovel the ore into tramcars, and push these cars to the "skip," or elevator cars, are called "trammers" or "muckers."

Miners in the Lake Superior Copper Company make from three and a quarter to five dollars a day.

Trammers are paid a minimum wage of two dollars and seventy-five cents a day. Above a certain number of tons, there is a bonus on output that brings the average of wage up to about three dollars a day.

Board and lodging in the Company boarding houses is four dollars a week

The men work in eight-hour shifts, with actual working time of seven hours and a half.

The advance in scientific separation of ore from refuse is sharply brought to one's attention at the Lake Linden stamp-mill. This mill and smelter is owned by the Calumet and Hecla. Since Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two the refuse sand from the mill has been run out along the shore of the lake. Here it extends for the distance of a mile or more.

And now, thanks to the much-belabored college "grad," this refuse sand has been found to contain valuable quantities of copper

The electric engineer comes in, new machinery is invented, the sand is pulverized, and the waste proves to be worth over a dollar a ton. Half a million dollars have been expended in a Reclamation Plant, and the steam-shovels are at it. A hundred million dollars' worth of this "waste" is in sight.

Thus does big business rob us of our birthright and grind the proletariat into the economic mire.

Nevertheless, since the duty has been taken off dog-biscuit, and birdseed is on the free list, the high cost of living is reduced, and a glow of hope comes into the East.

There are many men with a discreet bald spot, born and brought up in the Copper Country, who have never been underground. ¶ In the first place, mine-managers do not solicit picnic parties, for obvious reasons. Going down in a mine for a sailor or a farmer is both an epoch and an event.

It is like the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, or the feasting on ground-hog—one excursion suffices for the rest of our natural life. ¶ The preparations for going down in a mine are solemn, dignified and impressive. It is like getting married, attending a funeral, or witnessing an electrocution.

As you enter the " Dry," or disrobing-room, you take a last, lingering look at the blue sky; and the sunshine and landscape seem to have a peculiar beauty which you had before never observed

A thought goes through your mind that soon you will be immersed in absolute darkness, or what poets call " Stygian Gloom." If you should never come out of the subterranean depths, the sun would come up every morning in the East, traverse the sky and set in the West, just as if you were here. At night the moon would shine, the stars would come out, the storms would blow, all without your help.

You feel your worthlessness, your insignificance.

A half-grown pug-nosed boy looks at you in a semi-professional way, and diving into a closet, tosses out a pair of overalls, a jumper and a pair of hobnailed shoes.

A clerk comes forward and relieves you of your watch and valuables, giving you a brass check as receipt.

You then sign a release, which you pretend to read, " Whereas and wherefore—heretofore—being of sound mind "—you read no further

What difference is it, if you never come up, what the lawyers do, and as for your heirs and assigns forever, let them take your belongings and live their giddy whirligig called Life—they will never get out of it alive! You have had your little fling at it, and found it so-so at the best.

Your attitude of mind is heroic, indifferent, pessimistic, slap-dash. You are a fatalist. As for being afraid—never!

Nevertheless, you are not exactly joyous. You are leaving the surface of the earth.

" What did the gentleman leave? "

" All he had."

You expect the Bertillon system will be applied, but it is n't.

¶ The attendants are standing around, indifferent. They have seen men go down into the mine before. Your dignity is oozing away

By the time you are in the jumper and overalls, your proud place in society is nil and naught. You are glad there is nobody here to ask for a " last word," to make a fuss, or kiss you good-bye.

¶ With us is the president of a Calumet bank. He has lived here for forty-one years, come Michaelmas, but has never been underground

" Afraid? "

Not he—he laughs a tight-fitting grin and settles into sententious silence

He slips into his jumper, and then puts on the heavy hobnailed shoes

" Are n't you going to put on the pants? " serenely asks the boy attendant

The man was thinking of something else. He stammers a reply, intended for a joke. Nobody laughs.

It is no time for humor.

The banker takes off his shoes, puts on his overalls, and tucks in some of his shirt.

Each novitiate is given a greasy cap with an acetylene-lamp on the peak ❧ ❧

There are five of us. We all look alike. There is no choice in us. Clothes, death and danger put all on a parity.

The mine-captain who is going down with us comes in, and we are motioned to be on our way. We are led to a room where there is a whirl of machinery, a rattle of chains, and a great black hole ten feet square.

I look for a chair with straps, but none is in sight.

There is no heat in this room. The air is deadly cold—below zero. Icicles are all about, and a breath of steam comes floating out of the big black hole. In our scanty clothes, our teeth chatter with the chill ❧ ❧

It is light, and the lamps in our caps seem a superfluity.

We stand and wait, thinking that each moment maybe our next.

¶ "It is just like an initiation!" ventures the newspaperman, who is one of our party, going underground for the first time. Nobody says anything.

"It is like an initiation!" he says the second time.

Just then a car shoots up out of the cavern, and goes right on up into the air. It is run out on a trestle, dumped into a railroad-car in half a second, and then comes sliding slowly down.

A businesslike-looking devil loosens a cable and attaches this cable to a car with seats. At a signal given by pulling a wire, some unknown and unseen force draws this open car up until it stands at an angle of forty-five degrees just above that big black cavern. The mine-captain motions us in, and tells us where to sit. He pulls a wire three times and makes a quick jump in after us.

¶ Nothing happens. We just sit there. I hear the bank president breathing hard. The newspaperman looks pale.

"I think—I think I 'll get out—I don't feel well," he says.

¶ The mine-captain catches him by the shoulder and holds him. The car quivers, and then makes a sudden dive into eternity.

Down—down—down—we go. We slip, we slide, we glide—down, down, down past flashing lights.

"Fourth level, fifth level, sixth level," calls the mine-captain. ¶ The car slows up and stops at the twelfth level. "All out," calls the captain and we obey. He pulls a wire and the car disappears. We look for Mephisto in a red suit and a tall red feather in his cap

A "level" is just like a "floor," or a story of a house, only the house is down in the ground instead of up in the air.

Each level is a hundred feet. We are twelve hundred feet down. And if you want to know how deep this is, just remember that the Woolworth Building is only six hundred feet high. We follow the captain as he leads off down a little narrow railroad.

At times we have to duck our heads to keep from hitting the "overhang."

In places the passage opens off into great big vaulted rooms fifty feet high. There is the sound of pneumatic drills. No sulphur fumes oppress. Lights are seen dancing against the dark.

These lights are on the caps of the miners—dancing, sparkling fireflies. Some are way up, thirty, forty, fifty feet above you. ¶ Miners work from the top and let Sir Isaac Newton's Law of Gravitation do the rest. The floor of every level is twenty-five feet thick on a minimum, so you see there is just seventy-five feet of leeway for the miners. You scramble up over the mass of loose ore and see a miner affectionately pressing clay into a hole in the wall

The mine-boss explains that the man has just put in a stick of dynamite and is tamping it down with clay.

You notice the fuse.

The mine-boss takes up a stick of dynamite and shows it to you, asking you to examine it.

You take his word for it.

Down below a "mucker" is shoveling broken ore into a tram.

¶ I tap him on the shoulder in a familiar way and reach for his shovel. He thinks I am a "Federation man," and draws off in distrust ❧ ❧

The mine-boss motions to the man, who can not understand English, that I want to use his shovel, and then the mucker imagines that I am an expert in shoveling and am going to give him a lesson in efficiency. He touches his forefinger to his cap brim and stands at attention, watching me exercise the shovel. ¶ Then is propounded the first genuine pleasantry. The bank president dubs me "Scabioso Indestructo Elberta," and we all laugh ❧ ❧

We have made a great discovery. It is this: Down in the underworld men are men, just as they are on the surface.

These men are engaged in useful industry. They are intent on their labors. They have brain, and brawn, and push, and energy. They are human beings, and here they earn their bread and butter. Up on the surface some of them own homes. They have children who go to school, and their wives are now doing laundry-work, keeping house, preparing meals, and awaiting the coming of the man of the house.

We feel quite at home, and especially do we feel better when the mine-boss explains that this mine has been operated for more than forty years and there has never been a catastrophe in it. ¶ Now and then a man has been injured by jumping on a car in motion, or through the explosion of dynamite, but the mine has never been on fire and here there is no such thing as mine-damp. ¶ These mines are naturally ventilated, and any mine is naturally ventilated where there are several shafts and the various levels are joined by openings.

You are shown iron ladders that descend into lower levels. You climb down one of these. The mine-captain slides the full hundred feet—slides as a fireman goes down a pole.

You take your time.

You may ascend to the surface on these ladders, from one level to another. It would take you quite a while, but the thing could be done ❧ ❧

You seem to have walked half a mile from the shaft where you came down.

Another shaft is reached.

The mine-captain pulls a wire and in about five minutes a car descends. We get into this and down—down—down we go; twenty, thirty, forty, fifty levels are passed!

We get out and are told that we are a mile down from the surface of the earth ❧ ❧

On looking at the thermometer, you see the temperature is eighty-two. On the twelfth level it was sixty. On the surface it was ten degrees below zero.

Little streams of water trickle in and you are shown pumps that work by electricity.

You do not feel any better when you are told that you are three-quarters of a mile below the surface of Lake Superior, nor are you reassured when the mine-captain tells you about the mine at Isle Royale, where the waters of Lake Superior broke in and filled the mine so that it has not been worked for fifty years, it being impossible to pump the water out without pumping Lake Superior dry ❧ ❧

Down on that lower level I met a miner by the name of Jimmy, alias James Hicks. Jimmy has worked for the Calumet and Hecla for thirty-eight years.

He is small, tough, wiry, and asked me for a match. This meant a cigar, and fortunately I had supplied myself, having been duly posted by a native.

Jimmy owns his own home. His sons work in the mine. He has never had an accident—never been injured.

Jimmy tells me that there are sixteen hundred men working for the Calumet and Hecla who have worked for them for over

twenty years. Four hundred of these men have sons who are working in the mine.

¶ Jimmy is sixty. He looks forty. He tells me that he is going to the high school at night and taking the same lessons that two of his grandchildren take during the day.

We collect specimens of ore, and a few nuggets of silver are also discovered—with the help of a dollar given to Jimmy. He takes us to a little wooden box hidden away in some rubbish, and in this box there must be ten pounds of silver nuggets.

This collecting of silver is called "highgrading." Nominally a miner is not supposed to appropriate anything he finds, but the miners here are allowed to take the silver, provided they do it with grace and dexterity, and do not talk about it. Copper is king.

¶ The electric gong sounds and you are told that it is five minutes to four ❧ ❧

This, of itself, has no significance, but further information discloses the fact that at four o'clock the charges of dynamite are shot off. You wait and hold your breath.

BOOM goes an explosion, way off somewhere miles and miles away. Another one follows. Soon there is a roar as if a battle were going on. Your ears ring. A shot near you puts out every acetylene lamp ❧ ❧

A half-groan of distress comes from the newspaperman. The mine-captain laughs. You hear him striking a match, and soon all of our lights are again working.

The dancing fireflies are coming in from every direction, meeting at the bottom of the shaft.

A car drops down. The men tumble in, thirty men in a car, and as they get in you see they are rolling cigarettes, lighting pipes, chatting, cracking jokes.

The day's work is done.

Up they go and are lost in the Stygian.

You do not have to wait long. Another car is coming. It stops

with a chug. The captain motions us in. We do not have to be told twice ❧ ❧

There is a tremor, a little shock and jerk and jar and up we go—up—up—up!

And as we ascend, our spirits do likewise. It is a mile to travel, and more, because we are going at an angle.

The air grows colder. There is a draft. We are going into the face of the wind, and then we shoot out of the shaft with a jerk. ¶ The mine-boss does not have to tell us where to get off. We tumble out over one another. We are full of smiles and jokes and cosmic prunes. Everybody talks.

The air is cold. The icicles are still there and the steam comes up from the shaft. You look back, but you have no desire either to encore or to respond to one.

Out of the window the sun covers the landscape with a tranquil beauty. The green pinetrees punctuate the horizon.

How lovely it all looks!

We go into the "Dry," where there is steam heat, and there is the pug-nosed, freckled-faced boy. We feel like throwing our arms around him and kissing his unwashed face. Evidently he does n't realize what a wonderful experience we have had; how we have been way down a mile in the ground, under the waters of Lake Superior ❧ ❧

The bank president is full of joy. Now would be a good time to strike him for a loan. Anything you might ask would be yours. This time he does not forget the sartorial sequences, and his trousers are put on before his coat. Gradually, he takes on the look of a gentleman, and is clothed in his right mind.

I ask for a comb, and am met with a ribald roar of laughter. ¶ The Copper Country gives work to eighteen thousand men. Here you do not have to look far to find three generations of happy, successful, intelligent, economical workers. The Copper Country has been singularly free from labor agitation and finan-

cial disturbance. Peace and prosperity has been the rule for over forty years. In fact, the peaceful conditions that existed are shown in the fact that for a space of forty-two years the Calumet and Hecla was not called upon to defend a single suit for damages.

¶ About seven years ago the Western Federation of Miners sent labor leaders here from Denver and Butte to organize the men ☙ ☙

Unions were started, and by Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, about thirty per cent of the miners had joined the order.

The Calumet and Hecla, taking the lead, did not question their men as to whether they were members of a union or not.

They simply required a certain service, and this being performed, that was all there was to it.

In July, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, the Western Federation of Miners made certain demands on the mine-owners, naming a long list of grievances.

Some of these grievances had foundation in fact, but they were of a petty, local nature that could be easily adjusted, and which were adjusted. One of these grievances referred to the matter of drinking-water ☙ ☙

Another grievance was as to the right of a mine-boss to discharge a kicker in his gang. The company agreed to the workman's right of appeal and to a fair trial before a man was discharged.

All contracts for labor must be made through the representatives of the union; in fact, the union forbade their men communicating with their employers, or meeting them.

Back of the demands of the miners, it was seen that the one final issue was the recognition of the union.

And on the morning of July Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, the union men walked out. They also notified all of the other miners that they would not be allowed to work.

Many of the old faithful employees who were not members of the union, fearing trouble, left the Copper Country.

A few went to work, as usual. These men were waylaid, their dinner-pails taken from them and pitched into the street. A good many were assaulted and driven to their homes.

Representatives of the union then called on these men in their homes, demanding that they should join the union or go to a hospital ❧ ❧

A good many of these men joined under coercion.

The strikers paraded the streets at six o'clock in the morning. ¶ They threw a cordon of men and women around every shaft, so that it was impossible for the workers to get to the shaft without a fight.

The mine-owners swore in men as deputy sheriffs, to guard their property ❧ ❧

James MacNaughton, manager of the Calumet and Hecla, refused to allow the deputies to be armed, fearing bloodshed. The miners, knowing the deputies were not armed, fell upon them, tore off their stars, and in many instances treated them with great violence, some of them being injured for life.

The mines were at a standstill and the towns of Calumet, Laurium, Red Jacket, Houghton and Hancock were terrorized.

Any suggestion by any citizen in regard to the action of the miners was met by threat and loud talk.

Many of the stores refused to open. Strong drink was playing an important part, and to deal at all with these exultant, frenzied, shouting individuals was out of the question.

Business was paralyzed.

The sheriff and county officials made their appeal to Governor Ferris for militia to control the situation.

Governor Ferris satisfied himself that the conditions were as the sheriff stated, and within twelve hours troops were on the way to the Copper Country, arriving on the morning of July Twenty-fifth ❧ ❧

Many of the miners were foreigners, unable to speak English—

Finns, Slavs, Croatians, Lithuanians. These men were told by the socialistic leaders that the mines were to be taken over by the United States Government, the former owners ejected and the miners themselves were to receive the sole profits.

And a humorous side of the situation was that many of the miners when they saw the soldiers coming, thought they had come to eject the so-called " capitalistic class," and at last the workingman was to come into his own!

The soldiers threw a cordon around every shaft and protected the property

There had been threats of dynamiting the shafts, and as there was a large amount of ammunition in the possession of the strikers, it is believed that the quick action of the Governor saved the State the disgrace of mob rule.

The presence of the soldiers awed the strikers. The first fine frenzy of success had vanished and things settled down to an endurance test.

Every day the strikers paraded. Occasionally they got a non-union man out of the range of the militia, and beat him up. Automobiles were frequently fired on.

The mine-owners moved many of their loyal employees to boarding-houses near the shafts.

Gradually the workers were being taken back, but the whole situation was critical and there was blood on the face of the moon. It was a waiting game.

Gradually, the soldiers were discharged and were sent back home. Many of the striking miners left and got work in the Butte district, in Denver, New Mexico or Arizona.

Moyer, head man in the Western Federation of Miners, appeared upon the scene and threw fresh hope into the hearts of the strikers by telling them that the union men of the world were behind them

Strike benefits were paid at the rate of seven dollars a week for

married men and four dollars a week for single men. This was enough to keep starvation at bay.

Early in December, a boarding-house, in which non-union miners were housed was shot up by high-power rifles, firing steel-nosed cartridges, from a distant hillside. Three men were killed and several persons injured.

By this time the Citizens' Alliance had been formed. This organization was made up of men who signed a protest against the action of the Federation of Miners and their comrades, the Socialists ❧ ❧

Unionism, of itself, is not to be feared. Unionism has much to recommend it. But Socialism is not satisfied with shorter hours or higher wages. Socialism demands disruption and a new form of government. On the ruins of the Republic is to be founded the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The " Reds " had injected their philosophy into the Federation of Miners until the whole thing was socialistic.

It was rule or ruin.

A class war was on, and Moyer said it was a war to the death; that the Copper Country strike was just the beginning, and that the wage-earners of America were to arise as one man and seize " the tools of trade "—that is, the factories and the mines.

¶ The Citizens' Alliance held a meeting in the skating-rink in Calumet with seven thousand people in attendance. The number of members of the Citizens' Alliance outnumbered three to one the members of the Federation of Miners.

The citizens, backing up deputy sheriffs, raided the headquarters of several unions and found large quantities of rifles, revolvers and ammunition. These arms were placed in automobiles and confiscated ❧ ❧

The men were going back to work and the strike was practically over when there occurred a terrible accident on Christmas Eve. The striking miners had gathered in Italian Hall, up one flight,

over a business block, and were holding a Christmas celebration for the children. Over eight hundred people were in the room. Some one raised a cry of FIRE! A rush was made for the only exit. This was through a pair of doors with a hallway at the foot of the stairway, where there were doors opening inward.

Mothers with children in their arms and children alone ran down the stairs. They fell on top of one another and others tumbled over them until there was a solid mass of prostrate humanity at the bottom. Seventy-five people, mostly children, were suffocated.

¶ The firemen were quickly on hand and were obliged to reach the upper floors with ladders, where they fought the frenzied people back. It is thought there was a slight fire on one of the Christmas trees which was decorated to give the effect of snow, but this fire was quickly put out.

Members of the Citizens' Alliance were on hand to give relief to the stricken people. Next morning thirty thousand dollars was subscribed by the citizens for the relief of these families.

The Federation of Miners sent men around to every family, cautioning them not to accept money or assistance of any kind except from people who showed first a union-card.

This order was put out by Charles Moyer. Some of the mothers refused to accept aid, yet intimated that if they could come alone at midnight, without any one knowing, and receive aid for their children, it would be acceptable.

Moyer was called upon by a committee of citizens, and maintained his position that no aid should be accepted under any conditions by his people from any one who did not wear a Federation badge and have a union-card.

Instantly, the spontaneous demand went up that Moyer be eliminated from the scene.

He was escorted to the railroad-station, put on a train and sent out of the district, deputy sheriffs accompanying and guarding him

At first, when Moyer was requested to leave the district, he resisted and put up a fight. He was searched and two revolvers were found on him. He refused to give up these arms, and in the scrimmage, one revolver was discharged and the bullet made a slight flesh-wound in his shoulder.

Moyer proved himself a good press-agent. He sent out word that the disaster in Italian Hall was the plotted, planned work of the Citizens' Alliance. In fact, the whole country has been publicized by Moyer and his friends.

The Copper Country has been slandered and libeled to a degree unequaled in these piping times of peace.

Governor Ferris called the bluff of the Federation of Miners and visited the Copper Country in person. His hearings were open to the public. They were held at the Douglass House in Houghton and any and everybody was invited to come and state his case.

¶ The labor-leaders were given the first hearing. For three days Governor Ferris listened to the testimony submitted. If witnesses were not forthcoming, the sheriff and his deputies went out and brought in any one whom the Governor desired to interrogate

Governor Ferris, when he left the Copper Country, reported that he found society in the district in a normal condition, the courts open, and the business of society and government going on as usual. That is to say, the strike was over.

The sad part is that perhaps a thousand miners have held out, refusing to go to work, believing that finally the strikers would win, as their leaders had so earnestly and zealously prophesied.

¶ And of course there is the "bum element," that would rather fight than eat, and that does not want to go to work. So long as strike benefits are paid, this lazy, lawless, drunken element will hold out and agitate. This is to be expected. But the thrifty workers are all back at their jobs. The wives and children of many of these men have suffered severely.

No evictions have taken place, and the mine-owners and members of the Citizens' Alliance in many cases have helped and aided the striking miners and their families, even in the face of the battle for supremacy.

When Spring comes, doubtless these striking miners will find work elsewhere; in fact, many of them now have been absorbed into the lumber-camps. Some of them are fishing and many of them are farmers, and these certainly are not in a destitute condition.

¶ The strike is now ancient history. That is, it is all over but the distribution of the disgrace. I met Rickard, the leader of the local union, and he attributes the blame to the " Reds."

By this he means the revolutionary Socialists. And the " Reds " are not seeking to better the immediate condition of the laborer, but seek to overthrow the present civilization. The extreme measures these " Reds " resorted to, caused a revulsion of public opinion that made recognition of the Western Federation an impossibility

I once heard John Mitchell say, " There never was a strike that failed."

By this he meant that even in defeat there is the germ of success that lives and which in time will bloom and blossom.

The Law of Compensation never rests.

This strife has taught both sides a few much needed, but costly, lessons

The whole Copper Country is cemented now by a bond that never existed before. Hate, jealousy, fear, these things have given way to respect, sympathy and a desire to get together.

Wages have been increased, the eight-hour system has been adopted, petty bosses have had their ego sandpapered, bonus systems have been adopted, so that when a man does an extra amount of work he gets more pay. Pension plans have been put into operation.

The Calumet and Hecla has a Grievance Bureau that considers

and adjusts all causes for complaint, and everywhere employers and employees are joining hands.

A vast amount of slander and accusation concerning things here have found their way into print. Hate has been in the saddle, and blindness to anything but victory has been the rule.

Just here I want to give four facts told me by Sheriff Cruse of Houghton County and corroborated by Governor Ferris.

First, there has not been a single eviction. Second, many striking miners have lived in company houses for five and six months without paying rent.

Third, a charity organization, operated by women but backed up by mine-owners, has sought to relieve every case of want among the strikers' families.

Fourth, all strikers have been taken back without prejudice, save those who had been guilty of assault and destruction of property.

Texas Siftings

I HAVE just completed a three-weeks' tour of Texas ❧ ❧

I stopped in twenty-one towns and cities, dispensing the literary and oratorical caloric, under the kindly guidance of the local Ad-Clubs, Boards of Trade, or Chambers of Commerce, in the respective cities.

The topic, of course, was economics, and I had every opportunity for studying business conditions.

To say that Texas is prosperous is strictly pianissimo. That does not express it at all. Texas is simply microby with money.

¶ The buying-power of the people is revealed by the business done in the department-stores. A pioneer people buy things that are coarse, strong, serviceable, and always the intent is to make the dollar go as far as that famous dollar which George Washington once threw across the Potomac.

No one now can throw a dollar across the Potomac; it would hardly go across an irrigating-ditch, even if propelled by the brawny arm of Colonel Josephus Wood.

In the department-stores, to be found in all the principal cities of Texas, you will find the latest fashions, modes from Paris, and styles from London. Texas has passed out of the pioneer stage. Pioneers endure hardships, but there are no hardships in Texas.

¶ There is work, of course, but he who tickles the soil here will see it laugh a harvest and be deluged with mazuma.

The one thing that has caused the welling waters of prosperity to flow is the demand for cotton. Cotton is certainly king. Cotton clothes the world, thanks to the genius of the Yankee mercerizers, and the skill of weavers across the sea. Texas produces one-third of the cotton crop of the United States. And cotton is raised in Texas at a less cost per bale than anywhere else in the world.

In most States you hear of cotton-patches, but in Texas there are cotton-fields limited in size, seemingly, only by the horizon. The discovery that cotton will grow on the prairie is a new one.

¶ Texas, in the year of grace Nineteen Hundred Twelve, produced four million bales of cotton. This cotton, including the value of the fiber, and the various products of cottonseed, is worth three hundred million dollars.

This money, if distributed equally among the population, including men, women and children, white and colored, would make about seventy-five dollars to each person.

However, only half of the people are engaged in farming in Texas. And about one-half of these raise cotton. The result when figured up would show that in some districts whole families will receive in cash a thousand dollars for each member of the family.

At the town of Grandview in the black-dirt country, I counted more than two hundred teams that had come to town with loads of cotton. A wagon-load was anywhere from one bale to five, and each farmer went back home with from sixty to three hundred dollars in cash or its equivalent, in his jeans.

These Texas farmers have bank-accounts, automobiles, many of the houses have sanitary plumbing, and from one princely planter in a neighborhood we have hundreds of miles on a stretch where every farmer has cash to buy every good thing that he needs.

¶ The tendency of the cotton-farmer is toward the small farm, simply because labor conditions are such that you have to do the work yourself, and with your own immediate family, depending upon the uncertain help of the colored brother. As for hiring a great number of men and systematizing the business, this is getting more and more difficult. The helpers are not to be had. The problem here is the labor problem. A big family is an asset, and some of the people who make good money are those who work for others ❧ ❧

Cotton pickers get a dollar and a quarter a hundred pounds. When

they were hired by the day they picked a hundred pounds of cotton a day. And so the idea of piecework came in, and a dollar and a quarter was fixed as a fair price for picking a hundred pounds of cotton.

The result has been that piecework has quickened the process. I saw girls of twelve that would pick a hundred pounds a day, and here in Texas in the country all the children work. And working out of doors, with plenty to eat, in a salubrious climate, they are healthy and well and strong—brown, bronzed, happy. They can sleep all right, and they certainly eat.

Some expert women pickers pick three hundred pounds a day, and I saw a few men who could pick four hundred pounds a day. But to pick four hundred pounds you will have to get up a motion, and the nervous strain is great. However, a great number of negroes make from three to four dollars a day in picking cotton. When pay-day comes and they get one hundred dollars apiece, there is a great temptation to go to town and rest up.

This vast amount of cash being distributed through Texas for her cotton-crop is not without its drawbacks. Comparatively nothing is being put back into the soil in the way of fertilizer. How long the black dirt will produce a yearly cotton-crop no one knows, but there must be a limit. There was a time when Texas was advertised by her Texas steer. Now the value of the entire number of cattle in Texas is about a hundred and fifty million dollars, and the number shipped out of Texas brings in cash annually say in the neighborhood of thirty million dollars. At Fort Worth are immense packing-plants conducted by Armour and Swift ❧ ❧

These concerns, I saw, were paying Eastern prices for hogs, cattle and sheep. That is to say, the prices the farmers receive in Fort Worth for hogs and cattle were the identical prices being paid by Jacob Dold and Company in Buffalo.

I saw carloads of ham and bacon being unloaded at these packing-

houses. And when I asked where this came from they said, "It is shipped in here from Kansas City and Chicago."

So behold the curious fact of Texas depending on Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas for food-products.

I saw mules sold in the stockyards at Fort Worth at from three hundred to six hundred dollars a pair—bought by farmers who had the good cash right in their pockets to pay for them. Several horses brought two hundred dollars, and some extra choice gaited horses I saw sold for seven and eight hundred dollars apiece.

¶ Generally speaking, Texas is a prairie country, and the land that produces the big wealth is essentially Illinois soil with Southern climatic qualities, although one can not say that climatic conditions here are enervating. You get a good deal of the hustle of Denver in Dallas.

Long years ago we were told that Texas lacked two things—society and water. You will find both of these here now in abundance. The two things that Texas lacks are transportation and labor ❧ ❧

One farmer I met devised a scheme of holding back a certain per cent of a laborer's pay, to be given him at Christmas-time doubled. This was all right until the negroes had time to talk it over, and then they got the idea into their woolly heads that this premium should be due then and there at the end of each month—otherwise, they would not stay. And in order to prevent an exodus, the farmer had to meet their terms.

There are no double-tracked railroads in Texas. Melons, peaches, yams, sweet potatoes, have been rotting in the fields for lack of labor and transportation. The black dirt means fertility of soil, but it also means impassable roads at certain seasons. It costs big money here even to get the product from the farm to the railroad-station, and just now there is a dearth of freight-cars.

¶ Texas has four hundred miles of salt-water sea-front. She ships North and South.

Texas has suffered from over-legislation. The provincial mind fears the businessman. Much of this fear is temperamental, and has come down to us from the remote past when business was polite pillage, and not always especially polite.

Texas laws have made it difficult for the railroads to build and operate. The railroads have been over-taxed, over-supervised, wrongly supervised, and subjected to many harassing and exasperating exactions.

The tide seems to have turned, however, and the businessmen of Texas realize that the prosperity of the State turns on being broad and generous, rather than small and suspicious of big business.

¶ The people in Texas could well afford to allow the State to guarantee railroad bonds. If they should it would put the people in sympathy with the railroads, create a community of interest, and bridge the chasm of hate and suspicion that the demagogue and the muckraker have created.

Canada encourages big business. Canada is guaranteeing her railroad bonds, and the result is that Canada is experiencing a degree of prosperity that is not known in the States.

Texas is an empire in herself, but her resources will be practically unguessed until the State joins hands with big business, and then indeed will the desert blossom like the rose, and the waste places be made green.

Texas, with her vast resources, needs capital and men; but the microbes who have tried to make her laws have in many instances driven both far afield. What Texas needs is what all the United States needs: lawmakers who are builders, not destroyers. All Government should be on a business basis. Eliminate the parasitic politician who kills initiative and throttles commercial enthusiasm under the specious plea of protecting the people!

¶ But now Commonsense is getting in the saddle, and the Demagogue and the Business-Baiter are being relegated to the Non-Productive Silence where they belong.

The following article is a heart-cry so nobly expressed, and contains so much truth that applies not only to Texas, but to all America. We are glad to reprint the essay entire. Besides her other boundless resources, this article shows that Texas has tapped a golden vein of literature. So just read and be convinced.

¶ The boiling over of a kettle set Watts to thinking, and the power of steam was harnessed; the falling of an apple stirred the brain of Newton, and he gave us the laws of gravitation. Great minds throughout the ages have been swayed by the magic touch of suggestion. All the elements of Nature and all the agencies of civilization are vying with each other in suggesting progress to the citizenship of Texas.

Our broad virgin prairies—one hundred thirty million acres—have never known the caressing touch of husbandry; our raw material—one million two hundred thousand dollars per day——leaves the State on its weary journey to the distant factory. Our minerals—Nature's laboratory—are awaiting an opportunity of flooding the channels of trade with a golden stream of prosperity. Our population—progressive and prosperous—must travel in some instances one hundred fifty miles to hear the shrill whistle of a locomotive; and our latent resources—powerful for progress—can be heard across the continent, crying out for master minds to release them. Texas needs great men.

A hill at Toulon gave Napoleon his opportunity and he beat back the British forces and established a Republican form of Government in Europe. An arm of the ocean gave Nelson his opportunity and he destroyed the Spanish fleet and made England mistress of the sea. Since the creation of the world, the destinies of the human race have been molded by leaders who could seize upon opportunity. Texas today stands at the threshold of commercial supremacy, awaiting her leaders to seize upon opportunity that will give her the mastery of the world's commerce

Opportunity is knocking at our door. The time for molding the destinies of Texas has arrived. The completion of the Panama Canal will recast the commerce of both hemispheres and move the star of civilization Texasward. The ocean is throbbing with commercial activity, the universe is quivering with industrial life, and the time is ripe for the advent of a powerful man who can swing civilization around Texas like planets around a central sun. Texas needs great men.

The statesmen of China have fought back civilization for four thousand years, and today it is the most benighted nation of the globe. The Mohammedan government ordered the world's greatest library at Alexandria burned, and the followers of the Prophet are to this day bound in fetters of ignorance. The Dark Ages were the result of nations fighting back the tide of civilization.

Since the beginning of government, some of the leading statesmen of all countries have become badly frightened at the processes of civilization.

The smoke of a factory has been distorted into the visage of a terrible ogre; the whistle of a locomotive has been mistaken for the war-whoop of an Indian, and the approach of capital has scared many of our amateur statesmen into fighting a duel with civilization. Texas needs leaders who will not become frightened at the torch of knowledge or stampede at the forces of progress. Texas needs great men.

Michelangelo made the canvas glow with life, and Phidias made marble speak, and throughout the ages civilization has felt the elevating influence of the painter and the sculptor: their success was due to the fact that they had the ability to put the stuff in their work. What is true in art is also true in government. We need in our Legislature men who can put the stuff on our statute-books that will make industry glow with life and the soil speak with a glorious harvest.

To meet the issues of civilization now confronting us, we must

place in position of power men who can chisel out empires and draw the tendrils of civilization Texasward. We must have statesmen who can pour wisdom into the fountainhead of prosperity, and who can wave the magic wand of genius over a land as full of opportunities as the morning of Creation. Texas needs great men.

¶ Greek civilization gave us the arch and made it possible to build structures that support great weights. The Phœnicians made the first boat, and the Harbor of Phœnicia became the birthplace of the navies of the world. Since the beginning of Creation we have depended for our progress upon men who can build. We need in State government builders who can construct an arch strong enough to support the ponderous machinery of Twentieth Century civilization, and create conditions that will make Texas the birthplace of the world's progress.

Nature has given Texas the framework of a magnificent civilization and poured the riches of the universe at her feet. Our rivers, lakes, valleys and hills are a triumph in Creation. God has done everything He could for Texas, and we now await the master hand of government to awaken to vigorous activity the wealth, talent and enterprise of the people, and to raise our civilization to magnificent heights of progress and bring glory and renown to our citizenship. Texas needs great men.

Cæsar built the Appian Way and advanced Roman civilization to the zenith of its glory; Pericles found Athens a city of mud and left it a city of marble. Trace all the world movements for progress to their source and we will find a great man. The inspired thought of our builders has moved the wheels of civilization since the beginning of Creation, and the dawn of a glorious development that will illuminate the universe awaits the appearance in our State government of men who are builders.

We need empire-builders who can civilize our virgin soil, organize the untamed forces of progress, and give to raw materials the touch of genius, as well as traverse the State with macadam high-

ways, gird it with bonds of steel, improve our waterways, make the State throb with industrial life and build a thousand cities. Texas needs great men.

King Henry the Fifth paid his fool a princely sum for his services, and King Richard the Second knighted his royal jester, but in no instances were the jokers given power to govern. Ability to perform the service was one of the first qualifications in medieval government, but under our form of government a candidate can be elected to the Railroad Commission with scarcely more than a cussing knowledge of the railroad business, and we may elect a Comptroller who can hardly add a column of figures, and these illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely. Our queer campaign antics would make a benighted king roar with laughter, as well as make the judicious weep.

We can gridiron the State with railroads and dot it with factories and happy homes by electing to the Railroad Commission and to the Legislature men who can feel the mighty surge of civilization as it beats against our border-line; who can see the world forces of progress marshaling in the dim horizon of the future, and who know how to lay cornerstones of empires. Texas needs great men ❧ ❧

Captain John Smith brought the seed-bag of Europe to America, and Luther Burbank propagated new varieties of agricultural products. The songs of the sower and the joys of the reaper have inspired civilization since the beginning of Creation, and the progress of every country on the globe has been advanced by men who transplant and develop products adapted to the soil and climate of localities.

Much of our land has not yet felt the modifying influence of human skill in shaping its agricultural destinies, and we need men to bring to Texas products peculiarly adapted to our natural surroundings and to make new products spring into life. In no country on the globe are the processes of Nature so easily inter-

preted and the veins of new and bountiful industries so easily tapped as in Texas, and men who can reason with Nature will find a profitable field of endeavor in agricultural pursuits. Texas needs great men.

Columbus discovered America, and Galileo discovered solar systems and planets, and throughout all ages civilization has been indebted to wise men who could think beyond the age in which they lived. We need in the State government men who can see across two continents, look into the horizon of Twentieth Century civilization and discover new zones of trade, new worlds of industry and new planets of prosperity.

We are standing on the edge of the ocean of discovery in Texas. Our mountains are the mineral vaults of the universe; artesian lakes of boundless area lie underneath our surface; our agricultural domain awaits men who can work inspiration into the soil and give a powerful impulse to progress. We need a Columbus to sail the high seas of our magnificent possibilities, to discover new continents in agriculture, to explore our mineral kingdoms, colonize our industrial opportunities and give us a new world to live in. Texas needs great men.

The Chinese made the first paper, and the Germans made the first type and brought education within the reach of every person on the globe. These achievements, together with the printing-press, were the crowning glory of civilization. The Texas press is a great industrial educator. To read our newspapers makes the farmer want to start another plow, the miner shoulder his pick, the manufacturer enlarge his plant, and the banker increase his investments. Our marvelous progress is due largely to our inspired writers who sweetly sing the praises of Texas.

The vigor of youth is upon Texas. The gentle rain of prosperity falls upon it by night and the rays of a glorious sun nurture it by day. Our soil—warm from Creation—is as fertile as the Valley of the Nile. Our land—the factory-site of the universe—invites the

merry hum of industry; and our minerals—Nature's treasury-box—await the prospector's pick. Texas opportunities light the universe like the blaze of a mighty fire, inviting whosoever will to come to a land as beautiful as the shores of Paradise and as full of possibilities as the Garden of Eden. Let everybody come! Texas needs great men.

When Themistocles was asked by his host at a dinner party to entertain the guests by playing the lute, he replied that he " could not play a fiddle, but that he could make a small town a great city." We have in Texas many politicians who are good " fiddlers," but they can not make a small town a great city. We are overrun with orators who can play upon the passions of the people, but they can't put brick and mortar together. We need builders

Let those who hunger and thirst for power understand that the highest glory of a statesman is to construct, and that it is better for a man that he should build a public highway than that he should become Governor of the State, and that he start a plow, than that he become the author of a law. The true test of statesmanship is the plow, and let those who would govern, first build. Texas needs great men.

Alexander the Great organized the Macedonian Phalanx and his army conquered the world; Cæsar marshaled the Roman Legions and his minions swept Europe. The important changes in civilization have all been wrought by the plastic hand of a master mind that could feel the powerful impulse of a great world as it frets and moans for able leadership. In every age progress has waited in attendance upon real strategic men who could comprehend the sweep of human action and see worldwide opportunities as they twinkle in the distance.

Let those who would weave at the loom of civilization and thread the destinies of nations first organize the mighty forces of progress, occupy the frontier of human thought, and produce speci-

fications for the conquest of the world's commerce. Texas needs great men

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence and founded a great nation on the Western Hemisphere. Benjamin Franklin taught wisdom, and he became the foremost American Philosopher. Civilization has always responded to the inspiring touch of lofty natures, and has given those who have led us up the mountain-peaks of progress a prominent place on the pages of history. The hand of destiny is ever sifting the human race for a genius who can inspire us with ideas that will travel like light and shape the rising glory of our country.

Let those who would walk down the aisles of greatness first dig a channel into which men's thoughts will flow like a torrent; make a key that will unlock the door of wisdom; plant a civilization that will unfold like a rose; weave a prosperity that will charm mankind and wave a magic wand over Texas that will finish the unhewn stuff in human nature. Texas needs great men.

The Pyramids of Egypt were erected as a monument to the personal vanity of her ancient Kings, and these " Sphinx of the Desert " have stood for forty centuries as a warning to all nations against indulging the personal pride of their leaders. ¶ We have on our statute-books many a " Sphinx of Progress," put there as a monument to the personal pride and monumental vanity of our leaders, and these fierce phantoms in the industrial horizon can be seen clear across the continent, standing like a specter against the approach of civilization.

Let those who would ring the merry bells of fame first add a few pebbles to the mighty beach of wisdom; change a desert into a waving field of grain; add a few miles to the thoroughfares of commerce; whiten our coast with canvas, and dim the horizon with the smoke of industry. Texas needs great men.

In order that vengeance might not slumber, King Darius had his secretary say to him each morning, " Sire, remember Athens,"

and the Persian army was cut to pieces in the battle of Marathon. Hannibal laid his hand on the altar and swore vengeance against Rome, and the Carthaginian army was annihilated on the plains of Italy. Many a nation has gone to destruction or wasted its energy in blindly following its leaders in an effort to avenge grievances.

¶ Let him who would stamp his name upon the age in which he lives first convince his fellowmen that his blood is not burning with the fever of hatred, that his mind is not chilled with the raw winds of spite, and that his frailties will not ride the State like a pestilence. No greater curse can blight a country than leadership steeped in scorn. Texas needs great men.

Homer sang the praises of the Greek heroes, and Greece became the flower of civilization. The ancient Egyptian Kings proclaimed the fertility of the Valley of the Nile and Egypt became the granary of the world.

Prosperity always comes to countries that advertise. The Commercial Clubs of Texas are getting out literature that is shaking the continent and charging the atmosphere with progress, and the Commercial Secretaries are throwing the resources of Texas like a sunbeam across the pathway of civilization. When Uncle Sam wants to boast to other nations of his power and resources, he tells them about Texas. To give them a bird's-eye view of our valleys—we can feed and clothe the world; to show them through our barnyard—sixteen million head of live stock; and to look at our mineral vaults—Nature's crucible—makes all nations tremble with astonishment. Texas needs great men.

REPORTS come in from Austin, to the effect that the cessation of railroad-building in Texas is a matter of deep concern to the Legislature and to the Governor.

Not a mile of railroad is under construction now in Texas, and no new mileage is reported in sight for the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve

Yet the one thing that Texas needs most is railroads. Texas has a vast expanse of territory very rich in possibilities.

Next to agriculture, the most important thing in the world is transportation ❧ ❧

All railroad business involves a tremendous risk. It takes great initiative and great courage to build a railroad. Rails once laid can not be taken up, except to replace them with better rails. And no railroad can be sold save as it is making money.

Texas has legislated against the railroads as no other State in the Union has. She has recently brought suit against various railroads under a law that makes it a misdemeanor not to run trains on time ❧ ❧

The one thing that a good railroadman desires is to run on schedule. But there is a part of the time every year when tracks are soft, and high speed is out of the question, save at a great risk. And this means damage suits and damnation.

The proposition then comes in, shall a railroad-manager keep on schedule, or protect the lives of passengers and property by running at a safe rate of speed?

The schedules are laid out for good weather, when the track is reasonably solid.

But after heavy rains, and where there is danger of a wash-out, great caution must be observed.

Very probably, if trains did not make a certain rate of speed, the good people in Texas would be more or less incensed. And yet they have allowed laws to go on their statute-books that make it a crime for a railroad-manager not to run these trains on schedule.

¶ This is simply one of a great number of very harassing and distressing laws made by the genus buckwheat crossed with the demagogue—men who are out of sympathy with big business and who are incapable of understanding the burdens that a railroad-manager carries.

Very naturally, people with money to invest will not put it in

railroads where there is a chance of profits being eaten up in disturbing suits and where a reasonable return on the investment is very uncertain.

The recent report of the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission at Washington says, "The necessary development of railroad facilities is now endangered by the reluctance of the investors to purchase new issues of railroad securities in the amount required." ❧ ❧

Railroad-building in the United States is absolutely at a standstill ❧ ❧

And while the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes the rates that a railroad shall charge for its services, yet it does not supervise the amount that it shall pay out in wages. The increased operating expenses of railroads have not been balanced by a like increase in rates.

The result is that there has been a marked decrease in the upkeep.

¶ Every other expense of living has been increased except this one thing of transportation.

Transportation now is cheaper than ever before in history, and operating expenses are higher.

And this is the reason why railroad securities are going a-begging.

¶ Mrs. Harriman recently put about two hundred million dollars worth of railroad stock on the market and invested the proceeds in old bonds, not in new mileage. Doubtless, she acted on the advice of competent counsel.

Her action only mirrors the spirit of the times, which is totally opposed to investments in new mileage.

Several railroads in Texas have recently gone into the hands of receivers ❧ ❧

Along this same line, as throwing light on the situation, comes the Honorable Champ Clark and makes a speech in Congress deploring the emigration of American citizens to the Dominion of Canada ❧ ❧

This is especially interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Clark had a good deal to say, not long ago, on the subject of annexation.

¶ What he has to say now is not in the line of humorous suggestion or criticism. The man is in deadly earnest.

Says Mr. Clark: "In my own county, in Missouri, forty-three families loaded up an entire train and started out for Alberta, all in one day. There was not a man among them who was not well-to-do. They were intelligent, energetic, industrious, economical American citizens, and we lost them. These families carried with them assets to the value of three thousand dollars each. These are exactly the kind of citizens that this country can not afford to lose."

Said Mr. Clark in conclusion, "I am in favor of fixing things in this country so that no American citizen will want to go to a foreign land in search of a home."

Why do people want to leave the United States and go to Canada?

Simply because Canada affords a better opportunity than does the United States.

In Canada they are building railroads; in the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven more miles of railroad were built in Canada than were built in the United States, by five to one.

Canada believes in big business.

Individuals can not build railroads.

But this hookworm talk of the politician who has nothing to lose has killed initiative, to a great degree, in the United States.

¶ There are always restless citizens who are going on to a point where land is cheap.

Land is just as cheap in Texas as it is in Canada, and in many respects Texas has more to offer than Canada has, in the way of natural resources, for the man who is an American citizen.

¶ But Texas has the genus demagogue, the man filled with the fallacy that railroads just naturally grow; that factories sprout of themselves; that banks, electric-light systems, good roads, spring

into being on the passing of resolutions by political parties and labor-unions

The United States must learn to respect these men of power and of courage who have the ability to evolve big financial projects.

¶ It is economics that changes the face of the world.

Civilization is a matter now of business.

What this country must do is to elect businessmen as lawmakers and eliminate the blatherskite reformer.

GOVERNOR COLQUITT has recently issued a message to the Texas Legislature cautioning it against any further lawmaking that will tend to discourage the investment of capital in Texas properties.

" What Texas needs," said Governor Colquitt, " is more capital and not less."

The attitude of the Democratic Governor of Texas seems to be about the same as that of most Governors in all States of the Union

Nine governors, of as many States, made a journey, not long ago, through the Eastern States, stopping at a hundred or so towns and cities. Everywhere these men expressed the assurance that Big Business would meet with no opposition in their respective States

There is a tide of tendency setting in favor of the railroads, where up to Nineteen Hundred Nine the spirit of the State Legislatures toward any pronounced success seemed to be in the line of interdict, mandate, curtailment, injuncture, fines, forfeitures, imprisonment!

In the year Nineteen Hundred Eight, in the various State Legislatures there were introduced nine hundred twenty-six bills for the regulation of railroads. In Nineteen Hundred Nine, six hundred twenty-six bills were introduced for the regulation of railroads. In Nineteen Hundred Ten, two hundred eighty such

bills were introduced, and most of these were quietly pigeon-holed. ¶ Altogether, the idea is abroad that the railroads have been over-regulated and that the people at large have had to pay the legal piper who played while the railroads danced. Shooting up Big Business never made a small city great, nor a rich State, richer. ¶ The men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type, that would bend all minds to match its own, may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents and capture cities, but it can not teach. In the presence of such a towering personality, freedom dies, spontaneity droops, and thought slinks away into a corner.

"IF I owned Hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in Hell." So said General Philip Henry Sheridan in the days when Texas was the most lawless State in the Union.

Texas has now achieved another distinction. She is the most lavishly lawful and law-ridden State in America. In Texas, Business-Baiters are elected to the Legislature simply because they are Business-Baiters. The pretense is that they are protecting the people, but the fact is they are driving a vast amount of capital elsewhere which naturally would and should find investment in Texas.

To farm successfully you must be within ten miles of a railroad. Outside of this limit you struggle under a fearful handicap. ¶ Nine-tenths of the fertile land in Texas is outside of the ten-mile limit ❧ ❧

Texas has fifty-two counties in which there has never been heard the whistle of a locomotive.

There are ranches in Texas that are over a hundred miles from a railroad ❧ ❧

In twenty years, Texas has built only four thousand miles of railroad. During the same time, Oklahoma, one-fourth the size, has built over five thousand miles of railroad.

For every mile of railroad built, five families are required to maintain that mile.

Towns spring up every ten miles, and each town has from one hundred to a thousand houses, which must be built by carpenters and masons. Work and wealth follow the line of the railroad as day follows night.

Forty-three per cent of all the money collected by railroads is paid back at once to the people in wages.

And the rule is that when a railroad is built four-fifths of the cost is spent for labor and materials in the State that the road traverses ❧ ❧

To pass oppressive laws and then hold up and harass trade is to assist nothing but the coyote, the prairie-dog, the owl and the buzzard ❧ ❧

Virtue carried to extreme is vice.

Texas is the largest State in the Union, and it should be the richest. One thing is required to make Texas supremely great, and that is railroads. As it is, only twelve per cent of the available fertile acreage in Texas has adequate railroad facilities.

Texas is a State of appalling distances, and the particular work of a railroad is to chew up distance.

Texas has superb natural advantages, and her wealth is practically untapped.

The thing she needs most is railroads; and yet no State has been so small, so illiberal, so pestiferous in her treatment of capital as Texas ❧ ❧

Her boasted fines have put money into her treasury, but for every dollar so secured, she has lost fifty dollars by driving it out of the State for investment.

The investors of the country are scary of Texas; and certain railroad men have just cause for repeating that remark of Sheridan's with a modern application.

Texas, Kansas and Missouri all need capital and they need

enterprise to build up and market their vast resources; but the business-baiting policy of some of their legislators has worked the whole Southwest great harm. Rest assured of this, Capital is not going where there is a grave risk of its being confiscated. ¶ And the worst is that the thinking element—the people of enterprise, thrift and enthusiasm in the Southwest—have unwittingly allowed the wrecking lawyers to get in the saddle, and pass these silly, mischievous laws, so all suffer thereby. Let the intelligent people of the beautiful Southwest look well to these politicians who do nothing but apply the brakes, talk, and maintain no payrolls. The doctrine of negation can never make a nation great

Money collected by fines will never make a people rich. The people pay the fine, at the last.

The only way to make a country rich is by opening up its resources and bringing the world to its doors, through a policy that is kindly, generous, courteous and liberal. Business is done on enthusiasm and good cheer and when you raise the cry of "stop thief," you set in motion the forces of dissolution, not construction

John Calvin set about to establish "the reign of God in Geneva." He filled the prisons with "lawbreakers," and built churches from the large sums collected in fines. But in the process he drove joy and laughter and enthusiasm into the mountains. Spontaneity died a-borning. Business languished, and the grass grew between the cobblestones in the streets.

Calvin succeeded in his reign of virtue, but he ruined the city. ¶ The parent who raps his children on the knuckles and continually chides, checks, and issues prohibitions, never brings up a well-behaved and manly boy.

The foreman in a factory who has an easy itch for calling his workmen down, does n't get good work done, nor very much of it. He makes perpetual supervision necessary.

Self-government is the only legitimate aim and end of all government; and the lawmaker who is not cognizant of this truth is on the low clutch, and is using his brake against the power.

Father Antic, the Law, is a bungling old party at best; but this is a thing we can't expect any man who makes his living out of the practice of law to admit. Lawyers want more law, not less—hence the deluge of legislation.

SO HERE ENDETH " ON MY WAY," SAME BEING VOLUME SEVEN OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXVIII